



This Feeling by UnoPeso22

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Summary: Mike Wheeler is a psychopath. Jane Hopper is a secret telekinetic that suffers from anxiety and depression. When they lock eyes on the first day of senior year, their lives are never the same again.

1. I'm a Psychopath

hey. I already have 15 chapters of this story uploaded to archiveofourown. I decided to post it here so more people can discover. im always interested in hearing your thoughts so enjoy. And if you think I stole it, oh well.

SEPTEMBER 3 1988

Hi. My name's Michael Wheeler, and I'm a psychopath.

I get out of bed and stretch. It's the first day of school. I'm completely naked. It's better to sleep that way. The sun is already out.

As I stare out the window, I think about my life.

I don't have feelings of love and peace. They're nonexistent. Instead, I have urges.

I have an urge to kill. I think about it everyday. I think about killing people in different ways, brutal ways. Seeing the blood almost gives me an orgasmic feel, it's hard to explain.

I was adopted by the Wheelers, Ted and Karen. They took me in as one of their own. My foster father explained to me that my foster mother really wanted a boy, but she didn't wanna get pregnant again. They also saw adopting me as doing a good deed. To me, they aren't my foster parents, they're my real parents.

I don't know who my biological parents are and I don't care to know. For all I know, they could be across the country.

My father saw the evil in me at a young age and taught me to suppress it.

When I was 8, I killed the neighbor's dog by stabbing it with a kitchen knife. Father caught me killing it in our backyard and yelled at me. He was shocked and furious. He asked me why I did it. I told him that I felt I needed to.

His face turned red. He knew how much I meant to my mother. She

loved me to death.

I can't love anything, I'm emotionless.

My father got afraid. He loaded the dog in the back of his truck and dumped it in the woods somewhere. When he got back, he cleaned the bloodstains. He blatantly lied to the neighbors and said he hadn't seen their dog. I wondered why he did it. He said he loved me.

Although it was stupid to kill that dog, I don't regret it. Regretting it means I'd have to feel something.

I have been staring out of this window for five minutes.

I need to take a shower.

I warm up the water before getting in. I step inside and start washing.

Showers feel amazing, even I have to admit that.

I love the soap, it feels so smooth against my skin.

Washing the genitals is important.

Speaking of the genitals, I masturbate around two to three times a day. It's not something I take pride in doing, it's something that I have to do to suppress my violent urge to kill. I usually rub one out in the morning, when I get home, and before I go to bed.

This morning is different.

I'm going to see some familiar faces today. I want to have that urge. I shouldn't, but I need it. I need to have it sometimes to feel alive...

I'm 6'1. I have brown eyes and dark brown hair covering my entire forehead.

I'm in good shape. I exercise daily to help release some of the dark energy inside of me.

After I get out of the shower, I dry off and brush my teeth. I get dressed in my normal clothes. I pick out a plain black t-shirt, black

pants, and black shoes. I guess black just suits me. I put on some deodorant. Smelling good is important.

I walk downstairs to find Mom reading her news paper.

Dad died of cancer two years ago. It shocked all of us, even me. He taught me so much in such a short amount of time. It hit my mom and sister hard.

Oh yeah, my sister. Her name's Nancy. She's a couple years older than me.

She graduated high school and started working as a waitress. She still lives with Mom and I.

She glances up at me as I walk downstairs. She gets this goofy smile on her face that she only gets when she sees me.

"There's my handsome senior!" Mom shouts.

I give her a fake smile.

I walk up next to her as she remains seated.

"I remember when you were so little, it was the cutest thing! Now you're a senior!" Mom can't contain her excitement.

"Yeah?"

"Oh, baby, you are so handsome. Your dad would be so proud," She puts her hand on my arm and gives me a warm smile, a smile I can't imitate.

"I love you, Mom," I lean down and kiss her on the cheek.

"But... I gotta get to school. I kinda overslept. I'll see ya when I get home, alright?"

Mom looked sad. She wanted me around her at all times.

"Oh, okay.... I understand that this is a big day!"

Mom waves at me. I give her one last smile before walking out.

She's right, this is a big day.

I get in my 1966 Ford Mustang and drive to school. The color of the car is black. I like being surrounded by darkness. It used to be Dad's car before he died.

School, what a concept. It's just an excuse for horny teenagers and trouble makers to hang out. I don't think I've learned anything useful at this piece of shit school, like for example:

What's the best way to kill someone?

Where's the best place to kill someone?

Where's a good place to dispose of a body?

Ugh.

I enter the school to find that the hallways are loud and packed. It's always a bunch of freshman who have no idea where their classes are. Poor souls.

I go upstairs and walk into first period, English.

I'm the fifth person to walk into the class. I walk to the back of the class and take my seat. The back is nice because no one notices you. I like that.

A couple of minutes go by. Students are walking through the door in a neat line.

When everyone takes their seats, there's some commotion, and it's the type of commotion that makes my urge to kill grow stronger.

This is what I've been waiting for...

Troy sits down in the seat beside me. Troy is the biggest asshole in this entire school. I'm his number one target when it comes to bullying. He's the star QB of the football team. He always brags to me about how much pussy he gets and that I'm just a weird virgin.

He is obviously first on my kill list.

Troy and I turn our heads to face each other. He gives me this smirk. I hate that smirk.

"Hey, Wheeler, never thought I'd see you again. I thought by now you'd just kill yourself," Troy laughs at his horrible joke.

"I guess you thought wrong," I smile sarcastically at him.

"Yeah, maybe I won't be by the end of the school year."

Troy gives me that mean stare, but it doesn't bother me anymore.

"How the hell did you even get this far in school? You have like, an IQ of 35."

Human insults are the closest I've come to sounding and feeling human, because I somewhat mean it.

"When you win state championships and fuck your hot math teacher, IQ don't mean shit, Wheeler," Troy crosses his arms with pride.

I shake my head and give him a blank stare.

Can I just kill him already?

The teacher is sitting at his desk, bored and tired. He's white, bald, and in his mid thirties. He's waiting for the announcements to come on and get finished.

The announcements eventually come on. It's the same fake shit they say every year. Wooooo, welcome back to Hawkins High, we hope you have a great year! Yeah, bullshit, all of it.

The announcements go off. The teacher sighs and slowly stands up, a little overweight.

"Alright, class, today is the first day of your senior year, for most of you anyway. I'm Mr. Brown, you all know the ropes by now, so I'm not gonna explain to you what this class is. It's English. We read.

The teacher gives us our English textbooks.

"Since it's the first day, I'll go a little easy on ya. Turn to page 34 and read the story. We'll go over it tomorrow. I don't want to hear any talking!"

The teacher sits down at his desk and reads the daily newspaper.

The story is A Dark Brown Dog. Great.

If I could feel guilt for killing the neighbors dog, I sure would feel it right about now.

I finish the short story fairly quick. I close the book and realize that nobody else has finished.

I guess I'll just wait?

A piece of paper rolled up into a ball hits my face.

Troy...

"You're such a nerd," Troy whispers, then proceeds to giggle.

My urge.... Want to kill... FUCK.

I stand up with a sense of urgency.

"Can I go to the bathroom, Mr. Brown?" I try to calm myself down.

Everyone's looking at me now. Troy is so happy to see me in this position.

"Are you finished reading?" Mr. Brown asks.

"Yes..."

"That fast?"

"It was a short story," I shrug my arms and give him a fake smile.

"OK, Michael, you know I don't allow student to go to the bathroom."

OH MY GOD, I WANNA KILL HIM NOW.

"Sir, I have to go," I put on my desperate face.

"Damn, Wheeler, whaddya eat?" Troy says out loud.

Almost everyone in the class laughs at his joke.

I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

"TROY!" Mr. Brown quickly puts Troy in his place.

Mr. Brown sighs and looks at me. I can tell he feels sorry for me by the look he has.

"Ok, Wheeler, how about this. Give me a good summary of the story, then I'll let you go."

I nod and smile at him, knowing that I got this in the bag.

"A Dark Brown Dog is a story about cruelty and sorrow, and it has two levels to it. The first is a sad story about a dog and a young child, who are responsible for both protection and cruelty, until the dog dies at the hand's of the child's father. It's also an allegory and social criticism of post-Civil War Reconstruction. The dog represents freed slaves who continue to be mistreated, even though they're supposedly free. The child is the new generation of white Southerners who attempt to protect African Americans, but haven't matured enough to offer a safe environment. The father obviously personifies Jim Crow Laws, which enforced segregation and suppression of African Americans. It stripped them of their rights, even though they're supposedly freemen."

Everyone in class stares at me like I'm the second coming of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Brown slowly nods his head.

"Not bad, Wheeler, not bad at all. You can go," Mr. Brown looks impressed.

I hate being smart, because it's not even something you can brag about! But it does help hide the darkness inside of me.

I walk out of the class and go downstairs. Instead of going to the bathroom, I go to the football field.

I did this in years past. I'd say that I'm going to the bathroom, but then sit on the bleachers and stare at the football field for 15 minutes.

I'm doing it again. I'm sitting down on the top row of the bleachers, breathing in and out with my eyes closed as I try to control my urge...

I feel something tapping my shoulder. I panic and open my eyes wide. It's a girl. She has brown hair and brown eyes. Her hair is short, but not too short. She looks to be around 5'3. She's wearing fairly normal clothes for a girl. And now she's awkwardly staring at me.

"Are you okay?" the girl asks.

I get startled but quickly come back to reality.

"Uhh, yeah."

She gives me this look that nobody else has ever given me before. It kind of makes me wonder if she knows who I really am, but I know there's no possible way of her knowing that. She decides to sit next to me.

"So... Why are you here?" She asks as she nervously scratches her head.

"I said I was going to the bathroom, but I was really just mad, so I came here to cool off," I reply with honesty.

"Why were you mad?" She asks, sounding concerned.

"I don't know, it's stupid, just forget about it."

It gets quiet..... Too quiet.

"So.... Why are you here?" I ask.

I'm just trying to make it less awkward.

"I'm skipping class," she shakes her head.

"You're skipping class? Why?" I ask, trying to get the most out of this situation.

"I don't know, it's stupid, just forget about it."

It gets quiet again.

I sigh.

"I got mad because Troy was annoying me in class. I didn't want to do something that I would regret."

I'm somewhat truthful.

"Troy?! You mean the star athlete, Troy?" the girl is somewhat spooked by his name.

"Uh, yeah, why? You know him?"

"Know him? The guy's a mouth breather, a jerk, an asshole!" the girl raises her voice.

I'm wondering if this is one of his ex girlfriends that he fucked and kicked to the curve. If so, that's a shame. She seems somewhat decent, something I'll never be.

"Yeah, I figured that out a long time ago," I reply while looking straight ahead.

It gets silent again. The silence is natural to me at this point.

The girl sighs.

"I'm skipping class because I have anxiety."

I know what anxiety is, but I can never have it. That requires feeling.

"Any reason you have anxiety, or....?" I try to keep the conversation going for a little longer.

"I.... It's irrational anxiety. Sometimes I think about things that have

happened in my life, and that gives me this feeling of worry. I've constantly thought about certain things this morning, and I shouldn't've because I was already stressed about the first day of school."

Although I'm curious to know about the things she thinks about, I have to get going.

"I'm glad I could talk to someone. I have to get back to class," I give her that fake smile, get up, and start to walk down the bleacher steps.

"Hey, wait!" She stands up and shouts.

I turn my head back to her.

"Yeah?"

"You never told me your name?"

I might as well tell her my name, she seems harmless.

"Mike Wheeler."

"Mine's Jane Hopper," she replies.

Wait, Jane Hopper? As in... Jim Hopper's daughter? Hopper is well known in Hawkins for being the Chief of Police.

Maybe I should stay clear of her... for safety reasons.

"Maybe I'll see you around?" Jane sounds optimistic.

I still have my head turned to her, although it's starting to hurt my neck.

"Maybe," I try to sound optimistic as well.

I walk away from the football field and return to my class.

When the class ends, I get up and start walking to my next class, Calculus.

A girl comes up to me to start conversation. Ugh.

Her name's Stacey Jenkins. She's kind of annoying and obviously likes me.

"Hi, Mike!" Stacey looks up at me with a wide smile, holding textbooks in her hands.

"Hey, Stacey, what's up?" I try to sound enthusiastic but completely fail.

"I was wondering if you'd like, wanna come to my house this weekend?" her voice is shaking, she is blushing, and she looks like she's about to have a panic attack.

"This weekend? Aw, man, I don't think I can make it. I'm gonna be busy with work."

I love lying.

"Oh, right, of course. I'm sorry."

She walks away from me at a fast pace.

Girls. They can't help but love me, but I can never love them. I'm a monster.

I've thought about getting into a relationship before, to help hide the monster inside of me, of course.

I can never be in a relationship. It requires too much emotion, too much passion, too much... feeling...

Eleven and Max are in El's room. It's nighttime. El and Max are sitting on the edge of the bed. They are talking about the first day of their senior year.

So then I met this guy named Kyle, and he had like, the bluest eyes ever, it was insane!" Max looks at El with joy on her face.

Max notices that El looks depressed.

"What's wrong?" Max asks.

"I had the dream again..."

Max immediately knows what El's talking about.

"El, that part of your life is over. The badmen are gone!" Max comforts her, but El is unsatisfied.

"What if they're not?! What if they sneak up on me in the middle of the night?" El is scared to death of that even being a possibility.

"El, you're being paranoid. And besides, you got your powers, you're fine. You've killed a Demogorgon, you closed a gate to another dimension, you've done all sorts of crazy shit! And now you just need to live your life, man."

El knows she should listen to Max, but she's too traumatized by the past.

El sighs.

"But I'm too awkward. I totally blew it with a guy today," El accidentally blurts out, then regrets it.

"Wait, you talked to a guy today?!" Max is shocked, but at the same time, she's happy for El.

Max can't help but get this big smile on her face.

"It wasn't even like we talked. We were just sorta... there..."

"El, the only guys you've ever talked to is Lucas, Dustin, and Will. This is newsworthy shit!" Max raises her voice.

She's too excited.

"Max, it's nothing, really," El is embarrassed and wants to say nothing else.

"Tell me his name!" Max demands, making El blush a little.

El caves in.

"His name's Mike Wheeler."

Max is even more amazed.

"Mike Wheeler?! The Mike Wheeler?! The Mike Wheeler that's never had a girlfriend, ever?!"

"I don't know where you got that from, but I guess," El scratches her head.

"Don't get me wrong, he's cute, hot even, but I've heard rumors that he's gay."

"He's... gay?! W-W-Why? How do you know?" El is suddenly saddened.

Max realizes that she's made El upset. She quickly tries to make her happy again.

"I mean, it was only a rumor. Maybe he's just not a people person, I guess?" Max shrugs her shoulders.

El is a little relieved, but still worried.

"What did you guys talk about? Like, how did you blow it with him?" Max wonders.

El sighs and shakes her head.

"Why the hell do you care so much?!" El can't help but get annoyed with Max.

"Because, I'll be honest, Mike is probably the hottest guy in the entire school. And... you... talking to him..... He just... never talks to girls! Maybe he connected with you or something, I just wanna know what was said."

El appreciated her long explanation.

"We talked about our problems, nothing romantic. He didn't seem interested, that's why I think I blew it," El sounds defeated.

She stares at Max, looking desperate as ever.

"He doesn't seem like the kind of guy that would be into the lovey dovey shit. Something's off about him," Max says while nodding her head.

"Maybe that's why I like him..."

"You like him because he's weird?" Max chuckles, causing El to smile.

"No..."

As El starts to think about her conversation with Mike, she has this feeling inside of her.

"I like him because I see something in him. Whenever I looked into his eyes, I saw myself in him. I saw a pain inside of him. You can think I'm crazy, Max, but whenever I talked to him, I felt like I was talking to myself for some reason. It's stupid, I'll stop talking."

Eleven knows she sounds crazy, but she can't ignore this feeling inside of her.

"No, it doesn't sound stupid at all," Max replies, sounding serious.

"Really?"

"Yeah, really. You two will make the cutest weirdest couple ever!" Max giggles, causing El to blush and slap her arm.

"Max!" El giggles. She can't help but give Max a smirk.

Hopper bursts through the door.

"What are you two girls giggling about?"

Hopper can't help but be nosy about two teenage girls in his house. He is a concerned dad, and he will protect his daughter at all costs.

"Nothing, Dad!" El is annoyed.

Hopper quickly shakes off El's comment.

"Max, time to go home."

Whenever Hopper says it's time to go, it's time to go.

Max rolls her eyes at him and slowly gets up.

"Why can't I just stay here one time, just one time, Hopper?!" Max asks in a light-hearted tone.

"Because your parents make the decisions, not you, and I don't wantcha here either if I'm being honest," Hopper smirks at her.

"I guess you win... again," Max jokes.

Max walks out of the room with Hopper and shuts El's door.

Eleven can't stop thinking about that moment when he opened his eyes and saw her.

For a brief moment, she saw something insanely scary in his eyes.

She knows what she saw.

She saw herself in him..... When she was nothing but a test subject to the badmen and Papa.

It gives her goosebumps just thinking about that look.

She needs to see him again. She needs to see that look again.

SEPTEMBER 7 1988

El sighs.

She's stuck at this arcade with Max and the boys. It's not that games are boring to her, it's just that the arcade is filled with little kids running around. It gets annoying.

Will watches Dustin and Lucas battle each other in Street Fighter. They don't even take the time to blink, they are so focused on the game.

Max and El look at each other and roll their eyes. They know that these boys will be here for a while.

"Hey, let's go get some food?" Max suggests, having to raise her voice a little.

El nods her head yes.

"Sure."

Max and El walk to the concession stand and get popcorn and soda. Things are quieter, but still loud. The girls take a seat at one of the tables.

Max eats some popcorn before smiling uncontrollably.

As El eats her popcorn, she notices Max, who's sitting opposite of her. She makes this goofy smile, which makes El raise her eyebrows.

"What is wrong with you?" El is concerned for Max's health.

"It's nothing," Max still can't get the smile off of her face.

El shakes her head and takes a sip of her drink.

"It sure seems like something."

Max can't help herself. She has to tell somebody!

"I think I like Lucas again."

El's heard this one before.

"Max? Again?! Come on, they're our friends, not some tools you can just pick out!" El shakes her head in disgust.

Max opens her mouth wide. She is shocked at El's comments.

"What's so wrong with liking a boy?!" Max asks.

"Nothing. It's when you like them, and then you stop liking them, you like them, and then you stop liking them."

Max gets confused.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Max, you've broken up with Lucas four times in the past three years! Haven't you figured out by now that maybe you two just aren't meant to be?!" El is hard on her.

This upsets Max. She looks down at her legs, saddened by what could be the harsh truth.

"I don't know. It's just... I've never met a boy like him. I keep thinking I can move on from him, but that just makes me love him more. I'm so stupid," Max shakes her head.

El is supposed to be a good friend.

Max was there to comfort her, so now she has to comfort Max.

"You're not stupid, Max. I get it. I know what it feels like to meet a boy that's special."

Max looks up at her with confusion on her face.

"Wait, you do? Who?"

El really needs to stop blurting out things about Mike.

"Uhhhh," El is too shy to even say his name.

Max gets in a good mood after she sees El blushing hard.

Max snaps her fingers.

"Wait, it's Mike, isn't it?!"

"What?! NO!" El sounds super defensive.

"Have you talked to him some more or what?!" Max asks.

She wants El to have a boyfriend so bad.

"No, I haven't talked to him since the first day!" El replies, annoyed at Max's persistence

"Why not?!"

"Because... I don't know," El can't think of an excuse.

She looks down at her legs, feeling embarrassed.

"El, just ask him out on a study date or something."

"Study date?" El is completely lost.

"Yeah, you know. It's basically a date disguised as a study session. You need help in English anyway, might as well study with a cute boy, right?" Max smirks and winks.

"You think he'll say yes?!" El has no confidence in herself at all.

"I don't know! You can't just avoid him though, that will get you literally nowhere!" Max makes a good point.

"I don't even know when I'll be able to ask him!" El's voice is shaking.

"It's not rocket science. Get to school early and wait for his black Mustang to pull in to the parking lot!"

El is panicking and her heart is beating. She doesn't think she can do this!

Max comforts El by putting her hand on her shoulder.

"El, trust me, he's like, the hottest guy in school. Being rejected by him won't be the worst thing in the world!" Max makes it sound easy, but it isn't, not for El anyway.

This is important for El. She needs Mike to say yes, but if he doesn't, her whole world will be destroyed.

El gulps and looks up at Max.

"I'll do it."

1979

Ted was driving Mike to school. It wasn't but yesterday when Mike stabbed the neighbors dog to death, and now Ted had to have a serious talk with him about it. He couldn't talk to him yesterday

because he was so shocked and angry. He seemed to be calm now. Mike stared out the window in the backseat.

"Michael, I think we should talk about yesterday," Ted tried to maintain a soft voice.

Mike turns his head from the window to look at Ted, who was looking at him through the mirror.

"I know..."

Mike wasn't gonna play dumb.

"You know what?"

"I know what I did was wrong," Mike said.

"Tell me why it was wrong, Son!?" Ted raised his voice.

Mike looked down at his feet.

"I... I don't know why it was wrong. I just know it was wrong because you told me it was," Mike explained.

Ted shook his head.

"You can't go around killing things, Michael!" Ted shouted.

Mike was legitimately confused.

"Why not?!"

"Because... that's just not good! You wouldn't kill your sister, Nancy, would you?!" Ted asked, worried about Mike's answer.

"No! She's my sister!" Mike shouted.

"You wouldn't kill me or your mom, right?!"

"No!"

Mike did have some set of morals instilled within him. This made Ted sigh out of relief. Maybe it wasn't too late after all.

"So why did you kill the dog, Michael?!" Ted wanted to know so bad.

Mike looked out the window.

"I felt... something in me. That dog always barked, it constantly barked! I remember when it bit Nancy a couple of months ago, I was so mad! Nobody hurts Nancy. She's my sister! So I killed it. It felt good. I wish I could kill it again!" Mike's face became red.

Ted couldn't believe the words coming out of his son's mouth. What the hell was he gonna do?!

The drive to school became silent for a couple of minutes. Ted tried to think of something, anything. He knew how heartbroken Karen would be if she found out her son was a psychopath. Ted wasn't gonna get help. He had to be the one to help Mike.

"Son, what if I help you... You know, with this feeling you have."

Mike looked at Ted and raised his eyebrows.

"How... how are you gonna do that?"

"I can try to help you with suppressing your urges. I know it's gonna be tough, but it's better than sending you to some loony bin!"

Ted was optimistic about the idea, but he didn't have many choices.

As he stopped at the drop off point, Mike got out of the car. He walked to the passenger window and stood in front of it. Ted rolled down the window.

"What is it, Son?"

"Dad, is... Is something wrong with me?" Mike had fear in his eyes.

"Yes, Son. But we're going to try and fix it, okay?" Ted smiled at Mike.

Mike smiled back in return, but his smile quickly turned into a frown.

Mike was too scared to look at anyone. All he could do was look at

his feet on the way to class.

2. Study Date

SEPTEMBER 10 1988

The second week of school.

It's a cloudy morning. I enter the parking lot and park at my usual spot. We don't have assigned parking spaces, but everyone usually parks in the same spot.

I open my car door and get out. I casually shut the door while stretching.

I sigh because I have to see Troy in a couple of minutes.

FUCK.

I'm walking towards the school.

Hiding who you really are gets boring. I wanna just go up to people and scream that I'm a psychopath with an urge to kill, but I know how that will end up.

I'm cut off by... Jane Hopper?!

She's standing in front of me. She's not saying anything; she won't stop making eye contact. Uhhhhh.

"Hey... Mike," Jane says nervously.

"Hi... Jane? Do you need something?"

"I was just wondering..... maybe we can..... I mean if you're not busy..... I was wondering if you'd wanna....."

She's stumbling over her words and can't even finish a sentence. OH, GOD! Does she like me?!

Jane stops herself. She takes a deep breath before continuing on.

"I'm not gonna lie, I suck at English. I heard you're really good, so I'm

kinda hoping you can help me with this book I'm reading..."

OK, maybe she doesn't like me. Maybe she's just actually bad at speaking.

Compared to all the other girls, she seems fine. I could use some actual friends to help hide the darkness inside of me anyway.

"What's the book?"

"The Great Gatsby."

Wow, I've read that already. I can't remember everything off the top of my head, but I got a good idea on what it's about.

"What do you need to know about it?" I ask.

Her face turns pink.

"Uhhh, I was hoping I could come over to your house so we could talk about it in detail..."

OK, now I'm actually worried that she likes me.

If I say yes, I have to introduce her to my mom. That's gonna be so fucking awkward! Mom wants me to get a girlfriend, but I keep telling her that girls are not my main priority right now. I know that as soon as I bring one girl home to her, she will freak out!

Maybe I need some change. I'm probably crazy for even thinking that. Well, crazier...

It's my senior year and I still haven't had a girlfriend, despite being asked out every week. A girl comes up to me wanting to study. I'm not trying to be cocky but I know she likes me. I see the looks that people give me. They think I'm weird for rejecting girls all the time. It's only a matter of time before they find out I'm a psychopath. I need Jane for cover. That, and she doesn't annoy me to death like almost every other girl at this fucking school.

"Mike? Mike?!"

I realize that I've been thinking about this for far too long.

"Uhh, yeah, I guess you can come over," I nod my head at her.

She looks amazed. She's probably heard about how I've rejected so many girls.

"Really?!" Jane shouts.

Jane quickly calms herself and nods back.

"Cool. So you can pick me up around 5:00?"

Wait, I have to pick her up too? I regret this already.

"Um, yeah, sure. Where do you live?"

She gives me her address.

"OK, so, five o'clock?" I want confirmation.

"Yeah," she gives me a smirk.

I give her a fake smirk back.

The bell rings.

We exchange smiles and walk away from each other.

--

El and Max sit beside each other at their usual table during lunch. The boys are already there. Lucas, Max, and El are sitting on one side, while Dustin and Will are sitting on the other.

Max nudges El with her elbow to get her attention. El gives her this confused look. Max sighs and shakes her head.

"So?!" Max says, expecting a certain response.

"So what?!" El is so lost.

"This morning?! With Mike?"

El's heart is beating so fast. She looks around the table to see if the boys caught on to what she said. They didn't.

El leans into Max's ear to whisper something.

"Really, Max? In front of them?!"

Max looks at Lucas, then Dustin, and then finally Will. She looks back at El and nods her head.

"Sorry. Just tell me what happened!" Max whispers.

El tries to say words, but she can't. The fact that Mike Wheeler didn't reject her, the fact that he said yes..... It makes her feel like she's in a dream.

Max starts to get impatient.

"What did he say?!"

El's face is noticeably pink. Her body is shaking. It takes Max a while to read her face and decipher it, but she does.

"OH MY GOD, HE SAID YES!" Max yells, causing people at nearby tables to stare at them for a moment.

Max focuses her attention back to El.

"Sorry," Max says, awkwardly smiling.

"Why did you just yell?!" Lucas asks.

"Yeah, seriously, what the hell?!" Dustin shouts.

Max sighs and turns her head to the boys.

"Well, usually I'm never this excited, but El has told me some information that I just can't freaking believe!"

The boys are intrigued.

"What's going on El?" Will asks, legitimately sounding confused.

Max turns her head to El and smirks.

"Yeah, tell us what's going on?"

El is so embarrassed. She feels horrible.

"Max..."

"Look, if you two become boyfriend and girlfriend, they're gonna find out sometime!" Max makes a good point.

Dustin is in shock.

"El's got a boyfriend?! What the fuck?!?!"

El is tired of the questions. She just wants to see Mike already and get it over with. But until then, she has to explain herself.

"His name's Mike Wheeler, and no, he's not my boyfriend!"

"Lucas' jaw drops.

"Mike Wheeler?! The Mike Wheeler?!"

"I know, baby, that's what I said!" Max replies.

"I heard that dude is really smart, but he's also super weird!" Dustin says.

El shakes her head, annoyed at the current topic.

"I don't care what you've heard about him!" El snaps out of nowhere.

Dustin is surprised to hear her talk like that. Her face is even a little red.

"Sorry, I didn't know he was that important."

"You didn't know? This is El's first potential boyfriend, and it's Mike Wheeler, the hottest guy in school!" Max says happily.

Lucas pokes her arm and gives her a distraught look.

"He's the hottest guy in school?!" Lucas sounds heartbroken.

Max knows she messed up when she said that.

"No-no-no. I meant besides you, obviously!"

"That's what I thought," Lucas says with a cocky demeanor.

He leans in and kisses Max on the lips.

It goes from being a quick kiss into a mini makeout session.

El wants to throw up.

"Come on, guys, at lunch?!" Dustin shouts.

Max and Lucas break up their makeout session. They wipe off their lips and act like nothing happened.

"Max, there's one more thing I have to tell you," El says.

Max turns her head to El..

"Yeah?"

"He's gonna pick me up at five. I gave him your address..."

"What?! Why?!" Max sounds so mad.

El hates having to explain herself so much. It's one of the things that start her anxiety attacks.

"Because! I'm not letting Hopper meet Mike and scare off my only chance at getting a boyfriend!"

Max chuckles.

"El, Hopper will be glad that you have a boyfriend!"

El shakes her head no.

"I love him, but if he meets a boy, he's gotta know everything about them! It's gonna be super weird, and it will definitely scare off Mike!"

El explains.

Max sighs but understands.

"Fine. You can tell Hopper you're staying at my place until 9:00. Mike will come pick you up, then drop you off at my place at 8:00. Then Hopper will come and pick you up. He'll know nothing about The Mike Wheeler," Max explains, then giggles.

El shakes her head. She can't help but smirk at Max. Soon, they're both giggling uncontrollably. The boys look at them like they're crazy.

Lunch goes on. Five minutes pass, then ten, then fifteen.

El is freaking out on the inside. She thinks about how Max and Lucas made out earlier. Will she kiss Mike today? Will Mike even pick her up?! The nerves in her stomach are so real!

--

Max and El are in Max's room. Max's parents are at work. Max is sitting on the edge of her bed as she watches TV.

El is panicking. She's never been this nervous about a boy before! She's pacing back and forth in front of Max. Max gets annoyed because she keeps on getting in the way of the TV. A boy is about to pick El up! How the hell is she gonna calm herself down?!

"El. El..... El!" Max shouts.

Eleven freezes in place and stops thinking about Mike for the moment. She turns her body to Max.

"What? What am I doing?!" El's voice is shaking.

Max shakes her head and stands up to level with El.

"Calm down! You're acting crazy!"

"I'm sorry, I just... I'm gonna blow this so bad!" El is about to cry.

Max hates to see her like this. She's always had problems with acting too emotional. Max can't blame her though, she's been through so much shit.

Max puts her hand on El's shoulder and gives her a warm smile.

"El, you're not gonna blow it with him, you'll be fine. Hell, instead of blowing it, you might blow him!" Max chuckles.

El's not amused.

"Max! This is serious! I'm not even dressed right, he's gonna think I'm cheap!"

Max looks at El's clothes before deciding whether or not she looks cheap.

"What? The black shirt looks cute on you! And those blue jeans... are fine!"

El rolls her eyes at Max.

Max realizes her compliments aren't very believable.

"Whatever, it doesn't matter! He's helping you with a book, not taking you out to a fancy restaurant! Just be yourself and all that cheesy stuff!"

El giggles at her lame advice. This calms El a little bit.

Out of nowhere, Billy bursts through the door. He's Max's stepbrother. He's wearing a white wife beater and is sweating after finishing his daily workout.

Max and El reluctantly turn their bodies to face him.

"What do you want?!" Max shouts.

"I came in here to check on ya, Max."

Max smiles sarcastically at him and crosses her arms.

"Suuuuuure. Now tell me the real reason."

Billy sighs and shakes his head.

"Why the hell did Lucas drop you off here?! Are you seeing him again?!" Billy gives her a scary look.

Max feels uncomfortable.

"Why the fuck does it matter?!" Max slowly backs away from Billy.

Billy walks closer to her while maintaining that psychotic look.

"I've already told you, Max. He's a nigger. Is that really who you want? You want to disrespect not only yourself, but your entire family, by going out with a fucking nigger?!"

Billy's face is completely red.

Max gulps. She's scared to death of him. Even though she stood up to him that one night, things haven't changed. He's still as psychotic as ever.

El knows that Billy is one of the worst humans alive. She wants to use her powers to snap his neck, but she knows she can't.

"Fuck you! You can't tell me what to do anymore!" Max sounds like she's about to cry, but she's just really angry.

El wants to be with Mike so bad right now.

Billy laughs.

"You can do what you want, Max, but so can I. If I ever see that piece of shit near this house, I'm going to beat him to death!" Billy sounds like he means it. He probably does.

Billy marches out of the room and slams her door shut.

"JUST FUCKING MOVE OUT ALREADY YOU FUCKING PRICK!" Max yells, wanting to cry on the inside.

Max sits on the edge of her bed and covers her face with both hands. She's not crying, she's just really stressed.

El wants to comfort her, so she sits beside her.

"Are you okay?" El asks.

Max sighs and nods her head.

"Yeah, I'm fine. He's just such an asshole! UGH!"

"I knew he was horrible, but I didn't know he was that bad," El says, which makes Max laugh.

"Imagine dealing with that shit everyday..."

El can't imagine that. She's depressed enough as it is. Billy would send her over the edge.

They hear someone outside knocking on the front door.

Eleven and Max look at each other. El opens her mouth in shock. Max has a big smile; El looks frightened. That can only be one person.

--

This is so odd. I pull up to her house. Should I honk the horn or get out and knock on the door? Honking might seem too aggressive. I should probably just knock.

I get out of my car and walk up the front steps.

I hope Hopper isn't here.

I knock on the door five times really fast. I wait. I wait.

Still waiting...

Still waiting...

Damn, I wanna leave.

The door opens. Jane and another girl are standing in front of me.

"Mike!" Jane slightly smiles at me.

"Jane," I casually reply.

I look at the other girl. Who is she?

"Hey, Mike. I'm Max, Jane's best friend."

Max extends her hand out to me for a handshake. I extend my hand out and connect with hers to make it less awkward. After we break up the handshake, I'm looking at Jane again. She looks nervous as usual.

"Mike, just come in and chill for a minute, I gotta use the bathroom and get my backpack," Jane says.

I nod at her and walk into the house.

The house isn't that big. In fact, it's quite small. Is this really where she lives?

I'm looking around the house. I'm in the kitchen checking out what kind of food they have. I'm honestly just wanting to get out of here as quick as possible. Human interaction with anyone other than Jane is too risky.

I hear footsteps behind me. They get louder and louder. I turn around to find a buff dude in front of me. He's a couple of inches shorter than me, probably around 5'10. His hair is long and weird, but I guess that's the style.

"Who the fuck are you?" The man asks.

"I'm Mike, a friend of Jane."

He gets confused.

"Who?"

I'm annoyed with him already.

"Max's friend."

He has a look of realization.

"Ahhhh, okay. I'm Billy. I thought you were one of Max's boyfriends, because she gets around. She's fucking around with a jigaboo now, isn't that fucking something?!" Billy says, expecting me to be on his side.

I'm not racist. I don't see the point. I wanna kill everyone equally, regardless of color.

I don't respond because I can't think of anything to say.

"What do you think?"

"Think about what?"

"Her, being with a black guy? What the fuck is the world coming to?" Billy shrugs his shoulders and puts this fake smile on his face.

I shake my head.

"I don't see a problem with it."

Billy takes a few steps closer to me.

"You're a nigger lover?" Billy laughs.

His face suddenly reddens.

I don't respond. I'm getting sick of waiting for Jane.

Billy puts his hand on my shoulder.

"Listen. Niggers are like monkeys. If you like them, fine, but I don't want people like you in my house."

He wants to play this game? Fine, I'll play it.

"Take your fucking hand off me," I stare evilly at him.

As we enter this staring contest, I can tell that he is surprised by my mannerisms. He's probably used to making guys piss their pants, but I'm different. He sees it in my eyes.

If he doesn't get his hand off of me, I will break his fucking neck.

"Billy, what are you doing?!" Max shouts.

Max and Jane are standing beside each other. Jane is holding her backpack with both hands.

Billy turns around to face them.

He gives them the fakest smile possible.

"Mike and I were just talking."

"Uh huh," Max replies.

Jane is avoiding eye contact with me.

"Mike, let's go."

I nod at her.

We both walk out of the house and get in my car. She puts the backpack on the floor in between her legs.

Before I'm able to start the car, Jane feels the need to tell me something.

"That wasn't my house."

I figured.

"OK," I simply reply.

She has this look of guilt.

"I mean, it was my friend's house. I didn't wanna give you my real address..."

"OK."

She looks confused.

"Aren't you gonna ask me why?"

Uhhh, do I have to?

"Why?"

"I'm scared of my father meeting you."

Oh, Jim Hopper. Yeah, good call, Jane.

I start the car and start driving home.

"Isn't your father the Chief of Police or something?" I act like I'm not sure.

"Yeah. If he sees me with you, he'll probably try to scare you off... even though we're just friends," she scratches her head awkwardly and looks out the window to avoid eye contact.

Yeah, she definitely likes me.

"I don't think he'll scare me," I reply.

"How are you so sure of that?" Jane wonders.

Because I'm the one that scares people.

"I don't know. I'm just hard to scare," I turn my head and give her a fake smile.

The drive goes silent for a couple of minutes. I realize that this is probably awkward for her. I decide to turn on the radio.

A song is playing.

I'm not really into music, but I'm not against it either. It's just another thing that's there. Nothing special.

"Welcome to your life, there's no turning back, Even while we sleep, we will find you acting on your best behavior, turn your back on mother nature, everybody wants to rule the world."

I turn my head to her.

"You like this?" I ask.

"Tears for Fears is kinda overplayed," Jane honestly replies.

Shit.

"You have to admit, it's really catchy," I say.

I don't want to waste my energy on changing the station.

She giggles.

"Yeah, it is."

We arrive at my house. I park the car. We walk to the front door.

I'm already preparing for the worst.

I sigh while opening the door.

Mom is watching TV in the living room. I signal for Jane to be quiet. Maybe we can go upstairs without Mom noticing.

Jane and I are tip-toeing to the stairs.

Our cover is blown whenever Jane's backpack makes the tiniest sound.

Mom turns her head to face us. Shit. Shit. Shit.

"Mike? And....."

Mom looks amazed.

"Is that Jane Hopper?! What is going on?!" Mom asks.

Mom stands up and walks to us.

She stares Jane down. Jane looks a little embarrassed and I don't blame her.

"Michael, she's so cute! Why didn't you tell me you had a girlfriend?!"

Jane and I glance at each other for a split second.

"Mom, she's not my girlfriend. We're friends."

Mom isn't buying it.

"How long have you been friends for?"

30 minutes.

"Mom, can we just go upstairs. I'm helping her with a book."

Please. Mom. Stop.

"You're helping her with a book?! How noble of you!" Mom can't stop fangirling over Jane and I.

I'm about to get mad.

"Yes! Can we go upstairs now?!" I ask, hoping she just says yes.

"Oh, alright. You kids don't do anything stupid up there!"

As soon as she gives us the OK, Jane and I hall ass upstairs away from her.

We walk into my room. I close the door and sigh.

"I'm sorry about her!" I say while leaning against the door.

Jane laughs.

"Mike, it's okay."

I walk up to her.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! Now can you help me with this book?" Jane asks.

That is why you're here.

"Uhh, yeah, sorry."

We sit on the edge of my bed and start going over *The Great Gatsby*. She has a test on chapters 1 and 2 tomorrow, so she really needs some help.

It's difficult for her to understand it at first, but the more I explain, the more she understands.

An hour goes by like nothing. We're still talking about *The Great Gatsby*.

Putting on this fake persona feels weird at first, but I naturally get better at pretending to be human in front of her.

"So what does the green light mean at the end of chapter 1? I still don't get that." Jane wonders.

"It symbolizes Daisy, his love. When he looks at the green light, he's thinking of Daisy, and he wants to win her back from Tom. Green is the color of envy after all. It could mean some other stuff, but we aren't that far into the story yet. The green light will come up again," I explain.

Jane nods her head. I think she understands it a little better now.

"Anything else?" I ask.

"Uhh, no. I think that's it."

"So you're ready for the test tomorrow?"

"I guess. These chapters seem easy enough, and you explaining every little detail to me sure did help," Jane giggles at me, which causes me to put on my fake smirk.

I look down at my watch. It's only 7:00 PM.

"Wow, we still got an hour before I need to drop you off," I say.

Jane is stunned as well.

"We still got an hour?! It feels like we've been talking about this book forever!" Jane says playfully.

She smiles at me. All this smiling is making my mouth tired.

Think of something to talk about.....

Don't let her see you as the real you...

"So, uh, when's your birthday?" I ask.

"It's in February, what about yours?"

"Mine's in December. I turn 18 this year. My parents sent me to school a year late," I explain while maintaining a fake smile.

She seems so shy compared to when we were talking about the book.

"Oh, that's cool. I turn 18 in February also..."

We silently stare at each other. There's literally nothing I can think of to talk about.

Man, this conversation sucks. Why couldn't I have just killed that Billy asshole earlier.

Out of nowhere, Jane starts crying.

FUCK, WHAT DID I DO?! DID I GIVE HER THAT PSYCHOTIC STARE?! SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

"Jane, what's wrong?" I'm trying my best to act human and care for her at this moment.

She's crying uncontrollably. Tears are constantly dripping down her face. I'm afraid Mom is gonna hear her and think I'm raping her or something.

"Mike, I'm sorry," Jane's hiding her face with both hands as she continues to cry.

"What?! What are you sorry for?!" I'm so confused.

"I'm a freak. I'm a freak. I'm a freak!" Her voice breaks.

What the fuck!

"Jane, look at me."

She reluctantly releases her hands off of her face. I see her face. It's

wet from all the tears.

She lifts her head up to make eye contact with me.

"I'm having a panic attack," Jane says in a sad tone.

She's trying her best to calm down but it's not working.

"Why?"

"B-B-B-B-Because, I was abused growing up. I have random flashbacks of it!"

After saying that, she goes back to sobbing.

Holy shit.

How do I handle a situation like this?

"Abused?! Who abused you?!"

"I-I-I-I-I don't wanna talk about it, okay?"

I need to make her stop crying.

I stand up and turn to her.

"Hey, come here, come here..."

She slowly gets up.

I embrace her with a hug. She cries into my chest. I awkwardly put my arms around her and pat her on the back. She eventually puts her arms around me.

"It's okay, Jane, let it out."

This is how humans get other humans to stop crying, right?

Her crying slows down. She lets out a few more sniffles before her crying completely stops. She still has her head buried in my chest and it doesn't seem like she wants to break the hug off.

The silence is odd, but it's better than her constant crying.

She looks up at me and gives me a warm smile.

"Thanks, Mike, you're a great friend."

I look down at her and smile.

Are we really just friends? It's obvious that she wants more. I need her as cover. She seems vulnerable in a lot of ways, which will make it easier for me to hide who I really am.

This is so risky.

Fuck it.

"Do you wanna go out with me?" I ask out of nowhere.

She looks absolutely dumbfounded.

"You want m-m-m-m-m-m-me..... To be your.....
Girlfriend?!"

I think that's what that means.

"Yeah...."

She gives me a wide smile.

"Yes, I'd love that..."

She buries her face back into my chest.

I don't know what the future entails for this relationship. It could be one big mistake just waiting to happen. I might end up regretting it, but I can't be the weird and lonely guy forever. I also have this stupid thought in my brain. What if she can make me feel human? I know it sounds crazy, but it can't be that unrealistic, right?

Reality hits me.

I'll never be able to feel that type of emotion, no matter how hard I try. I'm a monster. All I'm doing is using her to hide the horrible

disease that's inside of me, the disease that makes me have this urge to kill.

Reality hits me again.

There is no disease inside of me. I am the disease.

El is lying in bed.

When Mike dropped her off, he said he would meet her in the parking lot tomorrow.

El still doesn't know if she's ready for this, for him. She can't stop replaying what happened.

She was crying, but as soon as Mike hugged her, it stopped. Mike completely stopped her crying...

She's never felt connected to anyone like this before... Mike.....

She wants to visit him. She wants to admire him.

She gets out of bed and pulls out her blindfold that's sitting inside one of her drawers.

El sighs. She sits on the edge of the bed and slowly puts the blindfold on.

It's completely dark at first. She thinks of Mike and his room.

Eventually, her thoughts come to life. His bed pops up first, then.....

Wow.

El is speechless.

She sees Mike, who's lying in bed naked. He's masturbating, and he looks to be aggressive. His face his red and he's heavily breathing.

El wasn't expecting this, but she isn't necessarily mad, just weirded out a bit.

As El continues to watch him, she starts to admire him. He looks perfect...

She looks at his beautiful face first. She wants to kiss him so bad!

She moves her eyes down to his chiseled chest, then his abs.

She looks even lower.

El's scared.

Mike's large member has her feeling so many things. She's frightened, scared, excited, and so much more.

She bites her lip with lust. She wants to touch it, she wants to play with it, and she wants to make him happy.

El's never seen a penis before, although she's heard about them from Max a lot.

El realizes what she's doing is completely fucking wrong. She should take off the blindfold right now and go to bed! But..... She can't stop staring at him, at it. She's in a trance.

She watches him for the next five minutes until he finishes...

1979

Ted and Mike were in the living room, and it was late. Karen and Nancy were sleeping.

As Mike sat on the couch, Ted stood in front of him.

"Michael, did it help?"

Mike looked confused.

"Did what help?"

"The movie, Son! Did it help with your urge?!" Ted replied.

Ted talked to Mike about what makes him feel good. Throughout the conversation, Ted got an idea. He decided to play a movie to Mike.

That movie was Halloween.

He wanted to see if Mike felt any different after watching it.

Mike looked at him with a blank face.

"It did help," Mike said.

"How did it help?" Ted wondered.

"It calmed me down."

"Why?"

Mike found it hard to explain.

"I don't know. Seeing him kill all those girls, it just... makes me feel better," Mike explained as he rubbed his head.

Ted looked relieved.

"So you're saying this movie helped suppress your urge?" Ted asked.

Mike nodded his head yes.

Ted got on one knee to level with Mike. He put his hand on Mike's shoulder and smiled.

"OK, that's good, that's really good! See, I told you! We're making progress."

Mike reluctantly smiled back.

"Anytime you feel that urge growing inside of you, I want you to watch this movie, OK?"

"Can I watch other movies?" Mike asked.

Ted knew that Karen would not be okay with Mike watching horror movies, but it wasn't about her.

"Sure, Michael. I'll get you some more movies."

Mike looked worried. Ted immediately realized.

"Michael, what's wrong?" Ted asked.

Mike frowned.

"Is this... urge that's inside of me..... Will it ever go away?"

Ted had no doubt that he could get this urge out of him. He just needed more time.

"Hopefully, Son. Hopefully."

Ted gave him another smile before standing up.

"It's time for bed," Ted said.

Mike nodded and ran upstairs to his room.

3. Meeting Hopper

SEPTEMBER 11 1988

I'm at lunch meeting Jane's friends. I take a seat at their table. I can see them studying my every move and I hate it.

There's only a couple of us sitting at the table. I'm sitting beside Jane. Max and her boyfriend are sitting across from us, along with the other two guys.

They awkwardly stare at me for a good minute before saying anything.

"So..... Mike?," Max says.

"Uhh, yeah?"

Max smirks at me.

"You and Jane, you two are together?" Max asks.

"Ye-"

"Max!" Jane cuts me off.

"What?! You two are studying one day, then sitting together at lunch the next! What about you, baby? What do you think?" Max asks Lucas.

Lucas can't hide his smile as he looks at Jane and I.

"I mean, it's obvious you two are together," Lucas chuckles to himself.

"OK, we are! So what?!" Jane gets defensive, which makes me turn my head and raise my eyebrows at her.

Max shakes her head.

"It's okay, guys! We're not judging. You already know me, so let me introduce you to the rest of the group. Mike, this is Lucas, my

boyfriend.

"Hi, Lucas," I sound really bored.

Lucas smiles at me.

"Sup, Mike."

Max continues introducing me to the group.

"And this is Will, Jane's brother."

Will and I stare at each other for a second.

"Hey, Mike!"

"Hey..."

"And this guy with the hat is Dustin."

Dustin waves at Mike with excitement.

"Yo!" Dustin says.

"Yo," I calmly reply.

"And that's all of us. We're harmless and weird," Max says.

Dustin snaps his fingers.

"But we can also be dangerous."

Lucas turns his head to Dustin and nods.

"You got that right."

How dangerous can they possibly be?

"Got any questions for us?" Max asks.

No.

"No."

Max has a look of defeat.

"Wow, we're that boring? Okay, fine," Max crosses her arms while looking annoyed.

Jane sighs.

"Max, stop making it awkward!"

I grab Jane's hand under the table and turn my head to her.

"It's okay. It's not that awkward," I let out a fake chuckle.

This makes her smile at me.

Smiling. I honestly don't get it and never will. It seems natural to normal people, but for me, it's just another chore.

I smile back.

I feel nothing during this silence.

Troy interrupts us. He sits beside me.

"How's it going, Wheeler?" Troy puts his arm around me like we're friends.

FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.

I've learned to control my urge to kill quite well. But Troy, he's different.

The balls he has! To sit at my table and put his arm around me in front of my girlfriend!

Dad never taught me how to control my urge against people who intentionally piss me off.

Everyone at the table looks down at their lunch trays. They're too scared of him. I fucking hate Troy.

"Troy," I reply.

My face gets red.

Troy can't wipe the smile off of his face. He takes his arm off me.

"Relax, Wheeler, I'm not here to fuck with ya, I just wanna see why you're with the losers now?" Troy laughs.

"Leave," my voice gets deep.

Troy looks shocked by my comment.

"Me? Leave?! Haha, You're funny, Wheeler. Is this your girl?" Troy points to Jane.

I slowly nod my head yes.

Jane avoids eye contact with Troy and I as she continues to look at her tray.

Troy leans his head over the table to get a better look at Jane.

"Hey, baby, whatcha doing hanging around these losers anyway?!"

Did he really just call her baby?

Max gets tired of Troy taking over the table. She lifts her head up with anger on her face.

"Will you just fuck off, Troy!" Max shouts.

Troy retaliates immediately.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU DUMB SLUT!"

Max looks back down in fear.

Troy turns his attention back to Jane.

"As I was saying, why are you with these dorks? And you're going out with Wheeler? Baby, I could fuck you so good. If you wanna hit me up sometime-"

I grab him by his shirt as a warning.

"Back the fuck off," I give him my signature evil stare.

"Mike, stop!" Jane panics.

Troy smiles at me.

"Yeah, listen to your bitch," Troy whispers.

I want to hurt him. I want to kill him.

But I can't. I can't let them see me in that way because once they do, they'll eventually solve the puzzle of who I really am.

I reluctantly let him go. I already regret it.

Troy adjusts his shirt and gets up.

"I'll see you losers around," Troy says.

Troy walks away from us. Finally.

Everybody looks up at me and sighs out of relief.

"Holy shit! Are you crazy, dude?!" Dustin asks.

"Yeah, picking a fight with Troy?!" Lucas says.

"Not the smartest decision in the world," Will says while shaking his head.

Max gets an annoyed look on her face.

"Great. Now we gotta deal with Troy again. Thanks, Mike!" Max says sarcastically.

Max instantly regrets saying that.

"I'm sorry, Mike. It's not your fault."

Max facepalms.

I turn my attention to Jane, who hasn't said anything yet. She looks at me with those big eyes.

"You didn't have to do that, Mike," Jane says, sounding sad.

I didn't do it for her. I did it for me.

"I'm sorry," I try to sound apologetic.

I think she forgives me.

I didn't think standing up for myself would cause so much panic in the group, but I understand. They're a target now because of me. Troy is getting his darts ready.

--

Some day I had at school.

I get home and have my usual conversation with Mom. She talks to me about Jane, but I avoid her questions as best as possible.

I head upstairs to get ready for a quick nap. As I'm about to open the door to my room, Nancy comes out of her room, which is right beside mine.

We catch each other's eyes. I have to talk to her now. I turn my body to face her.

"Mike."

"Nancy."

I see that she's dressed up. Is she seeing that Steve dickhead again?

\Nancy was going out with this guy named Jonathan until he went to college at NYU. They both decided that a long distance relationship wouldn't work, so they broke up. Nancy got back with her obnoxious ex, Steve. I've never liked Steve.

"Why are you all dressed up?" I ask.

Nancy seems flustered by my question.

"I'm..... I'm going out."

"Where? With who?"

"Why the hell does it matter, Mike?!" Nancy says, sounding frustrated.

"It's Steve, isn't it?"

Nancy isn't gonna deny it.

"Yes, it's Steve."

I sigh.

"I don't get what you see in him!" I'm genuinely annoyed.

I've always felt closer to Nancy than any other member in my family. I almost feel human around her. Still, it hasn't worked. My feelings for her have a limit.

Nancy stares at me with this mean look. She always stares at me like that when she's mad.

"It doesn't matter what you get or don't get! All that matters is I'm happy with him!" Nancy raises her voice.

Maybe I shouldn't of gone too hard on her.

I nod my head and realize my mistake.

"Sorry. You're right, you're absolutely right. It's your life and I shouldn't worry about who you spend it with."

Nancy wipes the mean look off her face and slightly smiles.

"I'm sorry too..... you know, for the shouting."

We both laugh, although my laugh is fake.

Nancy is quick to change the subject.

"So, I hear you're going out with Jane Hopper now!!" Nancy shouts.

How the hell does she know?

"How the hell do you know?"

"Mom told me. She sounded so excited; I don't blame her. This is your first time with a girl, like, ever!" Nancy teases me.

Although embarrassment would be a common trait to show in this situation, I don't feel it.

"OK, so I'm going out with Jane Hopper. Big Deal," I reply.

Nancy shakes her head at me and laughs.

"I'm happy you got a girlfriend and all, but be careful."

What does that mean?

"Be careful?" I look extremely confused.

"It's just that.... Jane is..... A special kind of girl," Nancy explains while scratching the back of her neck

Special? As in retarded?

"I'm not sure I follow you," I respond with honesty.

Nancy thinks of a better way to explain what she means.

"She's a cute girl and all that! She's really cool! But..."

"But...?!" This is only making me more frustrated.

Nancy sighs and shakes her head.

"Don't piss her off, okay? Whatever you do, don't do something that will make her really angry, because it won't end well!" Nancy suggests.

She weirdly smiles at me.

I'm intrigued by what she means. I'm unable to break eye contact with her.

"And how do you know this?" I wonder.

Nancy makes weird facial expressions before answering.

"I just..... Uhhh, I've hanged out with her a couple times."

Something's not right...

Although I question if she's being truthful, arguing with her will only make things worse.

"OK. Don't make her angry. Seems simple enough," I joke.

Nancy giggles.

"You shouldn't have to worry. She's mostly nice from what I know."

"OK."

Well, this conversation is over.

I turn back to face my door. I crack it open just a little before Nancy interrupts me.

"Mike!" Nancy shouts.

I look at her as my hand still holds the doorknob.

"Yeah?"

"Thanks for being there for me. I know I don't say this much, but you're the best brother ever..."

I'm far from it.

I nod my head at her.

"Thanks..... Do I have to hug you now?" I joke.

Nancy laughs. Her face is filled with happiness.

"No. I just wanted you to know that," Nancy smiles at me.

"Now I know," I put on my fake smile.

We stare at each other for a couple more seconds before continuing on with our day.

I wish I could tell her who I really am. I don't think she would stop loving me, but I don't know for sure.

Maybe one day.

El is finishing homework in her room. It's getting late. She's in bed and completely bored. She's still thinking about last night when she watched Mike. She regrets watching him, and she regrets that she loved it so much. When El finally figures out the answer to one problem, Hopper barges through the door.

El is startled. She quickly puts her pencil down and looks up at Hopper.

"What are you doing in here?!" El says, sounding annoyed.

Hopper gave her his signature smirk.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a boyfriend?" Hopper says in a light-hearted tone.

El's face turns pink out of embarrassment. How did he find out?!

"What?! What are you talking about?!"

"Karen Wheeler called me today. She told me you and her son were studying yesterday?"

Fuck. Mike's mom. El should've known that she'd be a problem.

El doesn't respond. Instead, she gulps.

"Who is this kid anyway? The Wheeler boy. What's his name again?" Hopper scratches his head.

El knows that being silent will not get her very far, so she talks.

"I thought you knew him? You know who Nancy is. She helped us with the Demogorgon, remember?"

"I didn't look into the history of the Wheelers, okay?!" Hopper gets a little ticked off.

El sighs.

"His name's Mike Wheeler," El mumbles.

"HUH? I'm sorry, I didn't hear you. Can you repeat that?" Hopper grins at her.

"I said his name is Mike Wheeler!" El raises her voice.

Hopper walks near her bed.

"Okay-okay!"

He slowly sits down on the side of her bed. El moves her legs to make room for Hopper.

There's a small silence. Hopper turns his head to her.

"So when do I meet him?" Hopper asks.

El immediately gets up from the bed.

"No way!" El shouts.

Hopper stands up to level with her.

"Whaddya mean no way?" Hopper shrugs.

"Because..... You will scare him off or something!"

Hopper looks dumbfounded.

"Scare him off? Why would I do that?" Hopper sounds sincere.

El shakes her head at how oblivious he is.

"You'll do that protective thing you do. You'll be like: I'm the Chief of Police, don't do anything stupid, yada-yada-ya," El mocks Hopper.

Hopper brushes off her imitation.

"That's scaring him off?! That's just me introducing myself!"

El hates Hopper at this moment. She's so frustrated with him, she can't figure out what to say.

"UGH! You see! This is why you can't meet him!" El shouts.

Hopper understands why he's annoying to her. This makes him change his attitude.

"OK, alright. I won't scare him, I swear! I just want to meet him and see if he's a punk is all."

El shakes her head no.

Hopper sighs and rubs his eyes. He returns his attention back to El.

"OK, I get it. You don't want me to embarrass you in front of your first boyfriend. Look, I'm not gonna intimidate him or anything. In fact, I think he should have dinner with us this Saturday. It'll just be a calm dinner. I just wanna get to know him, and so does Joyce!" Hopper explains.

As much as El hates Hopper sometimes, she also loves him to death. He took her in as one of his own when no one else would. He's asking her as nice as he's ever asked her for anything. He really wants to meet him, so why deny him? It's the least El can do after all that Hopper has done for her.

El smiles at him.

"You really wanna meet him?"

Hopper nods his head yes.

El rolls her eyes at him, but keeps her smile.

"Fiiiine! I'll see whenever he's free," El says.

Hopper smiles widely at her.

"That's my girl! Come here!"

Hopper welcomes El with a hug.

Eleven was her name. Jane Hopper is her free name. She loves being Jane for that reason.

She knows Hopper saved her. She's in debt to him forever, and she couldn't be happier

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SEPTEMBER 13 1988

School's over. El and Mike meet up in the hallway and smile at each other.

Mike started driving El home yesterday. It was odd whenever he offered her a ride, but she couldn't say no to him. He's too amazing.

They make it to the parking lot and start walking to his car.

El needs him to come to dinner Saturday, but she also needs him to be part of the group. She can't ask him over for dinner right away, they might scare him off.

"Mike," El says.

"Yeah?"

"You know my friends, Max, Lucas, Dustin, and Will?"

Mike nods his head yes.

"Yeah."

"Well, I don't wanna force you to be friends with them, but maybe you can spend some time with them?" El looks at Mike with puppy dog eyes.

Mike stops walking in the middle of the parking lot and gives all of his attention to her.

"Spend some time with them? Where?" Mike asks.

"That's the thing. Are you into arcade games?"

Mike's never been interested in games. He's never played one and sees it as a waste of time.

"Games? Not really my thing," Mike replies.

El is upset, not because she wants him to like games, but because she wants to talk to him at the arcade whenever she gets bored.

"You don't have to play games there if you don't want to. It just would be nice to have you there... with my friends..... And me," El quickly looks away out of embarrassment.

Mike continues walking to his car. El follows.

Once Mike starts the car, he finally gives his answer.

"When do you wanna go to the arcade?" Mike asks.

Her face lights up.

"Ummmm, we usually go after school on Thursdays and Fridays, so..... Today..... And maybe tomorrow?" El cringes as she talks.

Mike gives her a blank stare.

"So right now?"

El gets nervous.

"Yeah....."

"Alright, let's go."

Mike starts driving.

Wow! She didn't think convincing him would be that easy! This makes her like him even more. To her, he's so caring and thoughtful. He didn't have to go to the arcade, but maybe he really likes her, or maybe he just feels sorry for her. That's always a thought in the back of her head. He could be using her for sex or something, but she doubts she's even cool enough for that. She honestly has no clue why

he is with her.

Mike parks his car at the arcade. They both get out of the car and let out a sigh.

They enter the arcade and immediately hear all the loud gaming sounds. There's people walking around. One person accidentally bumps into Mike. Mike gets a little aggravated, but he continues on.

They see Lucas and Will in the distance. They're playing Street Fighter. They're super addicted to Street Fighter.

Mike and El start walking up to them. As they get closer, they also see Dustin and Max beside each other. They're watching the battle between Lucas and Will unfold.

Mike and El finally make it to them.

"Guys!" El shouts, causing everyone, including Will and Lucas, to turn around.

They are all in shock. They can't believe Mike is there.

Max breaks the awkward silence.

"Mike! And ... Jane!"

"Hey," Mike says.

Lucas realizes him and Will are still playing a game. He turns around and starts fighting Will in the game. Will catches on, but he's too late. Lucas wins.

Will is furious!

"That's bullshit, man. You cheated!" Will shouts.

Lucas chuckles.

"It's not cheating, it's being smart!"

"UUUUGGHHHH!!" Will groans.

After celebrating his win, Lucas looks at Mike.

"Hey, dude, you wanna play me?"

El looks worried.

"Actually, Mike doesn't play games," El explains.

Lucas gets disappointed

"Aw, come on! Everybody plays games, especially arcade games!"

Mike really doesn't wanna play.

"Sorry, Lucas, I'm not much of a gamer," Mike shrugs and puts on his fake smile.

"I'll teach you!" Lucas says.

Mike thinks about it. He really doesn't wanna play!

Lucas has the perfect idea.

"How about this: We'll play some practice games, and then when you're ready, we'll play a game, and whoever wins that game gets \$20 from the loser!"

Lucas grins at Mike.

Mike honestly could care less about money, but Lucas is trying too hard to be friends with him. If Mike doesn't accept his offer, it won't look good for him. They might see past his fake persona.

Mike sighs.

"Sure, I'll give it a try.... I guess."

Mike walks over to the arcade machine.

As Lucas begins to teach Mike about the game, Max walks up next to El. They're spectating their boyfriends.

"Are you sure this is a good idea? Our boyfriends becoming friends

with each other?" Max asks El.

El crosses her arms as she looks at Mike and Lucas.

"It could be a good thing, who knows?"

Max is unsure about Mike and Lucas. Them being friends means that they can talk about her and El to each other.

"Have you kissed him yet?" Max asks.

El's eyes widen and her face turns pink.

"Max!"

"What? It's been a couple of days. Have you two even held hands?"

"We're taking it slow, alright? No need to rush into things," El tries to sound confident.

Max gets a worried look on her face.

"You sure you two are boyfriend and girlfriend? Does he even like you?!" Max raises her voice.

El hopes he likes her. God, that's all she ever hopes for.

"Yes! Maybe! I don't know! Just drop it, relationships take some time!" El says.

"OK, I'm just looking out for you. I don't want him to hurt you," Max replies, sounding sincere.

El knows Max cares about her, but she also feels that Max cares too much sometimes.

"He's not gonna hurt me. He's really nice..."

El smiles just thinking about her and Mike's conversations.

Max isn't buying it.

"He seems a little too nice, don't ya think?"

El rolls her eyes at Max.

"Just shut up and watch our boys fight each other," El says, causing Max to giggle.

"Lucas is definitely winning," Max says confidently.

El has to stand up for her man!

"Mike's new to this, but I bet he's a quick learner," El says, grinning at Max.

Max crosses her arms.

"We'll see."

Max and El watch on as Mike and Lucas battle it out a few times. Lucas teaches Mike the basics of the game while kicking his butt in it.

Mike is ready to play for the money.

Lucas wins the first round. It seems almost too easy for him.

Mike comes back and wins the second round, just barely though.

"Shit! You beat me in a round?!" Lucas is shocked.

Mike is too concentrated on the game. He finds himself enjoying it for some odd reason.

"Last round, Mike. This is where it ends!" Lucas shouts.

The third round starts. Lucas immediately gets the upper hand on Mike. Before he knows it, Mike's low on health. He concentrates and plays more passive. He eventually hits Lucas with some nasty combos. Lucas and Mike are both so low, one hit will kill them.

Lucas goes for a punch, but Mike dodges, jumps back, and hits him with a Hadouken. Mike wins!

"YES! HE WON!" El screams.

Lucas smacks the machine out of frustration.

"SHIT!" Lucas shouts.

Lucas and Mike turn to each other.

"Good game, bro. Here's the \$20, you earned it."

Lucas gives the money to Mike. Mike actually likes fighting games?

"Good game, Lucas. You're a good teacher."

"I'm definitely getting a rematch sometime!" Lucas says, causing Mike to chuckle.

"Definitely!"

Mike and Lucas are conversing, and it isn't awkward! El's so excited! But now she needs some alone time with Mike.

She walks up to him.

"That was awesome! Wanna go to the concession stand and get some food?" El asks.

Mike nods his head yes.

"Let's go."

Mike and El go to the concession stand. They get some popcorn and drinks. After that, they sit at a table.

They eat and drink, but they don't say much. It gets awkward at one point, mostly because El wants to ask him something that he won't wanna do.

El sighs.

Mike has to talk to her! I mean, he is her boyfriend after all.

"Is something wrong?" Mike asks, sipping his drink.

El quickly looks up and smiles at him.

"No! I mean..... kinda...."

El hates showing so many different emotions to Mike. It could make him not like her anymore. Does he even like her now?! UGH, SHE HAS NO IDEA!!

"Did I do something?" Mike wonders.

She doesn't want him blaming himself! She might as well tell him before he gets too worried.

"I want you to meet my father."

Mike gets a 'uh-oh' look on his face.

"Um, why?"

"OK, I don't want you to meet him, but he wants to meet you. I swear I didn't tell anyone. Your mom called and told him, so it sucks," El says, then proceeds to facepalm.

"Oh, I see," Mike awkwardly replies.

"I'm sorry, Mike. You don't have to meet him, it's just that he's really protective and I know he doesn't want me with a bad boy, but you're totally not like that," El raises her voice.

Mike looks down at the table. He can't maintain eye contact with her after what she said. He's more than a bad boy...

"Mike?" El says, confused at how he's acting.

Mike looks up at El and gives her a warm smile.

"I wanna meet him."

El's so confused.

"WHAT?! WHY?" El shouts.

"Well, I'm gonna meet him anyway the longer we... go out. I might as well meet him now. And like you said, he's really protective, so let me show him who I am," Mike says.

He makes a good point.

El thinks about it. He is right. If he wants to earn Hopper's trust, he has to meet him early.

El slowly nods her head.

"OK. Are you free Saturday night? He wants you to come over for dinner."

"Yeah, I'm free. I'll be there," Mike sounds a little nervous, but only because of Hopper's position.

El is already in love with him. Why is he so perfect to her?! Her face turns pink as she smiles at him.

"Don't worry, he's gonna like you. Don't let who he is fool you, he's a cheesy, warm-hearted guy at the end of the day," El comforts Mike.

Mike smiles.

El sees Mike's hand resting on the table. She wants to grab it and hold it. She wants to make some sort of contact with him, but she's too scared. He's too good for her, so she thinks. Either way, she hopes that when he meets Hopper, things will feel less awkward.

SEPTEMBER 15 1988

You can do this, Mike. You're a normal teenage boy. You're normal. You're not a monster, you're not a monster!

FUCK.

I'm at Jane's house. I have no idea what I'm doing here. This is a disaster. The one girl I pick to be my shield, her dad turns out to be the Chief of fucking Police. I'm crazier than I thought I was.

The dinner table is awkward to say the least. Jane and I are sitting beside each other, while Joyce and Hopper are sitting across from us. Will is also sitting beside Joyce.

Jane told me to leave the talking to her, so that's what I'm gonna do.

Macaroni and cheese and mashed potatoes..... Not the best dinner in

the world, but I'm not complaining either.

As we begin to eat, the table is silent. I feel Hopper eying my every move. A couple of minutes go by, although it seems like a couple of hours, and nobody's talking.

"So, Mike," Joyce says.

SHIT.

"Yes?" My voice is shaky.

"Jane hasn't really told us about you, so tell us about yourself," Joyce requests.

Hopper gives me a look. I have no idea what that look means.

"Well, my name's Mike Wheeler, I live in the town of Hawkins, I go to Hawkins High School, and I'm going out with your daughter," I say, trying to sound as calm as I possibly can.

Joyce giggles. Is that good?

"No, sweetie, tell us about you. What do you do? You got any hobbies? A job? Anything you'd like to talk about.

I'll tell you what I'd like to talk about. I wanna talk about Hopper and the look he's giving me. I want to slit his fucking throat if he gives me that look again.

"Sorry, nothing really interesting about me. I mow lawns sometimes to get some money, but I have no steady job, not yet anyway. I have a perfect GPA, that's about it."

I put on my signature fake smile to look human.

"So you're a nerd?" Hopper chimes in.

Jane makes a shocked facial expression.

"Dad!" Jane shouts.

"What?! He said it himself, he has a boring life, he's a smart kid.

Nothing wrong with being a nerd. You'll get a good job and make a ton of money."

Hopper grins at me.

I know first impressions can be a little deceiving, but I'm not liking him at all. He sounds like Troy if he was the Chief of Police.

"Maybe the term 'Nerd' isn't polite, Hopp. Let's not call him that," Joyce suggests, giving him an awkward smirk.

Hopper sighs and nods his head.

"Sorry," Hopper says, but it sounds forced.

I nod my head to let him know that it's okay, but it's not. I could snap at any second if I really wanted to.

"Now that we've gotten that unpleasantness out of the way, I wanna know how you two met!" Hopper shouts, causing Jane and I to turn our heads to each other.

Just let her talk.

Jane turns her head back to face Hopper.

"We... We... met in English class. I was having difficulties with *The Great Gatsby*, a book we're reading, and he helped me. He helped me some more whenever I went over and studied with him at his house. We just connected, I don't know how to explain it, it's dumb, can I please stop talking."

Jane's face turns red.

It isn't a full blown lie, but it is a lie.

If only I had feelings for her. Instead, I only get a feeling to hate and kill. That's not to say I don't enjoy her sexual features. I haven't seen her breasts, but I can tell they are about average size, maybe a little above. Her ass is nice. I can't help how biology made me. Just because I don't have feelings, that doesn't mean I can't appreciate a girls body.

"You know, Joyce and I had some pretty crazy stories back in high school," Hopper says.

Joyce looks embarrassed.

"I'd rather we not talk about that," She whispers to Hopper.

Hopper sighs.

"Fine. Just trying to make the night interesting is all."

Hopper looks at me again, and it's the same look he's been occasionally giving me all night.

He doesn't look away this time. It's almost like he's studying me.

"Mike, you look familiar? You sure we haven't met before?" Hopper asks, sounding serious.

I don't know how to respond. I look at Jane and she has no idea either.

Joyce breaks the tension.

"OH, I KNOW, he looks like one of the guys from The Beatles! I can't tell if he looks like George or Paul!" Joyce says, smiling widely.

Hopper chuckles and shakes his head.

"I don't know why you look so familiar! UGH, this is driving me crazy. You probably just remind me of a character from some TV show or something, I don't know!"

"That's probably it," I reply.

Hopper looks at me and nods his head.

"You know, Jane has good taste. You're a good kid."

Hopper stands up and extends his hand out.

"Come on, kid. Stand up and shake my hand," Hopper requests.

I look at Jane. She looks amazed. I'm winning over her dad.

I slowly stand up. I hesitate. I look at Jane, Joyce, Will, and finally Hopper. Finally, I connect my hand with his and shake it.

Maybe I can live a life like this. Jane can be my unsuspecting wife who loves me, and no one will ever find out who I really am. That's all I can hope for at this point. There's no turning back now. As we finish shaking hands, I notice the look in his eye. He's not completely sold on me, and why should he? Something about him sets me off. I don't fucking know what it is!

1980

Ted got home from work to find Karen, Mike, and Nancy playing with a little dog in the living room. Ted was stunned at the picture. All of them were on the couch. Karen was in between Nancy and Mike; Nancy held the puppy in her arms. She was so happy.

Ted walked up to them as Karen and Nancy giggled at the dog.

"What is this?" Ted asked, sounding a bit mad.

Karen's smiling died down when she saw the look on Ted's face.

"I know you didn't want any pets in the house, but Nancy really wanted one, and I couldn't refuse, so we went to the animal shelter and got her a puppy as an early birthday present!"

Karen forcefully smiled at Ted, hoping he'd change his mind.

Ted put his hands on his hips and sighed.

"We can't have a dog!" Ted said.

"Why not, Daddy?! It's cute! Look at it! He's so cute!" Nancy said, sounding upset.

Nancy looked down at the dog in her arms. She wasn't ready to let it go.

Karen usually never argued with Ted, but this was an exception.

"Yes, why not?" Karen crossed her arms.

Ted shook his head. He had to come up with an excuse off the top of his head.

"Because Michael is allergic to dogs, okay!" Ted shouted.

Karen looked at Mike, but Mike couldn't look at anyone. All he could do was look at his feet.

"Michael, you're allergic to dogs?!" Karen asked, sounding stunned.

Mike turned his head to her.

"Yes..."

Karen looked back at Ted. Although she didn't want Nancy to be sad, she couldn't risk Mike's health.

"If he's allergic, then I guess... we should get rid of it," Karen was disappointed.

This was all Nancy wanted. She loved dogs; she always wanted one. She finally got one, just to have it taken away from her.

Her tears snuck out. She wouldn't let go of the puppy. She clinged on to it.

"NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME!" Nancy screamed.

"Nancy, I'm sorry, we have no other choice, sweetie!" Karen replied, trying to comfort her.

Nancy broke down. She sobbed like it was her last day on earth.

"I gotta return it to the shelter, now. Hand it over, please?" Karen asked, having a caring and soft voice.

Nancy looked at Karen and hesitated. She shook her head and slowly handed over the puppy.

Karen got up and left.

Ted stood still and looked down. He hated to see his daughter like this.

Nancy stopped crying. Her sadness turned into anger.

She stood up in anger and turned to Mike.

"IT'S YOUR FAULT! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!" Nancy shouted at Mike, her face turning red.

Ted immediately chimed in.

"Hey! Don't talk to your brother like that!"

Nancy was too mad to think.

"HE'S NOT MY BROTHER! HE'S NOT MY BROTHER! I HATE YOU! WHY DID MOM AND DAD ADOPT YOU?!?!!"

Mike couldn't believe the words coming out of her mouth. This made Mike believe he's a monster.

Nancy marched upstairs and slammed her door shut.

With Mike all alone on the couch, Ted figured that this was a good time to comfort him. He sat down next to Mike.

Mike felt angry. He hated how Nancy treated him a moment ago.

"I wasn't gonna kill it, I swear!" Mike said, looking sad.

Ted shook his head. He put his arm around Mike.

"I'm sorry, Son. I couldn't take that chance. It's just too risky right now. Maybe sometime in the future, not now. But imagine if you killed that dog, you know how bad Nancy would've felt? Even worse than she does now!" Ted said.

Mike hated Ted at this moment. Michael had been controlling his urge, but his sister hated him now.

Mike stood up in anger and walked upstairs to Nancy's room.

He knocked on her door.

"GO AWAY!" Nancy shouted.

Mike needed to talk to her. He opened her door and went into her room anyway.

Nancy wanted to yell at him, but her throat hurt too much.

She was on two knees as she stuffed her face into the covers. She didn't want Mike to see her cry.

Mike slowly walked up to her. He put his hand on her shoulder to comfort her. Her sniffles made him even more angry. He wanted to kill Ted.

"I'm sorry, Nancy. It's my fault. I'm a monster," Mike said.

Nancy lifted her face out of the covers and looked up at him. She was in shock. She felt guilty for saying all the things she said to him.

"No, you're not, Mike! It's not your fault. I'm sorry!" Nancy said, wanting his forgiveness.

She stood up to face him.

"I'm a monster, Nancy. I'm sorry!" Mike shouted, sounding even more upset.

Nancy shook her head.

"You're not a monster, Mike! I love you! You're awesome!" Nancy smiled at him.

Did she really love him? Was he really awesome? Mike didn't know. This gave him hope.

"I... I... I love you too," Mike replied, not knowing if he meant those words or not.

Nancy embraced Mike with a hug. It was the tightest hug that Nancy ever had and it was with her brother.

Mike was still unsure about who he really was. Although he started to struggle with his urge, Nancy gave him hope, that maybe one day, he can be normal.

4. Monster

OCTOBER 10 1988

It's been almost a month since Jane and I got together. I don't feel different. In fact, I feel worse.

She's in my room. My privacy, gone.

I guess I'm helping her with schoolwork, I have no idea.

She sits at my desk and opens her math book. I grab a chair and sit beside her. I see the sad look on her face. She always seems to be sad about something.

"Is everything okay?" I ask.

She lets out a heavy sigh and slams her book shut.

"No!"

Well, that's one heck of a reaction...

"Sorry, it's not your fault. Max told me something when school ended and now I'm pissed!" Jane shouts.

"What did she say?"

"You know why Lucas wasn't at school today?"

No.

"No, why?"

"Because Billy beat the living shit out of him when he dropped off Max yesterday!" Jane says, sounding angry.

This gives me a perfect excuse to kill him.

"You want me to do something?" I wonder.

She gets a confused look.

"What?"

"You want me to fight Billy?" I ask.

She gets this worried look on her face.

"NO! Don't be stupid, Mike!"

She worries too much.

"I'm not being stupid. I learned Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu as a kid. I could really fuck him up," I say, trying to sound manly.

So much for hiding the real me...

"What? You know how to fight?! Whatever, that's still horrible. I don't want you to end up like Lucas!" Jane says, having desperate eyes.

I realize that I've told her too much already. She didn't need to know about my fighting background, but I got caught up in the moment.

I don't say anything. There's silence...

"Mike?" Jane breaks the silence.

"Yeah?"

"You like me, right?" Jane asks.

I wonder what would happen if I said no.

"Uh, duh, yeah!" I reply.

She looks at the cover of her math book.

"It's just that... we haven't really... done anything yet..."

Can we keep it that way?

"Well, what do you wanna do?" I ask.

She looks up at me with those big eyes. She smiles at me.

"All this stuff with Max and Lucas... and Billy, it's just been making me stressed. All I wanna do is kiss you..."

Kissing. I've kissed my mom a lot when I was little. I've never actually kissed a girl before though. This is one of the things that I have to suffer through.

"I can kiss you," I say.

I'm probably weirding her out.

"You wanna do it now?" She asks.

Fuck it.

I nod my head yes.

"I'm ready," I lie.

We awkwardly stare at each other for a while before we realize that somebody has to make a move.

We lean in at the same time. I see her close her eyes, so I do the same. I pucker my lips and connect them with hers. It feels... weird... and odd.

The kiss doesn't last long. I think we're both inexperienced at this. Our lips separate. I feel the same. The kiss was pointless, as I expected.

She seems happy. I put on my fake smirk.

"Was it good for you?" She asks.

"Uh, yeah..... How about you?"

She looks way too happy.

"It was so awesome!" Jane laughs.

I laugh with her.

She can't wipe the smile off her face.

"That was my first kiss!"

That's relatable.

"Mine too..."

She stops smiling and drops her jaw.

"I'm your first kiss??!!?"

"Yeah..."

Can we just stop talking about this?

She puts her hand on top of mine, which is on the desk.

"Do you wanna, like, practice kissing, so we can get better at it together?!" She asks, still maintaining that goofy smile.

Only if it'll make you less annoying! Jesus!

"Yeah, definitely!" I try to sound excited.

"Let's practice now!" She says, immediately leaning in to kiss me.

FUCK.

How can I pretend to enjoy all this sexual shit?! I'm eventually gonna break!

Still, I press my lips against hers. I wonder when we'll try tongue? That should be fun..... NOT!

--

OCTOBER 11 1988

Max and Eleven are in Max's room. Mike dropped El off at Max's house after Max said she wasn't going to the arcade. Max is in a terrible mood after what happened to Lucas. Max looks up at the ceiling while lying in bed. El is standing in front of the bed with her arms crossed. She doesn't want Max to be depressed, but she doesn't blame her.

"Max, get up! Let's go to the arcade, it's Thursday!" El shouts.

Max ignores her.

"Max!"

Max sighs and sits up.

"You shouldn't be here, El. After what happened, this isn't exactly the safest place to be!" Max says, trying to get El to leave.

"I'm your friend, Max! I'm here for you, no matter what!"

Max chuckles.

"Well, you shouldn't. You should be with Mike doing whatever it is you two do."

El wants to be with Mike, but her friends come first.

"Mike can wait. I need to be here so Billy doesn't do anything stupid."

El sits on the bed with her.

"What, so you're my protector now? No thanks, I can take care of myself!" Max says.

Max is always trying to be strong and independent, but with Billy around, that mentality never works. El realizes this.

"You saw what he did to Lucas! I'm not letting him touch you!" El says, causing Max to grin a little.

Max understands. Still, she doesn't want her help.

"Whatever.."

Max thinks of a different subject.

"How's Mike been?" Max wonders.

El feels uncomfortable talking about Mike. He's too perfect...

She doesn't respond.

Max raises her eyebrows.

"Have you two done anything? You guys started holding hands a week ago or something. How slow are you gonna take this shit? El, he's the hottest guy in school! Just let him get into your pants already!" Max says, mostly joking.

El tries to get mad, however she can't help but smile at Max and laugh.

"He's not like that, Max. He's... different."

"Different?"

"Yeah. He's sweet and caring. He isn't forcing me to do anything. We just had our first kiss yesterday and-"

Max stands up and cuts her off.

"HOLD THE PHONE. WHAT?! YOU KISSED HIM?!" Max shouts.

El gets this goofy smile on her face as she nods her head yes.

Max is in shock. She has her hands above her head.

"How was it? Did you guys use tongue? Was he good at it?!" Max wonders.

El shakes her head, annoyed at her constant questions. She stands up to face Max.

"No we didn't use tongue! We were both pretty bad. I was his first kiss..... I guess that made it more special..."

Max has a plain face.

"That figures. Never seen him with a girl, ever. It makes sense that you're his first kiss."

It gets silent.

Max thinks of another interesting topic.

"So when you gonna suck his banana?" Max giggles.

El learned about sex, however she wasn't interested in it... until Mike.

She thinks about Mike's penis being inside of her mouth. She doesn't think she can handle it. She has to pretend she's not interested in sex!

"Max, come on! He's not even making sexual advances on me, so why should I make any on him?!" El replies.

Max shakes her head at how naive El is.

"Guys are too scared. They want to act like gentlemen to please their girl. But, if you keep making advances on him, he'll eventually show his true side. Either that or he's gay."

El slaps Max's arm.

"He's not gay!" El shouts.

"I'm not saying he is. Go out and see a movie with him and randomly start rubbing his crotch, shit like that. Guys get off on that!" Max explains.

"They do?!" El is stunned.

"Duh! They're the most disgusting creatures on earth!"

El is grateful for knowing this. She'll definitely use this to her advantage in the future.

El's still taking all of it in as she nods her head at Max.

"Alright..."

They hear the loud car engine. Billy.

It isn't long before he's inside the house. He bursts through the door. His face is the reddest it's ever been.

"What the fuck is this?!" Billy shouts, sounding pissed.

Max walks up to him.

"What?!" Max shouts back and shrugs.

Billy shakes his head.

"I told you, no friends over, not after that little stunt you pulled with Lucas."

"Billy, you can't just order me aro-"

"I SAID GET YOUR STUPID FUCKING FRIEND OUT OF THIS HOUSE!" Billy yells.

Billy's veins pop out of his neck.

Max isn't taking the abuse, not with El watching!

"FUCK YOU!" Max screams at the top of her lungs.

Billy swings his right hand at Max's face and connects. Max drops to the floor instantly. She holds her eye in pain. El looks on, shocked and in disbelief.

Billy points to El.

"YOU, GET THE FUCK OUT!"

Max turns her head to El while on the ground.

"Just go, Jane."

El wants to kill him. She wants to use her powers so bad, but she fucking can't! There's nothing she can do. She feels like a coward...

El gulps before walking by Billy. She exits the house and runs to hers.

--

OCTOBER 12 1988

Schools over and Jane and I are in my car. We're going to the arcade... again. Yay.

Why did I agree to this shit?

I'm driving my car until I see the stop sign. I stop my car and wait until it's okay to go.

"Mike," Jane says.

"Yeah?"

"You wanna go see a movie right now?" Jane asks, sounding nervous.

"I thought we we're going to the arcade?"

"We usually do, but things with Max and Lucas have been pretty bad, so they won't be there. And I don't know, I just wanna watch something..... With you...."

She puts her hand on my upper thigh and slowly rubs it...

I look at her, completely in shock.

She's still looking down at my... thigh area. She bites her lip.

How the hell do I react to this?!?!

"Jane?"

She snaps back to reality and looks up at me. She takes her hand off my thigh. Jane doesn't respond to me. Instead, she gets this embarrassed look on her face.

"Okay, let's go. The theater isn't but a couple of miles away," I say.

Jane still looks embarrassed, but she smiles and nods her head at me.

"Alright."

When we get to the movie theatre, we have a difficult time picking a movie. None of these look interesting, except for one. I've already seen it, but still. Beetlejuice.

"What about that one?" I point to the Beetlejuice movie.

Jane gets a look of fear on her face.

"I heard that movie is scary and ... weird."

I put my arm around her shoulder to comfort her.

"I'm here with you. Things will be fine."

She nods her head. We walk into the theatre and take our seats. We don't get horrible seats but we are further back.

The movie starts. I love this movie. It feels so good to see some insanely weird things, people getting killed, OH MY GOD!!!

As the movie plays, there are parts where Jane gets scared and buries her head in my shoulder so she doesn't have to see the weird shit in the movie.

The movie goes on, and I'd say it's about thirty minutes from ending. She's not as scared as she first was.

I feel a sensation against my thigh. It's her hand. I turn my head to her and see the smile on her face. She's biting her lip again.

I'd be in no mood for this... usually, but this is an exception. After watching the movie for so long, I get an orgasmic feeling.

I grab her hand and put it on my crotch.

Jane looks amazed. She looks up at me, then down at my crotch.

I control her hand and make her rub my crotch.

She looks hypnotized.

I'm... getting hard...

I grab her chin and make her look into my eyes.

"Let's get outta here," I whisper.

All she's able to do is slowly nod her head.

We run out of the movie theatre and get into my car. I drive into a private alleyway and stop the car.

The erection in my pants is... noticeable.

Jane and I stare at each other for a moment, then lean in to make out. I think she's using tongue on me?! I try to use tongue as well, but I'm pretty sure I fail at it.

All that's keeping me hard at this point is her tits and ass. I need to see them before I lose this erection!!

Kissing seemed weird at first, but I'm finally getting the hang of it.

I stop the make-out session and attempt to take her shirt off. She stops me.

"Mike?!" Jane shouts.

"Let me see your tits!" I say, looking determined.

FUCK. I NEED TO SEE THEM.

"I... I don't know. Maybe we should wait..."

NO!

"I NEED TO SEE THEM NOW!" I shout, my face turning red.

I attempt to take her shirt off again. She lets me get it off this time. Now only her pink bra is left.

"Mike, we need to stop!" Jane says, about to cry.

"No, we don't! Just let me see them!"

Jane shakes her head no.

"JUST LET ME SEE THEM!" I yell.

Jane slaps me in the face. She breaks down and cries.

"JUST TAKE ME HOME!!!" Jane yells as she covers her face.

She puts on her shirt and stops crying.

What have I done?

The drive is silent, too silent.

I notice that I'm close to her house.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what got into me..."

I know exactly what got into me. The movie, the flirting, Jane's body, it all came together to create whoever I was back there.

She doesn't reply. She continues to look out her window.

"I'm sorry, Jane. I'm not really like that, okay. Something just happened..."

She turns her head to me with a pissed off look.

"What could've possibly happened to make you treat me like I'm your fucking test subject?!"

I shake my head.

"I don't know. If I told you, you'd think I'm crazy," I'm not lying.

She gets confused.

"I don't understand? How would I think you're crazy? What aren't you telling me, Mike?!" She wonders.

I can't tell her. I can't tell her.

"It's nothing, forget about it!"

I stop the car at her house.

"Mike, tell me!" She demands.

WHY WON'T SHE QUIT?!

"I'm just crazy alright?! I feel like a monster! Fuck, I am a monster! You shouldn't be with me, Jane," I give her great advice.

She goes from looking mad to dumbfounded.

"Why do you feel like a monster?" Jane asks.

"I just do... please, you don't wanna know. Just leave this alone and don't talk to me again. Please," I beg her.

She shakes her head in disbelief.

"Maybe I can help you-"

"YOU CAN'T HELP ME! Please, get out of the car!" I shout.

I don't need to ruin her life.

She eventually gets out of the car and goes inside her house.

While driving home, I think about how royally fucked I am. Hopper is gonna shoot me in the face whenever he finds out what I did to her.

--

El's still having a hard time taking everything in. He said he's a monster? But she's the one that feels like a monster. He yelled at her and tried to get her top off... but she still feels sorry for him for some fucking reason. She doesn't know why.

It's late. Joyce and Hopper are in bed and Will is playing video games in his room.

She has to call him. She has to tell him who she really is. But she can't?! Fuck. He never showed signs of acting like that until they saw that weird ass movie.

El quietly walks into the kitchen. She grabs the phone and dials his number.

His mom picks up the phone.

"Hello?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wheeler, it's Jane, I was wondering if I could speak to Mike just for a second, please?" She asks in her sweet voice.

"I'll get him right away!" Karen chuckles.

"MIIIIKEEEE, IT'S JANE!!!" Karen yells, causing El's ears to hurt.

A couple of seconds go by before he gets on the phone.

"What the hell, I told you to leave me alone," Mike whispers.

"Hear me out, Mike, please!" El says, having a desperate voice.

Mike sighs.

"Fine, what is it?"

"I have something important I need to tell you. After school, Monday, drive us to the old laboratory building!"

"The one they shut down a couple years back? Why?" Mike wonders.

"I can't tell you here. It'll make more sense Monday."

"Jane, I don't understand?"

"I need to tell you something about me, something that I shouldn't. I'll see you Monday, bye."

"Jane, wai-"

El hangs up the phone. What did she just do?!?

--

1981

Mike got home from his first day of Martial Arts School. He was tired. He sat on the couch and looked up at the ceiling.

Ted came into the room and sat down beside him.

"How was it, Son?"

Mike looked at his father and sighed.

"It was okay," Mike said.

"You like it, or...?"

"I don't see the point in it. Why do I need to take these classes?" Mike legitimately wondered.

"To control your urge, Son. You're tired right now, right? Martial Arts takes out all the aggression you have. It's also a good way to learn self defense, which at this rate, you're probably gonna need," Ted explained.

"Why?" Mike got confused.

"You're just gonna have to face the fact that eventually in life, either you're gonna mess with the wrong person, or the wrong person is gonna mess with you. Either way, learning how to fight will come in handy."

Mike shook his head.

"I don't know how much longer I can hide this urge. The more I try to get rid of it, the more it slowly grows!" Mike said, sounding upset.

Ted put his arm around Mike and comforted him with a warm smile.

"I have faith in you, Son. You can't stop trying. You've done so much already."

Mike had no faith in himself because he knew who he truly was.

5. Monster II

OCTOBER 15 1988

I lost my mind a long time ago, but this is some crazy shit!

Why the fuck is she making me drive her to this building? What in the actual fuck?!

Jane and I pretended like everything was fine for the entire day at school, and now I'm driving her to this old laboratory building. I feel uneasy. Is she gonna try to kill me?

I see the building.

"Pull up to the gate and turn the engine off," Jane orders, sounding very serious.

"Alright."

Why the hell is she doing this?! Why the hell did I agree to it? She should be telling Hopper about how I almost raped her, but instead, she's being all creepy and secretive.

We're on this road that leads straight to the lab. Well, it would if the gate wasn't blocking us. I pull up to the gate and stop the car. I turn the engine off and look at Jane.

Time for some answers.

"OK, we're here. Tell me what the fuck's going on!"

Jane isn't looking at me. She has her eyes set on the big building in front of her. It's honestly creepy.

"You remember how I said that I was abused as a kid?" Jane says, still staring at the building.

"Yes?"

"Well this is the place where it all went down," Jane finally makes

eye contact with me.

What?!

I study the building with my eyes. How the hell was she abused here?

"You were abused here? How?"

Jane closes her eyes and sighs.

"There were bad people in Hawkins a long time ago. These bad people..... well, they would use kids as test subjects. I was one of the test subjects," Jane looks at me with pain in her eyes.

What the fuck?

"I don't understand. What kind of tests did they do on you and the other kids?!"

She takes a while to respond. I can see her think back to the torture she faced. I wish I could've taken out my urge on these people. They deserve it, and that's always a good excuse.

"I don't wanna go into detail..... but it was cruel. They made me feel like an animal. They didn't teach me anything except a handful of words to communicate with them."

OK, WHAT?

"Jesus! How long were you in there for?!"

She shakes her head, unable to look away from the building.

"My entire life, until I was 12 or so," Jane turns her head to me and gives me a sad look.

Holy shit. What am I hearing? Is this supposed to be normal?!

"How did you escape? Like, what did you do?" I wonder.

She's not breaking eye contact with me anymore.

"Hopper found out about their little project. He put a stop to it pretty

damn quick. Then he adopted me."

Jane slightly smiles.

"Wait, you were adopted?!"

"Uh.... Yes..."

What a coincidence.

"I was adopted too!"

Am I actually having a real conversation with her? The end of the world is near.

Jane's jaw drops in shock.

"No way!"

As we smile at each other, I still have too many questions.

"You said you were there for your entire life?"

Jane nods her head yes.

"So what happened to your mother and father?"

"Mama," Jane mumbles.

I raise my eyebrows at her. Why did she say Mama like that?

"What?" I reply, sounding confused.

"My mother... is gone..."

"Like, dead?"

Jane shakes her head no.

"She's just... gone. I don't wanna talk about my parents..."

OK then...

Is this all true? It seems way too specific to be fake.

"I... I don't know what to say, Jane. I had no idea you went through this. I'm so sorry..."

Jane looks down at her legs.

Jane sighs

"You know what the most messed up thing about it was?"

Everything about it seems pretty fucked up.

"What?"

"My name was Eleven..... A fucking number," Jane sounds like she's about to cry.

It doesn't get more dehumanizing than that.

"Eleven? You're... name?! Fuck," I shake my head because I don't know what else to do.

Jane looks at the building again. Her eyes have anger in them. That look in her eye, it's too familiar....

"This building makes me feel horrible. Whenever I see this building, I always break down and cry..... Except....."

Except?

"Except?"

"Except now. You being here with me, it's made me feel..... Safe," Jane gives me a warm smile.

I put on my fake smile.

I'm the last person she should feel safe with...

"Why are you telling me all of this? Why share so much with me?"

Jane grabs my hand and holds it tight. I'm forced to look into her

eyes now.

"Because you said you feel like a monster. You're not alone. I feel like a monster too."

There's no reason to lie after everything she's told me.

"I don't feel like a monster. I am a monster," I sound too confident.

Jane shakes her head no.

"You're not, Mike! Whatever happened Friday, I know that isn't the real you. Whatever problem you're facing, you can beat it!"

This is crazy!

I break off my hand from hers.

"You don't know me! You don't know what I'm going through!" I shout.

Jane doesn't seem to be scared by my shouting this time.

"I don't know exactly, but I know you have a deep pain inside of you. I remember when we met for the first time, I saw it in your eyes. Just please, Mike, tell me what's wrong?!" Jane shouts back.

FUCK. She seems like she would understand me, and she's already told me so much crazy shit about her life. GOD, I CAN'T, IT'S TOO RISKY!

"I can't tell you! I don't know what you're looking to get out of this, but it's not gonna work!"

Jane grabs my hand again. This time, she squeezes it tight.

"I've never felt so close to anyone in my entire life, until you, Mike. I wanna help you because I know that we share the same feelings! I want us to help each other! I want you to know that you're human, and there's nothing you can say that will scare me off!" Jane sounds so passionate.

I wish I could pretend to be that passionate.

I hear that voice in my head again.

Maybe she can change you! Maybe she can make you feel something you've never felt before!

I'm so fucking confused! I don't know what to do!!! We actually have more in common than I thought. I need to tell her. Maybe she can help me. No, she can't help me, what the fuck am I even thinking?! She's just a fucking girl!!! SHIT-SHIT-SHIT-SHIT!!!

I realize I've been awkwardly staring at her this entire time that I've been thinking.

"OK. You wanna know what's wrong with me?"

She nods her head yes. I nod my head at her and stare into her eyes.

"I'm..... I'm..... I'm a psychopath."

I really just said that.

Jane looks confused.

"What?"

"I'm a psychopath," I repeat myself...

Jane shakes her head in confusion.

"What... do you mean... you're a psychopath?!?"

I can tell by her face that she doesn't want to believe it.

"I think about killing people. I fantasize about killing people. Ever since I was a kid, I've had this darkness inside of me, this urge, that wants me to kill. I've tried to get rid of it, but nothing's worked. I've thought about killing four people today alone!"

Jane isn't moving. Her eyes are locked on mine. Her jaw drops. She seems stunned by my confession.

"You... you wanna kill people..... Like me?" Jane looks and sounds frightened as hell.

Fuck!

"What? I-"

Before I'm able to explain myself, Jane gets out of the car and starts running away. I quickly get out of the car and chase after her.

"Jane, I'm not gonna kill you!" I yell from a distance.

She's still running at full speed. Damn, slow down!

"Stay away from me, Mike!" Jane yells.

Unfortunately for her, I'm a fast runner. I catch up to her on the side of the road. We're running beside each other at the same speed now.

"I'm not gonna kill you, Jane! Please... stop.... Running..."

I can hear her breathing. She eventually stops for some rest and puts her hands on her knees as she breathes heavily.

I put my hand on my hips, not as tired.

"Jane, I'm not gonna kill you!"

Jane won't look at me. She continues to look at her feet.

"Jane, look at me! Please, fucking look at me!" I shout.

She slowly lifts her head up at me.

"How can I trust you?" Jane says.

I don't blame her for having trust issues.

"You've trusted me this far. Please, let's go back to the car, I'll explain."

There's a long silence. She stares at me, trying to figure out who I really am.

She nods her head yes.

"OK," Jane says, having a cautious face.

It takes five minutes to get back to my car. I can tell she's still nervous about the whole psychopath thing, but that would take anyone a while to get used to.

We can't even look at each other anymore. We just stare at the laboratory building.

Now I have to explain myself. This is just fucking great!

I sigh.

"I didn't know I was like this until one day. I was young. The neighbors dog was barking; it even ran into our backyard. One day, I took a kitchen knife, went outside, and stabbed the dog to death."

Jane's eyes widen.

"JESUS, MIKE!" Jane yells.

"I know, it was wrong. My dad caught me. I guess he cared too much about me because he took the dog and dumped it in the middle of the woods, which made the neighbors think the dog ran away. He didn't want me to get institutionalized. My dad began teaching me ways to suppress and control my urge to kill, and for the most part, it's worked. There's some things I struggle with from time to time, but for the most part, I..... Well, I'm doing my best," I put on my fake smirk.

We both get tired of staring at that shitty building. We turn our heads to each other. She's still shocked.

"So... you killed the neighbor's dog..... Did you... kill anything else??" Jane wonders, looking worried.

"That's it."

Jane laughs at how insane this is.

"Is that why you've never had a girlfriend? Because you're a psychopath?"

Of course.

"Yes..."

Jane rubs her face with both hands.

"So why are you with me?"

I have to be honest.

"Because I knew not having a girlfriend would make people think that I'm weird, which could eventually help them figure out that I'm a Psychopath."

We've said that word so many times, it doesn't even feel like a word anymore.

Jane is stumped.

"But you could've picked any girl, so why did you pick me?"

Good question.

"I don't know..."

I honestly don't.

I can see the sadness in her eyes.

"Do you... even like me?" Jane asks.

I shake my head again.

"I don't know. I wanna say yes, but..."

"But?!"

"I don't know if I can like anyone on that level. I don't even like my parents that much..."

Jane doesn't look like she understands.

"Why can't you like anyone on that level? I don't get it!" Jane sounds frustrated.

I sigh. All these questions are making my urge grow stronger.

"Because I'm not like normal humans. I don't have normal feelings. I just have this feeling-not even, an urge, to kill."

I can see Jane starting to get it.

"But you don't wanna kill me?" Jane points to herself.

"No..."

"So you do have feelings for me?"

I sigh. We'll be here all night.

"I don't know. Can I just take you home?"

Jane slowly nods her head.

"Alright..."

The drive to her house is silent.

I can understand if she never wants to see me again, if she never wants to kiss me again, but I don't want that. I want to be human so bad. I want to have this feeling of love... but I know I can't. We're two different people. Sure, she's suffered through shit, but she's not like me. I'm a monster, a real monster. I'll end up hurting her if I ever start to feel anything, and she doesn't deserve that.

I stop at her house. We take a look at each other. She takes a big gulp while maintaining eye contact with me.

"Mike..."

I raise my eyebrows, confused.

"What?" I reply, having my hands on the steering wheel.

"I wanna to be with you..."

What...?

I shake my head.

"You don't."

"I do! I want to help you! And I really like you!" Jane smiles at me.

"I'm nothing but trouble, Jane. You don't want me."

Jane looks down and sighs in defeat. She quickly looks up at me and gets this look in her eye.

"I have to tell you something about me."

What now?

"OK..."

Jane puts her hand on my shoulder.

"I've killed people."

Um. What?

"I'm sorry?"

"I. Have. Killed. People," Jane raises her voice.

My brain has stopped working. DOKFDKFODFODFMGRGEFESF

"H-H-H-H-H-H-H-How?" I'm barely able to talk.

She hesitates.

"I ... with a gun. I shot a lot of the bad people. Hopper helped me..."

Holy shit. She's what I aspire to be. She's a killer, an actual killer. I've been looking for someone to change me, yet I never even thought about finding someone like me. She's here... in front of me... I don't know what I'm feeling, but it's something new.

I'm unable to look away from her.

"I wanna be with you," I smile at her without faking it.

Jane smiles back.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow..."

She opens the door and gets out. With the door still open, she bends over to look at me.

"Bye, Mike..."

I wave goodbye.

She closes the door and walks into her house.

She knows what it feels like to kill a human being. I want that feeling so bad. I found my only possible soulmate in the world, although I still don't believe I'll be able to feel anything close to love. She gives me hope, but so many other people gave me hope and it failed to work. I just have to accept the fact that this one won't be any different...

--

El is freaking out! She should've just told him that she's a telekinetic freak! That's why she thinks she's a monster! She shot the bad men? What a dumb lie!

On second thought, El can't believe that she's even still supporting Mike. He wants to kill people! For some odd reason, she likes him even more now. Knowing how truly imperfect he is, it makes her even more comfortable around him. He did choose her over every other girl, and El knows he could've had any other girl!

El isn't the most emotionally disturbed person she knows anymore, Mike is. The fact that he's come out and confessed gives her hope that he can change.

El's eating dinner. The dinner table is how it usually is. Hopper's talking about his day at the station, Joyce goes on about how Hopper

needs to help around the house more, and Will and El rarely say anything.

El really doesn't wanna say anything! She's told Mike her whole backstory, and Mike's a fucking psychopath! Her head is spinning.

"El!" Hopper shouts, causing El to look up from her plate.

"Huh?" El replies, genuinely confused.

"Kid, Joyce told me that Mike's been dropping you off lately? What's the deal with that?" Hopper makes a goofy face at El, which causes her to giggle.

"It's exactly what you think it is, he's dropping me off now instead of Max. Is that such a crime?" El replies, keeping her cool.

Hopper nods his head as he chews on dinner.

"I'm thinking he's doing more than just dropping you off," Hopper says, then gives El a serious stare.

Joyce sighs, completely irritated at how overprotective Hopper is.

"Hopp, really? At the table?!"

Will shakes his head and cringes.

"Seriously!" Will says.

"I'm just a concerned parent!" Hopper says in a light-hearted tone.

El's frustrated. She's had to take in the fact that Mike is a psychopath, and now she's being interrogated by Hopper.

"Well don't be!" El shouts, sounding annoyed.

Hopper is stunned. He's not used to El shouting at him like that... ever...

"Excuse me, young lady? I don't appreciate your tone!" Hopper gets very serious.

El can feel the anger building up in her body.

"I don't appreciate how you belittle Mike and talk about him like he's below you!" El says, her face turning red.

Hopper gets extremely upset at her.

"You need to calm down!" Hopper shouts as a warning.

El stands up in anger.

"NO! Mike and I are together and we're gonna do stuff! And if you can't accept that, then oh-well!" El shouts.

Hopper should be angry, but he's so damn confused by El's sudden rage.

"Why are you so mad?!" Hopper shrugs his shoulders.

El isn't thinking straight. Has all this shit with Mike changed her?

"FUCK YOU!" El yells, then marches to her room and slams the door shut.

Hopper, Joyce, and Will are left speechless.

Hopper looks defeated. Does he really wanna go in her room and yell at her while she's this mad?! Yeah, he doesn't think so.

Will shakes his head and stands up.

"This was good food as always, Mom," Will smiles at Joyce.

Joyce gives him a smile in return.

Even in the weirdest of situations, Will maintained his calm demeanor.

Will walks to his room and shuts the door. Now it's only Hopper and Joyce.

Hopper looks at his empty plate and rubs his chin while trying to think about what he said. Did he say anything to warrant that kind of

reaction from El?! He can't think of anything. He mentioned Mike doing more than just dropping her off... so with that kind of reaction, Hopper comes to a realization: They must be doing something together.

"Hopp? Hopp?! Hopp!" Joyce shouts, finally getting Hopper's attention.

"Huh-Oh-I'm sorry. I was just-uh, thinking..."

Hopper couldn't've sounded more suspicious.

"I know what you're thinking," Joyce simply replies.

"What am I thinking then?"

Joyce shakes her head at him.

"You're thinking that there's something going on between them."

"And you don't think there is?!" Hopper raises his voice.

Joyce sighs and gives him an annoyed look.

"Leave it alone, Hopp. She's almost an adult!"

Joyce doesn't know why she tries to reason with him. He'll never listen.

"I'm telling you, there's something off about that boy!" Hopper sounds sure of himself.

Joyce has heard him talk about Mike too many times.

"Jesus, Hopp, not this again!"

"I'm telling you, I've seen that kid somewhere! He just looks too familiar!"

Joyce facepalms.

"Will you listen to yourself? I love you, but you sound so crazy sometimes, it makes me wanna slap the taste out of your mouth!"

Hopper can't get anyone to believe him! He's so ticked off.

"You know what? You win!" Hopper stands up and starts to walk to the bedroom.

Joyce's eyes widen.

"HEY! Aren't you gonna help me with these dishes?!" Joyce asks.

Hopper turns around and smirks at her.

"Sorry, I think I'm too crazy to wash dishes. I'll just leave it to the expert!" Hopper says.

Although this could seem like a fight for any other couple under the sun, Hopper and Joyce aren't mad. This is how they usually talk to each other.

Joyce gives him a sarcastic smile.

"I guess you're too crazy to get that special present tonight too, right?" Joyce says in a soft tone.

This makes Hopper raise his eyebrows.

"What special present we talkin about?" Hopper says, having a huge grin.

Joyce looks up at the ceiling

"It's a secret. If you wanna find out, you'll wash these dishes," Joyce winks at Hopper.

He sighs in defeat.

"OK," Hopper says, sounding humiliated.

--

After dropping Jane off, I didn't go back home immediately. I drove around for two hours thinking about how fucked I am. She knows who I am. She can easily tell Hopper about me, but will she? Probably not. She likes me too much, and I don't know why.

I find it fascinating how emotional humans are, especially females. They are so compassionate and understanding, the complete opposite of me.

It's getting dark. Holy shit. Guess I have to go home now before Mom has a heart attack.

I can't listen to music. I'm just so fucking done, I wanna kill somebody!

I make it home. It looks like Nancy's already home. Great.

I walk inside to find Mom in the kitchen. She has a look of worry. When she turns her head to me, she lets out a sigh of relief.

"Jeez, Mike! Where have you been?!" Mom says, sounding worried.

I embrace her with a hug.

"I forgot to tell you this morning..... I was with Jane, we were at the arcade. I didn't realize how late it got," I lie.

I can feel her hands gently rubbing my back.

"Baby, you know you can't scare me like that."

"I know."

Can you let me go now?

She eventually releases me from the hug and kisses me on the cheek.

"Go upstairs and get your sister, will ya? Dinner's ready."

I nod my head.

"Alright."

I walk upstairs and knock on her door. She doesn't open it.

I knock on her door again. She's still not answering. Come on, Nancy!

Screw this, I'm going in.

I open the door and find Nancy and Steve making out in her bed. Ew.

Nancy and Steve look at me, totally embarrassed. They quickly get off of each other and stand up like they weren't doing anything.

This is my sister he's groping for fucks sake! Maybe I don't have to kill him, I'll just choke him out.

"Mike! What the fuck are you doing?!" Nancy shouts.

I shake my head, disgusted by the atrocity that occurred in front of me.

I sarcastically grin at her.

"Dinner's ready!"

"Oh..... Shit, sorry," Nancy replies, scratching her head.

Nancy quickly runs out of the room. Steve tries to walk out after her but I block the doorway.

"What?" Steve shrugs his shoulders.

"What have you and my sister been doing?" I ask, ready to kill.

Steve nervously laughs.

"Mike, come on! You really wanna know the answer to that?"

Do you really wanna die?

"You still a cop?" I wonder.

If not, he can be my first kill, definitely.

"Yeah, my shift's in a couple of hours, why?"

I put on my fake smile and pat him on the shoulder.

"Just wondering."

He looks uneasy. That's good. If I can't kill him, at least I'll be sending

him a message.

To think that he's the one fucking my sister is actually terrifying. Why can't she just stay single?

I move out of the way and motion for him to leave.

He's unable to take his eyes off me as he walks out.

Nancy really has horrible taste. At least she has taste, I'll give her that.

--

1982

"Alright, everyone, smile and say Merry Christmas!" Ted said, holding the camera.

In the view of the camera are Nancy, Karen, and Mike. They are standing in front of the Christmas tree. Nancy and Karen smiled as they shouted merry Christmas. Ted took the picture and realized that Mike wasn't smiling.

"Son, come over here for a second," Ted said.

Mike slowly walked up to him. Ted got on one knee and put his arm around Mike. He wanted to make sure Nancy and Karen couldn't hear them.

Mike looks at Ted with a lifeless facial expression.

"What's wrong, Dad?"

"Well, Son, it's just that you didn't smile in your picture..."

"Why should I? There's nothing to smile about. I'm a freak!" Mike said.

Ted was used to Mike letting some of his rage out on him. He even hoped that Mike would do it more often.

"You need to smile. Your mother and sister are gonna look back on

these photos one day, and when they see you looking all depressed, they're gonna have some questions. Is that what you want?" Ted made a good point.

Mike shook his head.

"I don't know..."

"Pretending to be happy is gonna be an important part of your life, assuming we can never get this darkness out of you. You need to smile and laugh, because if you don't, people will catch on to who you really are, Mike! Do you understand?"

Mike sighed.

"Yeah, I think so. Fit in with the crowd," Mike said, nodding his head.

Ted smiled.

"There you go. Let's retake that picture, shall we?"

"OK."

Mike walked back to Nancy and Karen.

"We're gonna do one more picture!" Ted shouted.

Nancy put her arm around Karen, Karen put her arm around Mike, and Mike put his arm around Karen.

Mike forced a smile to appear on his face.

"3.....2.....1..... Merry Christmas!" Ted shouted, then took the picture.

6. A Quick Stop

OCTOBER 16 1988

Sometimes I think the universe points us in the direction of a certain person. Whether or not we acknowledge them is up to us. It could be a random person that's in all of your classes, or someone you just oddly see more than others in general. That certain person for me is Jane... or Eleven... or whatever the hell her name is.

That morning on the bleachers, I wish I could take it all back. I wish that I just stayed in class and ignored Troy. Now my life is a giant shit storm. I can't blame her though, she's just trying to help, but eventually, she'll find out that there's nothing but a dead end.

I'm eating lunch with Jane and her friends again. The small talk gets really annoying, especially when they ramble on about video games. Yeah, I had fun playing that fighting game, mostly because it was a good way to take out all of the aggression I had, but I'm not crazy about games like these dudes. These are her friends... for whatever reason

After the beating Lucas took, he missed the rest of school last week and Monday. He's back but still a little bruised.

Max sighs.

"I can't believe that stupid fuck did this to you!" Max says, studying the bruises on Lucas.

"Baby, it's nothing, seriously. It was just a little fight..."

Lucas can try to sound tough, but those bruises indicate that it was not in fact 'a little fight.'

"Little fight? Dude, Billy almost knocked the black out of you!" Dustin jokes.

"Just because I have bruises doesn't mean I can't slap the skin off your face!" Lucas replies, sounding angry.

Dustin puts his hands up.

"Sorry, just giving you a reality check!"

Lucas doesn't respond. He looks down and shakes his head in shame.

"That dude is so fucking crazy! How the hell do you deal with him, Max?" Lucas asks.

"I don't know."

Max gives Jane an odd look, like they know something that me and the others don't.

"Somebody needs to give him a taste of his own medicine!" Will says, sounding aggravated.

That's a good idea, Will.

"Just stop it, guys, I'm fine!" Lucas says, calmly smiling.

People have this thing called pride. It makes them do stupid things and say things they don't mean. Lucas' pride is so obvious, it makes me cringe.

--

I'm dropping her off like I normally do after school. What should I call her, Jane or Eleven? Maybe I should call her Eleven one time and see what happens. On second thought, probably not the best of ideas.

The radio sucks.

"Does Lucas always get beat up by Billy?" I randomly blurt out, catching Jane's attention.

"Uhh, not really. Well..... Not this bad at least," Jane says, scratching her head.

"Why is Lucas okay with it then? He seems... unaffected by the whole thing. It's just... odd."

Not as odd as wanting to kill people, but still odd.

Jane shakes her head and smirks.

"Lucas is always like that. He doesn't wanna seem weak in front of Max."

"Why?"

"It's something that guys do. Personally, I think it's stupid. Guys always wanna act tough to prove their manhood, I just find it incredibly dumb," Jane says, sounding very annoyed.

I stop at a stop sign and turn my head to her.

"I'm not like that."

"Yeah, you're not. You're different... like me..."

I'm more than different. She knows.

I chuckle and continue driving.

"We're nothing alike."

"We are! You need to stop thinking you're a monster! Like, you're not, or you would've killed me by now!" Jane shouts with passion.

"I'm a monster, just not your typical one," I reply.

Jane shrugs her shoulders.

"What does that even mean?!?"

Wow, she is really annoying me right now.

"It means what I said it means! Just because I don't go killing every person I see, that doesn't make me better than people who're like that. I want to kill! What part of that don't you understand?!" I raise my voice.

I honestly didn't expect to get that mad. I've never had a person to talk to about my urges since Dad died.

Jane's shaking. I know I've made her uncomfortable. Maybe now

she'll understand that she can't change me.

"Why do you want to kill?! What do you expect to get out of it?!" Jane shouts, getting more upset by the second.

"I don't know, you tell me!" I shout back.

She's gets confused and shakes her head.

"What?!"

Jane doesn't realize it, but we make it to her house. I stop the car and give her my full attention.

"Tell me what it felt like..... when you killed those bad people!" I say, giving her a mean stare.

Jane looks scared and vulnerable.

"I didn't feel happy about it!" Jane shouts, her face turning red.

I giggle.

"Really?"

"Yes! Really!"

I lean in nose to nose with her. This makes her stop all her current movements and freeze out of shock.

I whisper to her. There's no need to yell when we're this close to each other, obviously...

"After everything those people did to you? Treating you like an animal, calling you a number like you're some fucking science project, taking you away from your family, and you didn't feel good when you ended their pathetic lives?! Bullshit..."

Jane's breathing heavy. I can see the fear in her eyes.

"I wouldn't've done it if there was another way," Jane whispers.

"Right, you keep telling yourself that, but we both know the truth."

Jane looks confused.

"The truth?"

"Whenever you killed them, at that precise moment, describe the feeling you had inside you, and don't bullshit me, Jane."

She gulps nervously.

"I-I-I-I don't know-"

"I SAID DON'T BULLSHIT ME," I yell, causing her to flinch.

Jane finally snaps.

"IT FELT GREAT! IT FELT SO GREAT! I DON'T REGRET IT! IF I COULD DO IT A THOUSAND TIMES OVER, I WOULD!" Jane yells, having her eyes closed in fear.

This is turning me on.

She opens her eyes with that scared look. I caress her face with my hand.

"Now you see. You're just like me. You're a killer with no regret. I want to have that feeling.... That great feeling," I go back to whispering.

That seems to calm her down pretty quick.

She brushes my hand off of her and shakes her head.

"I'm not like you. I have feelings for people, like Hopper, Max, Dustin, Lucas, and Will!" Jane whispers.

"Do you have feelings for me?" I ask.

She bites her lip and nods her head yes.

"I shouldn't, but I can't help it," Jane says, sounding disappointed in herself.

I caress her face with both hands this time. This makes her eyes

widen.

"It's because you're a killer..... Say it."

"Mike-"

"SAY IT!" I yell.

"I'm a killer..."

As soon as she says it, I kiss her on the lips. She doesn't deny me because why would she?

The kissing starts to get aggressive. All of the sudden, we're french kissing like maniacs. Feeling her tongue make contact with mine is still odd to me. It feels good in the moment because she is a killer...

I get tired of this kissing nonsense after the first minute or so, so I break it off. This makes Jane look upset and shocked at the same time.

The awkward stare down after these kisses get annoying also.

"I..... I need to go," Jane's barely able to say, lost in my eyes.

She gets out of the car with her backpack and runs into her house.

Seeing her act so weird is interesting. I hope she doesn't fall in love with me, that would suck.

The only reason I kissed her in that moment was because my fantasy of her being exactly like me took over my brain. She's right though, she's not like me. She's not detached from her emotions, and she's at least somewhat normal. This is where the line between us is drawn.

--

El runs into her house and quickly slams the door shut. She can't believe she willingly kissed him like that!

She walks into her room and shuts the door. El lets out a sigh of relief. She shouldn't be with him. She's not a psycho who wants to

kill, but in the heat of the moment..... She felt exactly like him.

Before she's even able to walk to her bed, Joyce opens her door. El immediately gets startled and turns around.

"Hey," Joyce says awkwardly.

"Hi..."

"Do you wanna talk about anything?" Joyce asks, slightly smiling.

"Uh, no," El replies, looking suspicious.

Joyce knows El is acting too weird.

Joyce shuts the door and walks over to El.

Joyce sighs.

"I saw you and Mike... making out in the car..."

FUCK. El feels so embarrassed and ashamed.

"You.... did?"

Joyce nods her head yes.

"It's okay, sweetie. I understand," Joyce smiles and puts her hand on El's shoulder.

"You..... do?!" El replies, sounding stunned.

"Of course. Please, take a seat. I really need to talk to you."

They both take a seat on the edge of the bed at the same time. El still can't believe this is happening.

"Why were you watching us?" El asks.

"I heard the car pull up, I realized you weren't coming inside, so I looked through the windows and saw..... it," Joyce explains.

El looks down in shame.

"Oh," El says, sounding sad.

"Oh, it's nothing to be ashamed of! I'm not mad!" Joyce says, causing El to look up at her.

"So what do you wanna talk about?"

"Well... It's about you and Mike..... I just think that you should be careful with him, because when I was your age-"

"OH-GOD!" El shouts, cringing at the thought of Joyce's experience with boys.

"I know this seems like an odd conversation, but better me than Hopper, right?"

She couldn't be more right.

El nods her head yes.

Joyce continues on.

"This is your first boyfriend. Now, Mike seems like a good guy... but what I saw in that car was a little more than what I thought you guys would be doing at this stage of the relationship."

El's wondering where she's going with this.

"OK..."

Joyce gives her a weird look.

"Have you two..... You know?" Joyce awkwardly asks.

El gets a look of disgust on her face. How could Joyce even think that?!

El having sex?! She doesn't even know what to do. She doesn't know if she's supposed to do anything or if the guy does all the work. Either way, sex with Mike is no go. He's too... psychotic for her... but she kissed him passionately. Fuck, she has no clue.

"What?! NO!" El immediately replies.

Joyce let's out a sigh of relief.

"Thank God, I mean... that's good..."

El can't believe she's about to ask this.

"What if we do have... you know? What would happen?"

Joyce grabs El's wrist.

"First, and most importantly, make sure he's using protection! Second, Hopper can never know. Jesus, if he ever found out you were having sex at this age, I honestly think he would kill Mike!" Joyce replies, being completely honest.

If Hopper goes after Mike, she's more concerned about Hopper's well being. Mike is a psychopath with a fighting background. God, she hopes it never comes to that.

"He doesn't like Mike?" El asks.

Joyce slowly shakes her head no.

"I don't know why. There's something in his brain that keeps him from liking Mike. Give it a few months, he'll come around."

El nods her head.

Joyce is still curious about some things.

"Is Mike treating you good?"

El scratches the back of her head.

"Uhhhh, I guess. Depends on what treating me good means?"

"You know, not yelling at you, not hitting you, not abusing you in any way?"

There's some yelling, but El thinks that's none of Joyce's business.

"We're fine. He's a good guy," El says, forcing a smile.

"When it comes to Mike, if you need advice, and I mean any advice, come to me and not Hopper, alright?" Joyce says, then giggles.

El giggles in return.

"Got it, never tell Hopper anything!"

They both smile at each other.

Eleven wishes she could tell Joyce more, but she can't. She needs to talk to Mike again. Something about him fascinates her...

OCTOBER 17 1988

There's something off about today. I can feel it.

Walking to my car in the parking lot just seems like another chore for Jane and I to do. I don't understand how people make relationships work. Then again, most relationships don't work. People get tired of their significant other and begin to lose their feelings for them, but she doesn't have to worry about me losing my feelings for her. I never had any.

I'm not looking at Jane, but I can tell that she's looking at me as we're walking to my car. It's odd. I should probably look at her.

I turn my head to make eye contact with her.

There she goes again, eying me down like she wants to dissect my body in a lab or something. What's wrong with her? Does she know that I'm fucking crazy? Does she even care? Even I'm lost. It won't be long before she thinks with logic... hopefully.

I notice a figure out of the corner of my eye. Wait, it's Troy!

Troy smacks Jane's ass. It's a loud sound.

"OW!" Jane shouts.

She turns around to look at Troy. All Troy can do is put this stupid smile on his face.

He needs to die.

I'm so confused. Am I supposed to attack him? I mean, I want to do that anyway. She's technically my girlfriend....

Oh well, here it goes!

I walk up to Troy. He isn't intimidated at all.

I push him. Everyone in the parking lot is looking at us now.

"Come on, Wheeler, punch me!" Troy shouts.

If he wants it, why deny him?

Ready to fight, I clench both of my fists. Troy keeps smiling.

"Do it already, you pussy!" Troy shouts.

I'm ready. You want it Troy? Here it comes!

"MIKE, STOP!" Jane yells from behind.

Fuck. Do I listen to her?

UGHHHHHH.

I put my arms down. This shit sucks.

I turn around and walk back to Jane.

"That's right, bitch! Run away!" Troy yells.

Jane smiles at me.

"You did the right thing. I'm proud of you," Jane says.

Yeah! Thanks! FUCK!

"I should've fucking beat him up!"

We continue walking to my car... but this is bullshit!

"But you didn't! That's good. You listened to me, so you must care for me, right?" Jane says, sounding too desperate.

I shake my head. I'm too mad right now!

"Not this shit again!"

Jane sighs.

"I know you really wanted to fight him, but what you did was smart. He was trying to get you to punch him first. The school would've suspended you!" Jane explains, hoping it will make me less mad.

"Would they still suspend me if I choke him out?" I joke, although I'm still pissed.

She's not amused.

We make it to my car. It isn't long before Max and Lucas walk up to us.

"Jesus, what the fuck happened back there?!" Max shouts.

"Oh, I know exactly what happened!" Lucas says.

"It's nothing! Forget it!" Jane replies, sounding annoyed.

Lucas chuckles.

"Troy smacked your ass! How the hell can you say it's nothing?!" Lucas asks, shrugging his shoulders.

Jane doesn't know how to respond to that. She remains silent.

Lucas gives me a weird look.

"Holy shit, dude! Why is your face so red?!" Lucas shouts.

My face is red. Sorry. Being a psychopath is tough.

"Troy, man. The guys an asshole! I gotta blow off some steam. You wanna go to the arcade?" I say, trying to remain somewhat normal.

"Yeah, sure," Lucas replies.

Jane taps my shoulder, causing me to look at her.

"We're going to the arcade?"

I really need her to go somewhere right now.

I turn my head back to Lucas.

"You riding with Max?" I ask.

"Yeah, why?" Lucas replies.

I look at Max.

"I kind of want to play with Lucas alone today. Do you girls mind being together? Jane, you can ride with Max. Is that okay with you girls?" I try to sound normal, but I probably sound douchey.

Max raises her eyebrows.

"Uh, I don't know. Can we chill at your house for a while, Jane?"

Jane looks at me. She knows who I am. She knows I need this from her.

She looks back at Max.

"Sure. I'll talk to you tomorrow, Mike..."

"OK," I reply.

I feel I should say more, but it's already awkward enough.

Jane and Max walk away from Lucas and I.

Lucas and I awkwardly stare at each other. Yikes.

He looks at my car.

"This is your car?"

Yes.

"Yep."

He gives me a wide grin.

"Niiiiice. Very nice."

It isn't long before we get in the car and drive off.

As soon as we exit the parking lot, Lucas can't help but converse with me.

"Must of been tough, not being able to beat his ass right then and there."

You have no idea.

"It's whatever."

"Don't let him get to you. Assholes like that just want a reaction," Lucas says.

"And assholes like Billy?"

I got him there.

"Billy is a different animal."

So am I.

"I don't get it. You tell me to not let Troy get to me, but when Billy beats your ass, all of the sudden, he's a different animal."

I can tell that Lucas is getting upset out of the corner of my eye.

"Billy is fucking crazy, dude! He's not beating me up because I'm with Max, he's beating me up because he wants to! He's a fucking psycho!" Lucas shouts.

Billy is like me, except he doesn't hide it. He embraces it. Lucky him.

"Tell someone."

Lucas sighs.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I don't wanna feel like a wimp, man. My whole family will look down on me. Plus, Billy might actually kill me if I snitch on him, and that's the last thing I need," Lucas explains.

"So what, you're just gonna give up and let him treat you like this? You need to stand up for yourself."

I didn't know I was a life coach all the sudden.

"I tried. He's too strong. I'm better off just avoiding him..."

Lucas sounds embarrassed. I don't blame him. It is pathetic.

I need to take out my aggression on someone who truly deserves it.

I drive past the arcade. This makes Lucas raise his eyebrows at me.

"Uhhh, you just went past the arcade," Lucas says, totally dumbfounded.

"Are Max's parents still working at this time?" I ask.

"Yeah, but what does that have to do with anything?!"

I turn my head to him and make a huge grin.

"We're just gonna make a quick stop."

Lucas realizes what I'm gonna do. He immediately panics.

"NO! MIKE, TURN THE FUCKING CAR AROUND NOW!"

"Will you stop screaming? I'm helping you."

"Dude, he's gonna kill us! Are you fucking crazy?!"

I'm glad you asked.

"Everything's gonna be fine. We'll go to the arcade right after this, I promise," I say, remaining calm.

Lucas' jaw drops.

"EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE FINE?! DUDE, WHAT THE FUCK??!! LET ME OUT!"

"DAMMIT, LUCAS! I'm just gonna talk to him, alright? You can wait in the car, it'll be quick."

Lucas' heavy breathing intensifies.

We're almost there.

"How the hell are you so calm?! You do know Billy has a short fuse, right?"

Being calm in this situation is just one of the perks of being a weird motherfucking psycho.

"I know what he's capable of, but I'm not afraid. You can let him push you around all you want, but I'm sending that asshole a message of a lifetime," I say.

Lucas puts his hands on his head, completely shocked.

"FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!" Lucas yells.

I'm here. I park right behind Billy's car. It's a nice ride, but a bit too flashy for my tastes.

Lucas gets quiet.

I study the house.

Lucas is shaking.

"W-W-What are you gonna do?"

I turn my head to him and smile.

"I'm gonna get out of this car. You are gonna hold this down until he

comes out."

I point at the car horn.

"...What?"

I grab Lucas' hand and place it on the horn. It's already going off.

"HOLD IT THERE UNTIL HE COMES OUT!" I yell.

Lucas looks scared to death, but he nods his head.

"ALRIGHT, MAN!"

I get out of the car and stand on the lawn.

The horn is hurting my ears. I can't imagine what Lucas' are going through.

Thirty seconds go by before Billy finally comes out.

The horn finally stops.

"YOU?! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!" Billy yells.

Billy marches down the steps and gets in my face. His face is so red, you'd think he stayed out in the sun for too long.

Billy looks past me to see Lucas in the passenger seat of my car.

"WHAT THE FUCK? DO YOU HAVE A DEATH WISH?! WHO THE HELL ARE YOU ANYWAY?!" Billy yells.

He does have a point. It was quite rude of me to not introduce myself.

"My name is Mike Wheeler, and from now on, you leave Lucas and my friends alone."

He stares at me with a serious look, but out of nowhere, he bursts out laughing.

"YOU'RE A WHEELER?! HAHAAHHA!"

This is actually pissing me off.

"What the fuck's so funny?!"

Billy stops his laughing and regains his intimidating attitude.

"Nothing, I'm sorry. How's Nancy doing by the way? The last time I saw her, she was a nice piece of ass."

Is this how psychopaths get other psychopaths triggered? Mentioning family? WELL, IT'S FUCKING WORKING.

"This isn't about Nancy!" I reply, trying to change the subject.

"You're right. I mean, she wasn't the hottest piece of ass. In fact, she was a little too slutty, but that's alright, I guess..."

This is pathetic. Attacking my family.

I quickly get behind him and twist his right arm behind his back.

Too easy.

"FUCK!" Billy screams.

I get him down on his knees. Soon after, I knee him in the back and force him onto his stomach.

Being on top of him feels a bit odd, but having his arm in a vulnerable position makes it worth it.

"YOU FUCKING PUNK! PIECE OF SHIT NIGGER LOVER! WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!" Billy screams.

All I can do is laugh at how mad he is.

"From now on, you leave Lucas and everyone else alone!"

Even in his vulnerable state, he can't help but laugh out loud.

"HAHHAHAHAA, OR WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, WHEELER?!"

I snap his arm like a twig.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH, FUUUUUUUCK!! FUUUUCK!!!!!! FUCKK!!!!!"

OH MY GOD, THE SOUND OF HIS ARM BREAKING, THE SWEET SCREAMS OF AGONY! DAMN, THIS FEELING IS AMAZING!

Billy sounds like he's about to cry. It's glorious.

"ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT!!! I'LL LEAVE LUCAS AND THE REST OF YOU ALONE!" Billy says, finally giving up the tough act.

I get up and look down at him.

"Good. If anyone asks why your arm's broke, you make up a shitty excuse, because I swear to any god, if I find out that you told anyone about what happened, I'm gonna come back here and do much worse! YOU FUCKING GOT THAT?!"

I lean down and roughly grab his long hair to make him look at me.

He nods his head yes.

I shove his face back in the grass.

"Great, I'm glad we have an understanding!" I calmly say, smiling.

I walk back to my car and get in the driver's seat. I slam the door shut and start the engine.

Lucas' body is frozen on me. He has this dumbfounded expression on his face.

I don't notice it until I take a quick look at him.

I'm in such a good mood, so I smile and shrug my shoulders at him.

"What?!"

With Lucas' mouth open, his eyes widened, all he's able to say is:

"That..... Was..... Fucking..... Awesome!"

If only he knew that I'm just like Billy, he would change his train of thought. I won't spoil the moment for him though. It was a fun time for both of us.

"I told you it would be a quick stop."

--

1983

Lucas and Dustin were looking for rocks on the school playground. They figured it was a good way to attack the Demogorgon. They were having no luck in their search though.

"So do you think Eleven was born with her powers like the X-Men or do you think she... acquired them, like Green Lantern?" Dustin asked Lucas.

Lucas shook his head as he leaned down to look for rocks.

"She's not a superhero, she's a weirdo!" Lucas replied.

"Dude, all superheroes are weird in their own ways!"

"Yeah, but she's really weird!"

Dustin sighed.

"You got to give her a break, dude!" Dustin said, trying to reason with Lucas.

"Why should I?"

"Because, she has superpowers!!" Dustin shouted.

"And that makes her even more dangerous!" Lucas shouted back.

"Whatever! She knows where Will is, so she's our only freaking hope!"

"She's our only freaking hope!" Lucas mocked Dustin.

"Shut up, Lucas!" Dustin shouted.

"Yeah, shut up, Lucas! What are you losers doing back here?" Troy said.

Troy and James, his friend at the time, were the big bullies at Hawkins Middle School. Dustin and Lucas wouldn't dare say anything to make them mad.

"They're probably looking for their missing friend," James said, smirking.

"That's not funny! It's serious, he's in danger!" Dustin said.

"I hate to break it to you, Toothless, but he's not in danger, he's dead! That's what my dad says. Says he was probably killed by some other queer," Troy said.

Him and James laughed.

Lucas looked at Dustin.

"Let's just go," Lucas said.

Lucas attempted to walk past them, but he got tripped up by Troy. As he fell to the ground, his teeth made contact with one of the rocks.

"Watch where you're going, Midnight," Troy said.

Troy high fived James. They walked away laughing.

Dustin helped Lucas up. Dustin noticed one of the rocks on the ground. He picked it up and showed it to Lucas.

"What about this one?" Dustin wondered.

Lucas grabbed the rock from Dustin's hands and inspected it closely.

"Oh yeah, this is the monster killer!" Lucas replied, grinning widely.

Troy and James walked over to another section of the playground. This time, it was Mike Wheeler standing all by himself. They saw him as easy prey. They walked over to him.

Troy intentionally bumped his shoulder into Mike.

"Oops, sorry about that, Wheeler!"

Mike sighed.

"Not today, Troy, please!" Mike said, sounding a little desperate.

Troy and James bursted out laughing.

"And I thought those nerds back there were the biggest losers! How could I forget you?!" Troy said.

Mike was so mad. Everything Ted had taught him, and all he wanted to do was stab Troy and James like he did the neighbors dog.

"Fuck you," Mike said, having a deep voice.

Troy was surprised. He thought he was imagining it.

"What did you just say, frog face?"

Mike knew there was no coming back from this. He needed to stick with it.

"I said... fuck... you!"

Mike gave Troy an evil grin.

"You think you can disrespect me like that?!" Troy shouted, sounding legitimately upset.

Mike started learning Martial Arts a while ago, but he was still an amateur.

Mike nodded his head yes.

Troy immediately went for a punch, but Mike dodged it. However, as soon as Mike dodged the punched, he got kicked in the nuts by James. Mike fell down to the ground in pain.

He didn't want to make any noises. He already looked so weak.

"That's right! Stay on the ground, loser!" Troy shouted.

Him and James laughed, then walked away.

That was a sign for Mike. After that, he worked harder than he ever before. He learned the art of fighting as best as he possibly could've.

Mike had them to thank for being the fighter that he is today.

7. Communication Is Key

OCTOBER 18 1988

All it takes is one action to change the natural order of things.

Truth be told, the feeling I had when I broke Billy's arm was amazing, but now I have a new set of problems.

Billy's done for now, but when he gets fully healed, he's sure to come back for revenge. I know I would.

Lucas, he saw me, the real me. I told him not to tell anybody about what happened. I don't know if he was actually listening, but I'm in deep shit either way.

I didn't do it to stop Billy's reign of terror. I did it because my urge has been eating at me. Ever since Jane told me that she's a killer, my urge has been growing out of control. Manhandling Billy has cooled it down a bit, but it's gonna grow again. I've always been in control of my urges for the most part, up until now. I'm a ticking time bomb. Tick-tock.

This lunch table is the last place I wanna be. If I didn't tell Jane who I am, it would be easier for me to walk away from her. I don't know what she is to me yet. She knows who I am. This forces me to be cautious.

"How the hell did he break his arm again?!" Dustin asks Max.

Max has this incredible smile on her face. She's unnaturally happy right now, and it's all because of me.

"He fell down some stairs!" Max replies, sounding ecstatic.

I did tell him to come up with a shitty excuse.

"WOW! What an idiot!" Dustin shouts, shaking his head.

"Yeah," Lucas says awkwardly.

Lucas gives me that look. He has to pretend that he's just now learning about this. I'm sure he'll be cool.

"Well that's good!" Jane says.

Max nods her head with excitement.

"You're damn right it's good! It's fucking great! The best thing to happen in months!" Max shouts.

"So what is he doing now?" Lucas asks.

"Probably laying in bed like a wimp. Son-of-a-bitch totally deserves it!" Max replies.

"Totally!" Dustin says.

Max looks at Jane and smirks.

"So we're still going to the arcade after school, right?" Max asks Jane.

I hate Thursdays and Fridays. The arcade, or as I like to refer to it as, PLEASE HELP ME.

"Uhhh, yeah, why wouldn't we?" Jane replies.

"After what happened yesterday with Troy, I just wanna know if the whole group is going today?"

Jane looks at me. Stop looking at me.

"Mike, you wanna go today?" Jane asks, slightly smiling.

NO.

"Sure!" I say with excitement.

How these creatures have managed to survive this long by going to the arcade routinely every Thursday and Friday is beyond me.

Jane grabs my hand that's sitting on the table and gives me a warm smile.

She's never touched me like this before in front of her friends. What the fuck is going on?!

I can just see them out of the corner of my eye. They're looking at our physical contact with each other like it means something, like we are something. But pretending is the name of the game.

I smile back at her.

--

Ah, school's over. Now it's time to go to that dreadful place with my so called girlfriend.

"Mike!"

A random feminine voice screams from behind. I turn around to find that it's Stacey. Ugh.

She's in my last period. For some reason, she can't take a hint that I'm not interested.

She walks up to me by one of the lockers in the hallway.

"Stacey? What's up?"

There she goes again. She looks at me like I'm some trophy that she so desperately needs.

"Hi....."

Can we move this along already?

"Hey..... What's up?"

"I was wondering if you're gonna go to the Halloween party next Saturday? It's gonna be really fun!" Stacey says with excitement.

Parties, an excuse for teenagers to get drunk and have sex. No thanks.

"Uhh, No thanks. I'm not really one for parties..."

She makes a sad facial expression.

"Aww, come on, you never wanna do anything. What else do you got to do?" Stacey asks, sounding upset.

I shrug my shoulders and awkwardly smile.

"What can I say? I'm a boring person."

Stacey sighs and stares at me. I can feel her studying my body.

She slowly puts her hand on my shoulder.

"Please, Mike..... I really... like you...."

She gives me puppy dog eyes.

Would this be considered sexual assault?

Must find a reasonable reply.

"I, uh, I just... I appreciate the offer, but I'm really not in the mood for parties right now. Sorry...."

Stacey takes her hand off my shoulder and sighs. She pulls out a slip of paper and pen. She writes something down on it and hands it to me.

It's numbers...

"What is this?" I ask.

"It's my number. Call me sometime?"

With the slip of paper still in my hand, I nod my head, totally confused by what just happened.

She walks away from me. Finally!

I feel a tap on my shoulder. I turn around to find Jane scowling at me. What now?!

"What was that?!" Jane asks, sounding mad.

What?

"What?"

"Who was that girl?!"

"Her name is Stacey..."

"Why were you talking to her?!" Jane shouts.

There's still people walking through the hallway, which makes this much more unpleasant.

"She... wanted me to go to a party..."

"And?!"

"I said no?"

I'm so confused.

"You said no?! Then what was with her touching your shoulder?!"

I shake my head, absolutely baffled.

"I don't know."

"And what did she give you?! What's in your hand?!"

She glances at the slip of paper in my hand and reads it. She rolls her eyes at me.

"Really? She gave you her number?!"

"I didn't ask for it, she just randomly gave it to me!" I reply, trying to get out of this hole that I dugged for myself.

Jane sighs and shakes her head.

"Did you tell her you have a girlfriend already?!"

Oh, right...

"No..... I didn't."

"Am I even your girlfriend?!" She asks, sounding almost heartbroken.

Please, brain, let me come up with a good response.

"Yes! You are. You're my girlfriend! Please, calm down!"

I comfort her with a hug because it worked the last time she freaked out like this.

She calms down whenever I make contact with her. It seems too easy sometimes.

Shortly after that, we're in my car. I start the car and drive.

Before arriving to the arcade, she turns off the radio and looks at me. I take a quick glance at her but keep my focus on the road.

"Mike..."

"Yeah?"

"Do you still have that slip of paper?" She asks in a soft tone.

"Uhh... yeah, it's in my pocket. Why?"

"Can you give it to me?"

I nod my head and slowly reach into my pocket to grab the slip. I hand it to her.

"What are you gonna do with that?" I wonder.

She puts it in her pocket and smiles weirdly at me.

"Nothing, don't worry about it."

Although I'm clueless when it comes to relationships, I have a pretty good idea on what's gonna happen next.

Girls love fighting over psychopaths, apparently.

--

After getting home from the arcade, eating dinner, and getting ready for bed, El has a weird feeling inside of her. It's telling her to do something.....

Now she remembers. She walks out to the kitchen to find the phone.

El's staring at the phone. She's contemplating doing something really immature, but she doesn't care. This is her first boyfriend ever. This is a boy who is troubled just like her. She knows how precious he is. Even though he thinks he's a monster, she doesn't believe it.

She looks at the slip of paper in her hands, then picks up the phone. She enters the numbers, slowly but surely.

She hears the ringing. El's actually doing this.

Someone picks up.

"Hello?"

It's a female voice on the other line, most likely her mom.

"Yes, I'm Stacey's friend. I need to talk to her real quick."

"Oh, okay. One second..."

Almost a minute goes by before someone comes back to the phone.

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Is this Stacey?"

"Uh, yes..... Who are you?"

"I'm Jane, Mike's girlfriend."

There's a long pause...

"OK," Stacey doesn't know how to respond.

"So do you know why I'm calling now?" El asks, sounding aggressive.

"OK, look, I had no idea he had a girlfriend, he never even mentioned

anything about you!"

El is too blinded by jealousy to stay calm.

"I DON'T CARE! YOU STAY AWAY FROM HIM! DON'T TALK TO HIM, DON'T EVEN FUCKING LOOK AT HIM! AND ESPECIALLY DON'T TOUCH HIM. HE'S MINE, YOU DUMB BITCH!"

"I-I-I-I-I I didn't do anything, I swear," Stacey nervously says.

"STAY AWAY FROM HIM, OR ELSE!"

El hangs up by slamming the phone down. She takes a look around to make sure nobody saw her.

She quietly gets back into bed and gets a good night's sleep.

--

OCTOBER 19 1988

Nothing better than watching TV in the living room after being at the arcade with my so called girlfriend. It's not that I hate being with her, however I do need some relaxing time.

Nothing interesting is on. I hate cable TV.

Nancy enters the room. She smiles before taking a seat beside me on the couch.

"Don't you just look so excited!" Nancy says sarcastically.

"I'm tired."

We're both maintaining eye contact on the TV while talking.

"Why are you tired?" Nancy asks.

"I'm just tired."

"You're just tired?"

"Yes!" I reply, sounding annoyed.

Nancy sighs and looks at me. I turn my head to her in response.

"I hate it when you do this."

"Do what?!"

"Anytime I ask you about anything, you box me out!" Nancy says.

"Box you out?"

"You never tell me anything, Mike!"

"There's nothing to tell you..."

"Oh, that's just bullshit!" Nancy says, grinning widely.

"Language, Nancy!"

Even though Nancy's a couple years older than me, it always feels like I'm her big brother.

After staring at me with a smirk on her face for a moment, she finally starts talking again.

"Tell me why you're so tired?"

"I was at the arcade."

"With... Jane?"

I nod my head yes.

"So you really like her, right?" Nancy asks.

I still don't know how to talk about this.

"I'm with her."

Nancy laughs at my witty comment.

"You're such a guy."

"What?"

Nancy lets out a chuckle.

"Guys never wanna talk about their feelings. It's like an unwritten code of being a male."

It's best not to talk about things I don't have.

"Did you expect me to say anything...?"

Nancy sighs and shakes her head no.

"You have to be having some sort of feeling, right? The last time you were with a girl was..... Jesus! 8th grade?!?" Nancy shouts, sounding astonished.

"Can we not talk about that..."

"I can't even remember her name. Didn't you guys fight at the snowball or something?"

Nancy, please shut up.

OK, so you know how I said that I never had a girlfriend? Well, I kinda lied, not really, I don't know. Dad forced me to ask a girl out to the snowball a couple years ago, and yes, it was a nightmare. Her name was Rebecca. It was cringey. Our little relationship ended a couple days later at the snowball.

I look at the TV, not wanting to make eye contact right now. Nancy does the same.

"Those were the dark years of my life..."

Well, those years were darker. It's still really dark.

"Tell me about it. My life was a massive shit storm back then," Nancy replies, sounding stressed out just thinking about it.

It goes silent. I'm bad at conversing. Hopefully she'll get up and go away.

"When I was in bed last night, I kept on having the weirdest thoughts

pop into my head," Nancy says.

I guess she's not done yet.

"What... kind of thoughts?"

"Did you hear that story about a jet engine that crashed into a house and killed a boy?" Nancy asks, sounding completely serious.

"Uhh, I don't really pay attention to the news."

I don't.

"It was a couple weeks ago. He was your age. I think his name was Donald Darko or something like that."

Where is she going with this?

"OK..."

Nancy turns her head to me, causing me to do the same to her.

"It just got me thinking. What if that was you? What if you died on one random night because of a fucking jet engine?!" Nancy says, sounding a little upset.

A single tear sneaks out of her right eye.

Don't get all emotional on me!

"Are you okay?!"

Nancy quickly dries her eyes.

"Sorry. I love you. You're my little brother, Mike."

"Interesting how you can go from screaming that you hate me and wish Mom and Dad never adopted me, to now, where you can't talk to me without getting teary eyed."

Nancy punches my arm.

"OW!"

"We were just kids, Mike! We were dumb and rude! You know I love you! I just wish you would show some emotion sometimes..."

You're telling me...

"Well, if it makes you feel any better, the probability of me getting squished by a jet engine falling out of the sky is really low, so you shouldn't have to worry."

Nancy laughs. If I can keep her laughing, she'll let the emotion thing pass. It's worked this far.

"OK, this is what I get for trying to have a serious conversation. I'm going upstairs to shower, so the bathroom is off limits."

Nancy stands up and heads upstairs.

A shower? That probably means she's going to see Steve again. Ugh.

Oh well. Maybe I can be a little louder during my masturbation session tonight.

--

OCTOBER 22 1988

Here I am. Another Monday morning wasting my murdering potential in this institutional hellhole.

The hardest part about English isn't the classwork, it's Troy.

Troy's always bothered me ever since that first day, but I haven't let him get to me in this class. In the parking lot however, that's another story.

Mr. Brown is reading his newspaper, I'm waiting for class to be over in ten minutes, and Troy is about to say some stupid shit to me. Just another day.

I hear his snickering. I can feel him looking right at me. I turn my head to face him. I have to whisper so I don't get in trouble.

"Why the hell are you laughing?!"

"Nothing, Wheeler. How's life been? Your girl treating you well? Is she even your girl? I still don't get that."

And you don't need to.

I don't respond.

"Whatever. I'm having a halloween party on Saturday. Yeah, I know it's not Halloween until next Wednesday, but my parents are out of town."

"And you're telling me this... why?"

"Because... it's gonna be the biggest party in Hawkins history! That's why I'm inviting dorks like you to come. Hell, you can even bring your girl if you want."

Yeah, no thanks. Not a party person. And I'm certainly not bringing Jane. That would be bad for both of us.

"OK."

Troy gets confused.

"What do you mean OK? Are you going or what?!"

"Nah. Parties are for cool kids like you. Why ruin it with me there?"

I sarcastically smile at him.

"This is why I fucking hate you! This is my party!" Troy raises his voice, although Mr. Brown still doesn't hear it.

"I've never liked you, Troy. I'm not starting today."

Troy stares at me with evil intentions before looking away.

Pissing him off is really fun.

--

With Jane at the dentist today, that gives me alone time. I'm curious about the party. Not because I want to go, but because of the opportunity. I feel like all of these pieces are coming together ever since Jane and I met.

I have this urge inside of me, an urge that I'm losing control over. If Jane can kill, why can't I?

I follow Troy's car out of the parking lot. It's annoying because I have to stay back so he doesn't recognize me.

I eventually follow him to his house. It's really big, of course.

Now that I know where he lives, when the opportunity presents itself, my urge will finally be satisfied.

--

OCTOBER 26 1988

"Mike, can I talk to you before you drive me home?" El asks.

El and Mike just got in Mike's car after school. It's just another day for Mike, however El has been feeling weird about their current relationship.

"Uh... OK?" Mike replies, turning his head to face her.

Mike was about to turn the car engine on, but he heard El's unusual tone and stopped.

"It's about us..."

Mike sighs.

"I don't wanna talk about this right now-"

"YOU NEVER DO!" El shouts.

Mike gets startled by El's sudden aggression. El rubs her face with both hands in order to calm herself. She focuses her attention back to Mike.

"Sorry. It's just lately..... I feel like I'm the only one that wants to be in this relationship..."

Mike's mouth opens. He has no idea how to respond. It takes him so long to reply.

"I..... I wanna be in this relationship..."

"You do?"

"Yes..."

"Then tell me, Mike, do you like me?"

She still hasn't got a definitive answer.

Mike looks down in shame.

"I told you already, it's complicated."

El's had it. She's tired of the games.

"BULLSHIT! How do you not know by now if you like me or not?! You're telling me the movie theatre incident was just a one time thing?"

El remembers how hard he was.

Mike shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders.

"That didn't happen because of you, Jane! It happened because of the movie. I'm a sick fuck! You just happened to be in the right place at the right time!" Mike shouts.

"Oh yeah, so that's why you whispered let's get outta here in my ear and proceeded to make out with me. Not only that, you screamed at me to take my bra off! You're telling me that was all the movie's doing?! YOU LIKE ME! ADMIT IT ALREADY!"

Mike is speechless. She's probably been holding all of this in for a couple of weeks.

"Maybe there is some part of me that likes you. I hope there is. But

the act of sex isn't that interesting to me. I can't explain it. It's just really hard for me to get it up...."

El should be weirded out right now, but instead she's having a hard time processing that.

"So how do you masturbate?!" El asks, immediately regretting it.

Mike is so baffled by her question.

"How do you know I masturbate?!"

Now El is the one who's being asked questions. El knows she deserves it after blurting out something so stupid from her mouth.

"I uhhhh..... I just guessed...."

"Oh....."

The awkward silence is killing El.

"The situation has to be perfect. I lie in bed and get in a perfect state of mind. It's really hard but it..... It releases some of the tension I build up throughout the day..."

Phew, El is in the clear!

She knows he masturbates. In fact, she knows too much about it.

El knows he does it every night at 9:30. She's been watching him every night ever since she found out about his pattern. It's a good way to end the day for her, but she feels so fucking ashamed about it at the same time. She's never actually masturbated to him doing it but she's thought about it a couple times.

"So you're saying....."

"I'm saying it's gonna take more than you to get me in the mood!" Mike says.

El knows this isn't true. She has powers! She can easily make that thing rise up like nothing if she wanted to. She can't..... It's so

wrong and unnatural, but then again, it's not like he would know...

Eleven is having a tough time with her options.

Eleven grabs his hand and smiles at him.

"So you admit... there's some part inside of you that likes me?" El asks, not breaking eye contact.

Mike is so confused. He's used to feeling like that around her.

Mike grabs her other hand and moves in closer.

"Yes. There's something inside of me that can't seem to resist you for some reason. I wanna be with you."

Mike gives her a subtle smile.

He looks around to see that the parking lot is completely empty.

"Shit! We gotta go," Mike says, quickly starting the car.

El realizes it too.

"Shit, you're right."

They head to El's house.

Mike pulls up to her house and waits for her to get out. She doesn't want to get out quite yet. She has one more thing to ask him.

El looks at him with this awkward facial expression.

"You wanna hang out tomorrow?" El asks, sounding embarrassed.

"Tomorrows Saturday, right?"

El chuckles.

"Yeah, duh."

Mike has plans...

"Can't..."

"Why not?"

"I'm gonna be busy. Family stuff."

El isn't buying it, then again, she's always skeptical.

El sighs.

"Come on! We can walk around the town at night. I'll bring my friends to make it less awkward if you want!"

Mike shakes his head no.

"I can't. We can do it another time."

El's so annoyed by his rejection, even if he is telling the truth.

"Fine! Please, call me Saturday night, alright? We really need to communicate more if we're gonna make this work..."

El grabs his hand again.

Mike nods his head and smiles awkwardly.

El gets out of the car and watches Mike drive away.

El knows something isn't right, but she needs to put some trust into him if she expects this relationship to work.

--

1984

"Michael! Get out and go inside!" Ted shouted in the car by the school gym, ready to drop off Mike.

"I don't wanna! It's so awkward and I don't even have feelings for her," Mike replied from the passenger seat.

Mike looked down in shame.

"This is how you fit in! No one's gonna see the monster inside of you, Son. Just get out and pretend to have a good time with her."

Even though Mike is nicely dressed, he feels like a complete monster...

Mike sighed and slowly got out of the car.

Ted drove off immediately, leaving Mike to stare at the gym. What a nightmare.

As Mike walked inside, he heard the loud music blaring. He walked through the gym until he found Rebecca sitting at a table.

"Hey," Mike said.

He took a seat in a chair beside her.

"Took ya long enough," Rebecca replied, then chuckled.

Mike didn't respond.

"So..... You wanna dance?" Rebecca asked, standing up.

Mike shook his head no.

"Oh, come on! Let's dance!"

Rebecca tried to grab his hand, however Mike completely rejected her attempt.

"Seriously? What's wrong with you?!" Rebecca asked.

Mike looked up at her with that mean stare.

"I'm not in the mood."

"It's one thing to be not in the mood, it's another to be a complete dick!" Rebecca shouted.

Mike stood up and got close to her.

"I don't even fucking like you, you stupid whore!" Mike said, gritting

his teeth.

Rebecca is stunned by Mike's sudden rage.

"Don't ever talk to me again!" Rebecca said, feeling very upset.

She decided to walk away.

Mike sat back down in his chair and stared at all the happy faces. He couldn't stand it.

On the other side of the gym, El was sitting at a table with Dustin. Even in her dress, she still felt empty inside. She watched as Will danced with a random girl who called him Zombie Boy. She also couldn't help but have her eyes on Lucas and Max. She wished she could find a boy like Lucas, but she's sitting with Dustin at the table...

"These dances suck. I asked a bunch of girls to dance with me, and they all said no!" Dustin shouted.

"I'm sorry, Dustin..."

"It's not your fault, El."

El gets this awkward feeling inside of her.

"If you want, you can... dance with me...?" El asked.

Dustin gets a look of disgust.

"EW! I mean, not ew, that sounded bad. I mean, it would be awkward with you, El. You're my friend."

"So friends can't dance together?" El wondered.

"They can, but it's just really awkward and meant for someone more special..."

"Oh....."

El understood him. She had been longing for that special someone ever since she saw how Lucas and Max treated each other a month

ago.

Dustin coughed at how awkward the silence was.

"Don't worry..... You'll find someone, El. You're not a loser like me."

"You're not a loser," El replied.

"Not to be mean, but you don't know how school reputations work. Everybody thinks I'm ugly and weird," Dustin said, sounding sad.

El knew the feeling of self hatred too well.

"That's not true! You're funny and cool and smart! You're gonna find a girl one day, Dustin, and she's going to be lucky to have you!"

Dustin blushed, but then he realized something.

"Damn. I think that's the longest I've heard you talk without stopping."

Eleven and Dustin both laughed out loud and enjoyed the rest of the night.

8. Tonight's the Night

OCTOBER 26 1988

El's in bed. After having a talk with Mike earlier on in the day, she's beyond stressed. Being with a psychopath isn't a cake walk. El's room is her sanctuary. This is where El can have all of her naughty thoughts in peace. It's also a place where she can think deeply about what's currently going on in her life.

The current thing going on in her life is Mike. Mike. Mike. Mike. It's all Mike.

El worries about him more than herself, it's so weird.

She used to be consumed by her anxiety, but Mike has been a great distraction for her.

The sun's going down and there's still a couple of hours before she can watch Mike, although she knows it's wrong, he's just too irresistible...

Max bursts through the door like it's her room, startling El.

"Really, Max?!" El shouts, immediately annoyed of Max's presence.

Max giggles and jumps in the bed to take up a spot beside El. As she gets under the covers with El, El can't help but laugh.

"You don't have a bed at home?" El asks.

"Yeah, but it's Friday, and Billy's an asshole. I'd rather be here with my best friend," Max says, smiling at El.

They both have one side of their heads resting on a pillow as they face each other.

"I highly doubt that I'm your best friend..."

"Who the hell else is then? Dustin? No way. Will? Nah. Lucas? I wouldn't call him my best friend. That leaves you. Yes, embarrassing

as it sounds, you are my best friend."

Max and El both burst out laughing.

"That's pretty embarrassing!" El says, unable to wipe the smile off of her face.

"So tell me El, why didn't you and Mike show up at the arcade today?"

"Mike told me yesterday that he was gonna be busy with family stuff for the weekend so he wasn't going. I decided not to either because..."

Max raises her eyebrow and gives her a weird look.

"Because.....?"

"The arcade is nice and all, but it's not for me. It's cool that you and the boys like to play games, but the only reason I've been going is to not feel lonely, and I don't feel lonely anymore with Mike around," El explains, sounding sincere.

Max did not know El felt this way at all. She's surprised.

"Oh, Mike's that special, huh?" Max replies, giving El a huge grin.

"He's really special. So special, it will freak you out."

El's not lying. Max will definitely freak out if she finds out that Mike is a psychopath, but she'll freak out even harder if she finds out that El knows that and likes him anyway.

"Can you tell me anything else that might freak me out?" Max says, winking at El.

She feels disgusted by Max, but El knows she should expect this from her by now.

"Max. No."

Max gets annoyed and sighs.

"Come on, El! Why do you have to be so boring all the time?! I told you about my first time with Lucas."

"I didn't ask you to tell me about that! You just couldn't keep your mouth shut," El says with an attitude.

Max realizes that El's right.

"OK, so maybe I couldn't shut up about it, but that's why we have each other. We can let out the feelings we so desperately keep inside so we don't go crazy! You know what I mean?"

El knows what she means, but she can't tell her about Mike's psychotic ways. It's too much, even for Max.

"I guess..."

"Alright, that's what I like to hear! Now, tell me whatever you want to tell me about you and Mike. If you don't want to tell me some things, that's fine, but don't be all secretive on me."

El doesn't wanna talk about anything, but here she is, forced into it by Max.

"Um, Well, we've made out a couple times?"

"Made out? Where?"

"In his room, in his car..... That's about it...."

Max seems a little disappointed.

"That's it? What about the crotch grabbing? Did you try that yet?" Max asks.

El's tried it alright, and boy, she wouldn't mind doing it again.

El can't tell her that. It's too weird and would lead to more questions.

"No, I didn't do that yet."

"You guys have been going out for a month, and all you two have done is make out? This isn't middle school, this is your senior year at

Hawkins High!" Max shouts.

El sighs out of frustration and stands up.

"Things are complicated. He's not like the usual guy," El says, wishing she could say more.

Max stands up beside El and faces her.

"You keep saying he's not like the usual guy. What do you mean? Is he like... scared to do anything else.....?"

El shakes her head no.

"I can't tell you, it's between Mike and I."

Max gets this big smile on her face.

"That's kinda weird... and cute at the same time!!" Max says, having an energetic tone.

"How is that cute?" El wonders.

"I don't know. You guys tell each other things that you wouldn't normally tell anyone else. Me and Lucas do that shit all the time."

El's relieved to know Max isn't mad at her for not telling her every single thing.

"But I do gotta know one thing," Max says.

"Yeah?"

"When are you planning to... do it?" Max asks in a serious tone.

El's nerves are back. Anything sexual with Mike seems so odd to her. He doesn't even get hard like a normal guy should. El wants to do things to him so bad, but she knows he isn't like that, which makes her sad on the inside.

"It's only been a month. I don't see why everything's about sex to you!" El shouts.

"It's not! Sex is very important though. It's the best way to keep him interested, as bad as it sounds. I know you say he's different, but give him something special... something he won't get from a normal girl. Guys, they want a keeper. Prove to him you're a keeper and he'll do anything for you. I don't mean to sound nasty, but if you wanna do something really special for him, a blowjob is the way to go..." Max explains.

Max has a point. El's in a bit of a pickle with what to do. The idea has crossed her mind before... but sticking his penis inside her mouth, that's so unlike the innocent El that everyone else is accustomed to. El likes the idea the more she thinks about it...

"So..... I just... put it in my mouth, right?" El asks, sounding shy as hell.

Max gives her a weird look in return and nods her head yes.

"Just don't use your teeth! It's his dick, not your chew toy!" Max says, causing El to laugh.

"OK, I get it, Max, I'm not that stupid!" El says while laughing.

Max sees the happiness on El's face and laughs too.

"If you want, you can start practicing on the bananas in the kitchen."

Although practice wouldn't hurt, it isn't exactly the first thing on El's mind, so she shakes her head no while keeping a big smile on her face.

"Alright, Max, enough talking about this stuff!"

Max chuckles and nods her head.

"Alright."

All this laughing almost made her forget that Mike can't get it up to her, well, only her anyway.

What's the point of being with him if he's not sexually interested in me?

El just thought of something...

She had the idea of getting his thing up with her powers. What if she can do that and then go down on him? He won't even know that she used her powers, he'll just think that she's finally the one for him. El has this guilty feeling inside of her. If she does that, their relationship will be nothing but a lie. She doesn't want lies, she's had plenty of them in her life already.

But maybe for now... it could keep him interested in her...

El can't decide right now with Max staring at her.

"Let's go watch TV." El says, trying to change the subject.

Max sighs but nods her head yes.

"Fine."

As they head downstairs, El starts thinking again.

I'd be doing him a favor. It could be fun. Maybe I should try it.

--

Having this plan inside of my head has been killing me. Troy needs to die, and I mean now. But the more I think about it, the more work I have to do in order to cover my tracks.

I must have my tools of destruction ready. I already put all of the things I need in the trunk of my car when I got home. This includes: A shovel, a couple of towels that we don't use anymore, black gloves, clothes that I don't mind getting rid of (An ugly brown shirt and dark brown pants), one of Mom's old kitchen knives... Michael Myers style (Mom won't notice it's gone), a Michael Myers mask I bought from the store, and a baseball bat for reassurance. I have to wait for the perfect time to strike. Troy will be partying it up all night at his house with tons of other people from school. I can't be seen; I must be sly and cunning. If I have to wait all night, I will. Once I catch Troy in his most vulnerable state, making him unconscious is the best option. Killing him out in the open would be too alarming in a neighborhood like this. Once he's passed out, I'll load him in the trunk

with all my other tools; he'll probably fit in there. I must drive to an isolated spot. This is the hardest one for me. There seem to be no houses that are abandoned around here, and certainly no isolated spots that I know of. If I can find a spot, once I bring him there, I must set up my kill. Place some towels underneath him to protect the blood from being spilled all over the place. My favorite part, the kill. I've been thinking about different ways. Should I just go straight for the heart, or maybe I go for the eyes. Or... I cut his fucking dick off! All of these seem intriguing. I'll keep these options in mind. So it's clean up time. I need to start digging up a grave for my boy, Troy. After digging 6 feet deep, I must place his body and the towels in there. Then I'll cover it up as best as I can. Congratulations to me! Now all I have to is get rid of the clothes if they get messy in anyway by throwing them in the trash, simple enough. I'll clean off the kitchen knife in the sink when I get home, clean off gloves if necessary, then BAM. I'm done.

Other than a few towels gone missing, no one will be suspicious of anything. The only thing people will be talking about is the search of a disappearing boy who ruined his own life many years ago by fucking with me.

The plan sounds nice and dreamy, but number 5 is a question mark. As I drive around Hawkins, there's no isolated spot in sight.

Why the fuck do I live in such a good neighborhood? Can there be one shady spot, please?! For me?!

Maybe I should call this off....

Fuck, I'm heading home.

When I enter the house, Mom is there to greet me like always.

"Where have you been?!" Mom asks.

OK, you're good at making excuses off the top of your head. Think, think!

"When I got home, I forgot that I had to help Jane with this project."

"On the weekend?"

"Well, it is a project..."

Mom stands there and judges whether or not I'm telling the truth.

"OK....."

Phew.

"Come have dinner. I made your favorite, lasagna!"

Lasagna sounds good...

I quickly take a seat at the table and wait for Mom

Mom gets two plates and puts lasagna on each one. She fixes us glasses of water as well. Mom brings all of it to the table and sits down in front of me.

She's too nice.

"Thanks, Mom. You're the best..."

Mom smiles and reaches her hand out across the table to grab mine.

"No, baby, you are. It's nice to have someone in this house..."

With Dad dying and Nancy going out all the time, that leaves me...

Sometimes I wonder if she would still love me if she found out what I really am, a monster. I hear the term unconditional love thrown out a lot, but there has to be a line drawn at psychopathic son.

"Where is Nancy?" I ask, then put the lasagna in my mouth and chew on it.

Mom takes her time with the lasagna in her mouth, but eventually swallows it and takes a sip of her water.

"Nancy's out doing Nancy things, what else is knew?" Mom says, shaking her head while stabbing her fork into the lasagna.

"I take it she's with Steve..."

"Steve..... I have no idea what she sees in that boy. But I guess she gets it from me," Mom says shamefully.

"What do you mean?"

Mom sighs and rubs her eyes.

"I... went through a lot of boys in high school."

Please no.

"Mom, stop," I say as I get a look of disgust on my face.

"I was so stupid back then! I was only 14 when I lost my-"

"MOM!" I yell, not wanting to hear anything else.

My mom was one of the easy girls in high school?! God.....

Mom laughs at how disgusted I am.

"Oh, don't be like that, Mike. We're all grown now."

I really need to kill someone.

"You're still my mother."

Mom nods her head and smiles at me.

"That I am."

We both get silent and continue eating.

"So is Jane doing okay?" Mom asks after drinking her glass of water.

"She's fine."

"She's really pretty, Mike. I think you got lucky."

My mom can sit here and smile and tell me how lucky I am, but I know I'm not. Relationships end.

I had a plan to kill Troy. The list is very detailed, but very flawed.

Not to mention I don't even know where I'm going to take his fucking body.

This confusion with Jane will end in disaster. This feeling for her is only temporary. How is she gonna sit there and tell me that's she killed and not expect me to get annoyed over it?! That's all I've ever wanted to do. Jane teased me. Maybe that's why I'm so damn attached to her. Whatever, none of this matters if I can't get my shit together with this plan. FUCK, if I'm unable to do this, I'm seriously fucked. There aren't an infinite amount of Billy's I can fuck with in this world, sadly.

--

OCTOBER 27 1988

Tonight's the night. A night of unknowingness. A night of... hope.

It's past 8:00, and the sooner I get off the phone with Jane, the better...

I've had a phone in my room since high school started. It sits beside my bed on top of my small dresser drawer. I dial her number and put the phone against my ear...

I sit up on the bed and position my back against the wall.

I'm waiting...

Still waiting...

I hear someone pick up.

"Hello?" Joyce says.

"Hi, Mike here. Jane asked me to call her tonight... so....."

It gets silent for a short amount of time.

"Ah, yes! One second, Mike."

More silence.... More waiting... more talking... more pretending.

"Mike?" Jane says.

"Jane... "

"I'm glad you called."

Her voice is quiet and soft. It's probably because she has family around.

"So... I'm not really a talker..."

Jane chuckles at my brutal honesty.

"I wasn't either for a while."

"You still aren't."

Jane laughs, maybe a little too hard.

At least she thinks I'm funny. But then again, females laugh very easily.

"Being quiet is the smartest thing you can do in a lot of situations," Jane says.

"Right."

An awkward silence occurs because I'm terrible at this.

"How you been holding up?" Jane asks.

"Good."

"Really?" Jane replies with a hitch pitched voice, sounding surprised.

"Well, as good as I'm gonna get..."

"Of course. Is the urge, like, still there?"

"You want me to be honest?" I ask while chuckling.

"Yes, there's no need for lies, Mike."

"OK, then yes, there's still an urge. It didn't help that you stopped me from beating Troy's ass in the parking lot either."

I'm still mad about that.

"You're better than that, Mike!" Jane says, sounding frustrated with my attitude.

"I'm not. I'm worthless."

"Mike!" Jane shouts.

"What? It's true."

It is true to a certain extent. The human race is better off without me, but the human race wasn't that good to begin with.

"Don't get me started about worthless. Until you've had your head shaved, your identity taken away, absolutely no education taught to you, and lastly, tests done to you, I'm the only one that can say that between the two of us."

What kind of people could do that to a child? I take what I said back, the human race does need people like me. People like Troy have hurt innocent people like Jane for far too long. Tonight I will right a wrong. Jane will appreciate this.

Wait... why do I care what she thinks?! Don't tell me that's the part of my brain that wants to be human is talking? GO AWAY.

"Yeah..... You're right. That's a stupid word to use."

Jane sighs, sounding a bit annoyed.

"No..... I was wrong. I guess we both feel worthless in our own ways. Mike..... I just want you to know that you are human. What you told me in the car.... I know you were being honest..... Your smile was... real. That's good!"

It is good... right? OH GOD, NO, DON'T FALL FOR IT, SHE'S NOT THE ANSWER.

"I'm so confused. That little part of me keeps talking... trying to take over, but then the monster in me comes back. Maybe..."

"Maybe what, Mike?!"

AGGHGHGHGHGGHGHGHGHGH

"I don't know..."

"Mike, it's okay to have feelings for me... for anything..... Don't be afraid to let it out!" Jane says, sounding desperate.

I'm not afraid of anything, woman.

I take a deep breath and try to regain my thoughts.

"You know, I didn't have feelings for many things at first either whenever I was freed by Hopper..."

"Really?"

"I was locked up inside a small room for twelve years of my life. I never had any human interaction other than with the people who dehumanized me. Even after that, I had to stay inside a cabin all the time in the middle of the woods. Hopper feared that the badmen would still be looking for me, so he was extra careful. It sucked. But things in life came into place, I saw that life was actually changing for me, so I changed. I hope the same can happen for you..."

Change.... Something I never thought was possible. But here I am... thinking about-Wait a second. Cabin in the middle of the woods? Isolated spot? Checkmate.

The monster is back. Good.

"Wow..... You could make a TV show about that," I say, adding a fake chuckle afterwards.

"That's a good idea," Jane says, chuckling in return.

"... So you said you lived in a cabin? With Hopper? Where?"

"Right. Hopper's Grandfather used to live there. Hopper said he used it for storage, but I came into his life... so yeah. It's in Denfield, when you see the big oak tree, turn right and follow that road into the woods, you'll find it eventually. That could be a nice place for us to go whenever we wanna do some things in private...."

Despite her mating ritual suggestion, I'm glad I finally have my spot for Troy.

"Yeah, could be."

Awkward silence occurs again.

"Well, I gotta go."

"Is it because of the thing I said about doing something in private. I didn't mean that, it just slipped, I swear!!" Jane says, sounding both sad and mad.

"What? No. Mom's waiting. We're gonna watch a movie..."

"Oh. OK. I'll talk to you tomorrow?" Jane asks, having hope in her voice.

"Maybe."

"Bye, Mike..."

"Bye, Jane..."

I hang up and let out a huge sigh of relief.

Time for the good stuff.

--

El hangs up the phone and looks down in shame.

Do some things in private?! I'm such an idiot!

El walks outside the house and sits down on the steps. It's dark out... but peaceful. El likes it like this. She looks at the road in front of her, wanting to be with Mike so bad. He's changing, and she knows

giving him more support will end his psychotic ways..... She hopes....

El hears the door opening behind her and turns her head around to see Hopper. He gives her a slight grin and sits down next to her, taking up most of the room.

"Hey, El," Hopper says, also looking at the road in front of him.

"Uhhhh, Hello?!" El replies, chuckling at him randomly sitting beside her.

"So I've been thinking lately..."

Uh oh, Hopper thinking is never good. El knows this.

"What?"

Hopper and El make eye contact. El's face is filled with fear, awaiting whatever he has to say. Hopper is having a hard time getting it out.

"... It's Mike," Hopper says.

FUCK.

"You're right. I shouldn't've been so hard on him..... I'm sorry..."

El's in awe. To hear those words from Hopper, out of all the people on this earth, is incredible.

El's too stunned to respond. Her face is frozen on him.

"I... I've been acting like a... a... a..."

El laughs and finishes his sentence.

"A dick?"

Hopper immediately chuckles.

"Yeah..... And watch your mouth!"

El and Hopper laugh together.

"Sorry," El says, laughing a little afterwards.

"It's OK."

"What made you change your attitude about him?" El asks.

Unable to answer right away, Hopper looks away from El.

"Well.... Kid, I learned it's best to leave things alone," Hopper says, looking back at El with a smile.

"Leave things alone?" El says, looking confused.

"Ugh, I just realized... it wasn't worth it to act like that about Mike, it's not gonna change anything..."

Still looking confused, El nods her head.

"OK..... So you like Mike now?"

Hopper chuckles.

"I can tell you with certainty that I can't hate him."

El hears how Hopper's talking and knows something's wrong. Over a month of sensing something off about Mike and then suddenly, he says he's wrong? No, El isn't psychic, but she knows there is more to the story. But El is content with him approving of Mike being with her because it's one less obstacle to deal with in their relationship.

Instead of saying anything else, El smiles and pats Hopper's shoulder, giving him a 'thank you' look.

Hopper puts his arm around El as they look up at the stars.

--

I'm sure everyone's had this feeling before: The feeling of getting ready to do something so risky, your heart is pounding and your brain is constantly thinking. It's thinking about the many different outcomes of your situation. For some reason, you keep thinking about what it will be like if you fail instead of what it will be like if

you succeed.

As I sit in this car, a couple of houses away from Troy's house, and I see the massive party unfolding, I can't help but have this feeling.

I told Mom I was gonna be with Jane for most of the night at her house and be back around midnight. She bought it. Hopefully she'll be in bed by then anyway.

I'm parked to the side of the road with the engine cut off like many of the other cars here.

Jesus, he wasn't lying. There's so many people. This has to be the size of the entire senior class. I see kids still going in and out of the house. There's some kid wearing a Hulk Hogan costume, another in a Freddy Krueger costume, and other's arriving in generic Halloween costumes.

I'm gonna be here all night. Fuck.

What if it's one of those parties where they crash at his house? Why didn't I think of this? This throws off everything. The secrecy of me making him unconscious and driving him to the cabin. This party's gonna be going on all night. I guess I can take a little nap while I wait...

--

It's only been two hours. El's in her bed trying to sleep, but all she can think about is Mike and how he sounded during that phone call for a brief moment.....

He sounded like he had... feelings...

It gives her so much hope for their future. She's thinking too big into the future.

Marriage, kids, a big a house, lots of sex, and many other activities that married people do...

She's so giddy, she can't help but close her eyes and visit Mike in the void.

It's nothing but black at first. The picture gets clear, the pieces come together, and there he is...

El's caught off guard by where Mike is.

Why is he sleeping in his car?! He said he was watching a movie with his mom!!!

El feels upset and betrayed. She doesn't know why he would lie to her about something like this. El starts thinking about the possibilities.

Maybe he got in a fight with his mom and decided to sleep in the car?! No...

El can come up with one thing: He lied to her. But she wonders why...

El breaks out of the void and returns back to her bedroom. She can't sleep. All she's able to do is roll around in her bed and think about Mike.

--

2 hours later

POLICE SIRENS

AHHH, THEY CAUGHT ME!!! Oh.....Shit ... I was sleeping...

I've been sleeping for over two hours. It's five minutes past midnight and the cops have showed up to crash the party. I guess neighbors got tired of all the noise.

Nobody sees me, I'm too far from the house. It helps that I'm wearing all black currently...

Is that.... SHIT! HOPPER?! WHAT THE FUCK IS HE DOING OUT SO LATE?!

LIKE ALL GOOD PLANS, THEY NEVER GO RIGHT! FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.

A couple of minutes go by as all the drunk teens in their halloween costumes are getting rushed out of the house by Hopper. I can tell he just woke up from how his eyes are.

A couple more minutes go by and the house looks almost lifeless compared to when I first arrived.

Wait... Troy and Hopper are talking on the sidewalk. Hopper's yelling at his ass like Troy committed murder. Hopper is getting too likeable for me right now; I have to remember he's the Chief of Police.

After being yelled at for five minutes straight, Troy slowly walks back into his house. Hopper's face is so red, you'd think he's the psychopath.

I guess he gave Troy a warning. Figures. Troy's gotten away with so much in his life, but that ends soon.

Hopper gets in his car and drives in my direction. I duck down to keep him from seeing me.

I sit back up and check if he's gone. And he is. Phew.

It's best to wait 30 more minutes. Neighbors nearby are most likely awake so it wouldn't be the best idea to engage with my plan.

37 minutes later

Alright. Enough Waiting....

This is the moment I have been waiting for. This moment will be the best feeling in my life. Jane will be proud when she finds out that I got rid of the biggest scum in Hawkins, well, besides Billy Badass. He can be next though.

I grab my Michael Myers mask and put it on. Breathing isn't so comfortable, but it's a fucking mask so I'll deal with it.

Yes. Forget Michael Myers, Michael Wheeler is the true star of this horror movie.

I open the car door and stand up. As I look around, I see no sign of

life around these houses. No lights, no noise, and that's just the way I like it.

Walking up to Troy's front door seems like I'm walking to the pearly gates of heaven.

I ring the doorbell and wait five seconds.

Come on...

I ring the doorbell again.

Still nothing.

Fuck this, I'm just gonna spam this thing.

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

"WHO IS THAT?!" Troy screams from inside the house.

Perfect. Let me hide...

Troy opens the door with anger in his eyes.

"Seriously, who the fuck's here?!" Troy says, sounding pissed but also scared.

He walks out of the house onto his lawn, looking freaked out.

"This isn't funny, fucking dickheads!"

After looking around the neighborhood for any sign of life, he shakes his head and sighs.

"Fucking assholes. Can't ever throw a party without stupid fucking pranksters."

Before he even knows it, Troy is being choked out from behind by me. Applying the rear naked choke is too easy. It usually takes 10 to 15 seconds to make someone unconscious in a good chokehold. Plus he's tired anyway, so this will put him right to sleep.

"W-W-W-W-W-W-W-What the Fu-"

JUST FUCKING PASS OUT ALREADY.

I SQUEEZE HIS NECK WITH MY ARMS EVEN HARDER. I CAN FEEL HIS BODY GIVING UP. HIS EYES ARE CLOSING. The sudden rush that's coursing through my veins feels incredible.

His eyes completely close and he stops moving. I drop him to the ground like a ragdoll and take a quick break.

FUCK, THAT FELT GOOD.

I can't help but smile down at his unconscious body

"Fucking pranksters, huh?"

--

El is a wreck! She can't sleep. She's been visiting Mike every hour or so in the void, and he's just been sleeping!

Maybe I should just go to bed...

El rejects her thoughts and decides to visit him one more time.

She closes her eyes and tries to see what she needs to.

The picture becomes clear as her jaw drops.

This can't be real!

Mike opens his trunk and puts Troy in it, slamming it shut. He gets in the driver's seat and takes off the mask, throwing it in the passenger seat. He finally drives off.

Where the fuck is he going?!?!

As El watches Mike drive, she needs to see more of the area around the car to know where he's going, which is incredibly hard, because the car's constantly moving. El's had to do worse than this. She prepares herself.

She's able to get more vision around the car.

Mike drives for what seems like the longest five minutes of El's life. She sees the big oak tree..... He takes a right.....

Wait..... The cabin?!?!?

El realizes it now. He's bringing Troy there to kill and dispose of him. She breaks out of the void, realizing that she has a bloody nose in the real world. El's too worried to wipe her nose off. She wants to go there. She wants to stop him...

I can't just sneak out!

After debating the thought in her head for a minute, she realizes that it's the only thing she can do. She knows Hopper just got back from ending Troy's party 45 minutes ago because when he got back, he wouldn't stop complaining to Joyce about it.

El decides to risk everything for Mike. She slowly opens her door and closes it behind her. She tiptoes to the front door, hoping the floor doesn't creak that bad. She opens the front door and slowly walks out, shutting it very quietly behind her.

Don't do it, Mike!

--

When I entered the cabin with Troy's lifeless body in my arms, it seemed empty at first, but then I realized it's an abandoned cabin. It seems this place got cleared out. There's a bed and TV in one of the rooms. There's a couch in the main room, I guess that's what you call it. I see a small table, probably made for eating dinner. Too small for Troy's body.

I turn my head and see a big wooden table. It's beautiful. Perfect for my first kill.

I carefully put Troy on the floor and pull the table to the center of the cabin. After that, I get my towels from outside. I come back and cover the table with towels, and I have extra lying on the floor for backup.

I pick Troy up and put him on the towel covered table.

I can't help but smile. It's finally gonna happen. I go outside and put on my black gloves. Then I quickly change into my ugly brown shirt and brown pants. Different shoes would've been nice, but oh well, not everything can go perfectly.

My sweet kitchen knife. It feels so good to hold it with the intention to kill. I slowly walk back into the cabin with pride. This... is it.

I'm standing above Troy's unconscious body. He's lying on the table perfectly. If he woke up, he would see my face from upside down. I'm tempted to let him wake up, so I can see his pathetic reaction to his life being taken away, but I won't give him a chance to retaliate. He's had this coming for years.

With the knife in my hand, there's only one thing left to do.

I raise my hand with the knife in it. The knife is aiming down at him, ready to enter his heart.

Here we go!

"MIKE!"

The fuck?! What is Jane doing here?!

She opens the door to find me, my hand raised above my head with a kitchen knife in it. And it's aiming right at Troy's lifeless body. Not the best of pictures.

"MIKE?!"

"HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?!"

"THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT! PUT THE KNIFE DOWN!"

I let out a chuckle and walk over to her with the knife still in hand.

"You need to go," I say, looking deep into her eyes.

"MIKE, I WON'T LET YOU KILL HIM!" Jane shouts, her face getting

notably upset.

Are you fucking kidding me?!

I turn my head around and glance at Troy's body, then I look back at Jane's angry and upset face.

"He's a piece of shit, Jane! HE'S BEEN AN ASSHOLE TO YOU AND ME FOR THE LONGEST TIME!"

She's actually making me angry.

"Yes, he's a dick, a douchebag, a mouth breather, a fucking idiot, a worthless piece of shit, but he doesn't deserve to die, Mike!" Jane says with desperate eyes.

FUCK THIS.

"Why do you care so much about me?!"

"B-B-B-Because I like you," Jane says in a soft tone.

"Bullshit."

"What?" Jane says, looking confused and hurt.

"You see something in me that reminds you of yourself. You think we're the same, but we're not! I'M NOT EVER GONNA BE YOUR FUCKING BOYFRIEND! I WAS BORN TO BE A KILLER WITH NO FEELINGS, AND IT WILL ALWAYS STAY THAT WAY!"

Jane shakes her head, looking like she's about to cry. Good.

"Mike..... You're smart and full of so much potential. You're willing to give everything up to murder a lowlife like Troy?!"

I nod my head yes and smile sarcastically.

"NO!" Jane shouts.

"GET OUT, YOU WERE NEVER SUPPOSED TO BE IN MY LIFE! YOU THINK YOU'RE DIFFERENT AND CAN CHANGE ME, BUT YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER PERSON WHO I THOUGHT

COULD CHANGE ME! THERE'S NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT YOU!"

"I WON'T LEAVE!"

FINE.

"OK. THEN YOU GOT A FRONT ROW SEAT!"

I march back over to Troy, ready to kill.

"MIKE, STOP!"

I ignore her and raise my hand, getting the knife ready to stab his fucking heart.

"PLEASE, STOP!!!" Jane screams.

Ignoring her is the only option at this point.

FINALLY, I'M FREE!

I FINALLY STAB HIM-

WAIT?! WHAT THE FUCKS GOING ON?!

MY BODY'S FROZEN?! THE KNIFE'S A COUPLE INCHES AWAY FROM GOING INTO HIS CHEST. I CAN'T MOVE?!

"WHAT THE FUCK?! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!"

THE KNIFE IS FLOATING, WHAT THE FUCK?! THE KNIFE WENT RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS AND IT'S FLOATING AWAY.

IT FINALLY HITS THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF JANE.

I'M NOT FROZEN ANYMORE! JANE'S NOSE IS BLEEDING, WHAT THE FUCK?!

"WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED?!"

WHY IS SHE GIVING ME THAT MEAN ASS STARE LIKE SHE'S ABOUT TO KILL ME?! DID SHE DO THIS?!?!?!? HOW?!?!?!?

"I. Told. You. To. Stop."

9. Troy!

1985

Ted and Mike were sitting across from each other at the round table in the kitchen. Mike had just got done eating breakfast. It was a sunny summer morning. Karen went to the store and Nancy was still in bed.

Mike wore blue jeans and a white shirt. His hair was still messy considering he woke up 30 minutes ago. Ted was dressed up for work already.

He woke up Mike because he wanted to personally talk to him about a certain subject. Mike had his arms crossed as he watched Ted take a sip from his coffee cup. Ted put the cup down and looked up at Mike, not knowing where to start. Mike broke the silence.

"You wanted to talk about something?" Mike asked, giving Ted a confused look.

"Yeah," Ted awkwardly replied.

"What is it?"

"It's just that... this is your last summer before you go to high school. I know you've been doing a good job with controlling your urge, but things are gonna get complicated in high school."

Mike tilted his head as he gave Ted another confusing look.

"Complicated? How?"

Ted sighed as he tapped his fingers on the table.

"The incident at The Snowball was a warning, Mike. You can't act like that towards girls."

Mike immediately felt annoyed by Ted's comment.

"Why not?! I don't like them!"

Ted shook his head at Mike's words.

"I'm not saying you have to like them, or even that you have to pretend to like them. I'm saying that you can't let them see the real you," Ted said.

Ted took another sip of coffee while keeping eye contact with Mike.

Mike hated it when Ted said "The real you." It just reminded Mike of how much of a monster he really is.

"So what makes high school more complicated...?" Mike asked with curiosity.

"You're growing into a handsome young man, Son. When I was your age, high school was the time of my life, so let me warn you. There will be a lot of girls who will talk to you, and they will flirt with you, and some will ask you out. I want you to know that you have to be extra careful about how you act in front of these girls. You certainly don't want them to see your dark side, right?"

Mike was silent for a while, but he slowly nodded his head yes.

"I just... don't understand... how boys can have that type of feeling when it comes to girls. I've never had that feeling," Mike replied as he looked down at his lap, completely emotionless.

Ted was unable to come up with a immediate response. Mike eventually looked up at Ted and asked him a question.

"I get the whole thing about the act of sex and I'm certainly not opposed to the idea, but it's hard to think about that sort of stuff when I can't even have real feelings for a girl. When did you know you liked Mom? Like, when did you get that feeling inside of you?" Mike asked.

Mike's eyes were so desperate to hear how his dad fell in love with his mom. He wanted to at least understand a person who could actually feel.

Ted smiled as he thought back to his high school days.

"I saw her a lot during my time in high school, but the first time that I really saw her was on the first day of school, senior year. It was English, and your mother was... stunning... to say the least. She was a troublemaker, gorgeous, and smart. A guy like me should've had no shot with her... but..."

"But what?" Mike asked, wanting Ted to continue the story.

"Sometimes in life, things just come together... like it's destiny. Your mother and I were assigned as partners for a project. It was awkward at first, considering we were two completely different people. We talked... and talked... and I couldn't talk to her without getting this goofy smile on my face."

Ted chuckled at the thought of him goofily smiling at Karen. He quickly came back to reality and continued on.

"We figured out we had a lot of things in common, like music taste, food, and movies, just to name a few. I was also good at making her laugh, women like a man who makes them laugh... But back to your question. I liked your mother from the moment I laid eyes on her, but what made me realize she was truly the one was something she said to me on a random night in my car..."

Being too interested in the story, Mike immediately asked him the question.

"What did she say?"

"She said..... I was the first man she's been with that didn't rush to have sex, and that it was the first time she felt something real in a relationship... something so deep inside of you, something more than just thinking someone's attractive, you can't explain what the feeling is, or why you're feeling the way you feel... But you just... feel it. It was at that moment when I had the feeling that you're talking about, the feeling of love."

Ted proudly smiled at Mike.

Mike sighed and shook his head.

"Do you think that I'll ever have that feeling about a girl? The

feeling of love?" Mike asked, wanting his dad to say yes.

Ted wanted to be optimistic about this topic. If he straight up told Mike no, what kind of father would he be?

"Never say never, Son. All it takes is one person to come into your life. A person so special and unique, you'll be in total awe of them. Someone so different, yet so similar to you. A person that you develop that feeling for... that unexplainable feeling..."

Mike had hope in his eyes as he listened to his father talk.

"So you're saying there's a chance?" Mike asked with a desperate voice.

"I hope-"

Ted was cut off by his random coughing. Unable to think quickly, he covered his mouth with his hand and continued coughing hard. These were some rough coughs, and Mike knew it wasn't normal.

"Dad, are you okay?" Mike asked, still looking emotionless.

The coughs went on for a little longer before Ted removed the hand from his mouth. What was in his hands was shocking. Mike could see it from his viewpoint...

"Dad, that's blood..."

Ted smirked at Mike and stood up.

"I know that."

Mike remained seated as he looked up as his dad who walked to the sink to wash his hands.

"I don't think that's normal," Mike said.

Ted ignored Mike and turned the faucet on. After washing his hands for a good minute, he turned the faucet off and wiped his hands dry with paper towels. He threw the paper towels in the garbage can and walked back to Mike. He looked down at Mike with a serious face.

"There are a lot of things in life that aren't normal; you should know that better than anyone else. We just deal with it. Sure, we should look for all the help we can get, but accepting and dealing with it is the first step, Mike."

Mike was unable to respond. Mike got too confused with what was wrong with his father. He simply nodded his head at Ted's words of wisdom.

"Go upstairs and wake your sister up, her pancakes are getting cold," Ted ordered.

Shortly after saying that, Ted went to work. Mike stayed at the table for a while. Even though he should've been concerned about his father's health, he couldn't stop thinking about the feeling of love.

--

OCTOBER 28 1988

"I. Told. You. To. Stop."

Mike stares at El in amazement of what just occurred. He can't take his eyes off of her now, and she can't get the mean stare off her face. El snaps back to reality.

OH NO! I JUST USED MY POWERS?! WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?!?!?

El goes from looking intimidating to fearful in a split second, confusing the hell out of Mike.

"Jane..... What the fuck," Mike says.

His voice sounds calmer now out of pure shock.

"Mike," El replies, wanting to say something so bad, but she has no idea where to even start.

"How long have you... had these powers?" Mike asks.

El can't answer him. She's too embarrassed.

"... I can't explain it to you right now. We need to bring Troy back to his house before he wakes up!" El says.

"We?! You had nothing to do with this!" Mike replies, still looking dumbfounded.

"I do now."

Mike thinks about the current options. He can rule out killing Troy right away because of El. He can't think of a better option than what she presented. Mike nods his head in agreement.

"OK, well we gotta get Troy and all this stuff in the trunk-"

Mike and El are both startled by the sound of Troy waking up.

Troy's head is moving right and left while his eyes remain closed.

Mike and El both give each other stupid looks, having their mouths opened wide in shock.

"What do we do?!" El whispers, trying her best not to awaken Troy anymore than he already is.

Mike looks down at Troy in front of him, then back up at El. He gives her a worried look and shrugs his shoulders.

The two are caught off guard when they hear Troy talking in his sleep.

"Mmgmgm. Baby..... You broke up with him so what's the big deal?"

El and Mike can't even process anything anymore as they stare at Troy and listen to him ramble.

"You said I was the best you ever had. Why do you care about him so much?" Troy mumbles.

El and Mike continue listening.

"Come on baby, you're so hot. Don't be like that, Max."

"MAX?!" El shouts, feeling like she's about throw up.

Please tell me it's not the same Max...

It all starts clicking for El. She remembers when Max talked about having sex with a guy in their junior year, but she never told El who he was. El doesn't wanna believe it.

El feels stupid now. Troy awakens because her outburst as he slowly opens his eyes.

The first thing Troy notices is Mike's upside down face...

"Wheeler?" Troy says softly, looking half asleep.

Mike gets a 'uh oh' face while staring down at Troy.

"Shit," Mike mumbles.

Unable to think of a better solution, Mike punches Troy in the face as hard as he can, putting him back to sleep.

Mike looks back at El with a grin. El isn't pleased with his actions but understands him.

"He should be out for at least another 30 minutes or so. That should give us enough time. Get all these towels and put them in the trunk, alright?"

El nods her head and bends down to grab the towels on the floor. Mike picks up Troy so she can pick up the towels on the table. Mike immediately puts him back on the table and picks up the knife on the ground.

With the knife in his hand, he turns his head back at Troy and smiles.

"You got lucky," Mike says.

El places the towels in the trunk. Mike gets into the passenger seat and places his knife and gloves into the glove compartment, then shuts it. He goes back into the cabin and picks up Troy. He walks outside and puts Troy in the trunk, closing it shut. Mike goes back into the cabin to put the table back in its original place. He sighs as he walks outside and gets into the car. El's already in the passenger

seat. Mike closes the door and stares at El before driving to Troy's house.

15 minutes pass as Mike makes it to Troy's house. He quickly gets out of the car and opens the trunk. He picks up Troy and runs into his house. With Troy in his arms, Mike wonders around the house, wondering where to put him down at. He sees a couch in what he guesses is the living room and drops him down on it. He fast walks out of the house and gets back into the car to immediately drive off.

"Drop me off now," El says.

Mike nods his head and starts driving to her house. He can't help but ask her questions on the way.

"So are you gonna tell me why you have fucking super powers?!" Mike asks, making El sigh.

"Really, now's not the time to explain. There's too many things I have to process right now..."

How could Max do that? With Troy?!

"Alright, fine, we don't have to talk about it right now. When your ready though?" Mike says, turning his head to look at El.

El nods her head yes.

The drive is mostly silent, however El finds a mask on the floor and picks it up.

"A Michael Myers mask? You really went all out with this, huh?" El says, unable to stop herself from smiling at him, even though smiling is the last thing she should be doing.

Mike shakes his head as he keeps his eyes on the road.

"Not enough apparently."

El studies his muscular body. His clothes are so tight on him. If they weren't in this situation, she would maul him.

Remain normal. He's a fucking psychopath.

"And those clothes? What's with all the brown?" El asks.

Mike decides to use a quote from Nancy and reword it a little.

"Because brown describes my entire life, a massive shitstorm."

El laughs because she feels exactly the same way, and that comforts her.

"I bet that little part inside of you is proud. Overcoming your temptations isn't easy, Mike."

El puts her hand on Mike's shoulder to show support. Mike tries to ignore it but when she slowly rubs his shoulder, it's impossible for him to ignore it anymore.

Why does this feel... kinda good?

She rubs down to his elbow, then his hand, then his thigh...

Although he feels different, he still doesn't think he'll be able to get it up. He keeps his focus on the road.

She keeps her hand on his thigh for a while, feeling content with it. Some thought comes into her head to go for more. On basic instinct, she grabs his crotch. Mike's eyes open wide in shock. He brakes hard, startling El as she immediately removes her hand from his crotch.

"We're here!" Mike shouts.

Mike stops his car on the side of the road and nods at El to get out.

El nods back. She turns her head to look at her house; she can see that the lights are on, and that's never good this late at night.

"Why are the lights on?!" El says, trying to remain calm but panicking on the inside.

She looks back at Mike, but Mike can't figure out a good response.

It doesn't take long before Hopper comes out of the house. He's

dressed in his uniform, minus the hat. Hopper walks down the steps and stops on the grass. He signals for both of them to get out of the car. Mike and El awkwardly stare at each other before getting out. They slowly walk over to Hopper. El has fear in her eyes while Mike tries pretending that he's just a normal boy.

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO. Please don't be too mad!!

If he touches me, I'm choking him out.

"What the hell are you two doing out so damn late?!" Hopper shouts.

"How did you know?"

"Mike's mom called me and said you two were at my house apparently. I check your room to find out you're missing! You went out with this boy this late at night without my permission?!?!" Hopper shouts.

"Sir, it was totally my-"

"It was my idea, Dad..."

Mike can't believe El is taking the fall for this.

"You?!" Hopper says in a surprised and hurt tone.

El sighs as she tries to think of a good story.

"Yes... A couple of days ago, I asked Mike if he wanted to go to the party at Troy's house this weekend... so knowing you would say no, I had to sneak out....."

Mike decides to chime in to finish her story.

"And then we saw that you showed up, so we snuck out of the party without you seeing us."

With his hands on his hips, Hopper starts to study their faces.

"So... Where did you two go after the party?" Hopper asks.

Mike and El look at each other, trying to read each other's minds, but

to no avail.

Mike looks back at Hopper and tries to sound confident.

"We drove around town for a while..."

Hopper gets in Mike's face and gives him an angry stare.

"You drove around the town? You expect me to believe that?" Hopper says, sounding snarky.

Mike isn't backing down. He wants to be the alpha male in this situation.

"No, but if I told you what really happened, you'd go crazy," Mike replies, evilly smiling at Hopper.

"Mike, what are you doing?" El whispers.

"Go inside, kid, I'll talk to you later. Let Mike and I talk this out."

El gulps as she looks at the two people that she cares most about in this world.

Hopper - He saved her, took her in as one of his own, and gave her a completely new life. Mike - A psychopathic boy she met over a month ago.

She runs inside the house and shuts the door behind her.

Hopper and Mike are having the staredown of a lifetime. Mike's waiting for any contact, any at all. Hopper is studying Mike's face, trying to find any sort of weakness, but Mike's eyes tell him that Mike isn't bluffing.

"You can quit the tough guy act, she's gone now," Hopper says.

"I'm not acting," Mike says calmly.

"OH, IS THAT SO?" Hopper shouts.

Mike chuckles, then puts on his serious face.

"If you touch me, I will break your fucking arm."

Hopper is surprised Mike hasn't backed down yet.

This kid is fucking crazy.

"You wanna be a big shot, huh? How old are you?" Hopper asks.

"17."

Hopper gets a disappointed look on his face.

"You see, if you were 18, I would've knocked your ass out by now for talking to me like that on my property."

Mike shakes his head.

"The only thing that's stopping me from knocking you out is your daughter. If I hurt you, I hurt her, and I can't afford to hurt her. She means so much to me. She makes me feel... real."

"Listen, Romeo, if you think you're gonna win me over with some romantic speech, it ain't gonna happen."

Mike grins at Hopper before replying.

"I'm not trying to win you over, I'm just letting you know that your daughter is practically grown, and you're not taking her away from me."

Hopper sighs at the sad truth.

"Just get out of here, I've dealt with enough shit for one night."

Mike smiles and nods his head as he gets back into his car to drive off. Hopper stares at the black Ford Mustang driving away as he wonders what the hell he's gonna do about all of this. He goes inside the house and gives El a loooooooooooooooooong talk.

--

OCTOBER 30 1988

I was inches away from doing it. I was inches away from achieving my dream. I was inches away from satisfying my urge..... Until she stopped me.

I remember it vividly. The knife, almost inches away from ending Troy's life, but... my body froze..... I lost control.....

It was her.....

She has fucking super powers!

That's what she meant when she said she's a monster. I get it now.

I haven't talked to her since that night. Talking back to Hopper probably wasn't the smartest of ideas, but I'm not letting him walk over me or else I will kill him.

This is so crazy! I thought I could never feel this amazed at something, but it's hard not to. This is something out of a TV show, and I kinda like it in a weird way. Right, I get it, she has powers and could totally kill me if I tried doing anything to her, but damn, she's so damn different and unique from anyone I've ever met.

I can't keep denying that I like her in some way, but can she make me... completely human? No more urges or masturbation rituals, all I need is her to satisfy me? In a perfect world.

In reality, the urges are still present, my masturbation rituals are alive and well, and I don't think I'll ever be able to get 'IT' up with anyone, even Jane...

I'm on my way to the cafeteria. This will be the first time that I talk to Jane since that night. This is gonna be an interesting lunch.

I feel someone put their hand on my shoulder from behind. I turn around to find that it's Lucas, and he's giving me this warm but creepy smile, considering we haven't had a personal conversation since I broke Billy's arm.

"Lucas?"

"Mike! I know this is a bad time, but I never thanked you for what

you did..."

Lucas scratches his head as people walk by us in the hallway.

"Thank me?"

Wait, is this about Billy?

"Yeah, what you did to Billy, that shit was awesome!"

It is...

I smile at him as I think of what to say.

"It's nothing man, I would of done it for anyone."

It becomes awkwardly silent as we continue to stare at each other.

"We should probably get to lunch before the line gets packed," I say.

Before I'm able to turn around in the direction of the cafeteria, Lucas stops me.

"Wait!" Lucas says.

"What?"

"I was wondering if we could... you know, if we could..... tell them?"

No.

"No way."

Lucas sighs.

"Mike, bro, it's not even like you did a bad thing. Only the group will know about it, nobody else."

"NO!" I shout.

Lucas jumps at my sudden aggression.

The realization hits me that maybe I got a little too mad.

"Sorry, Lucas, but I don't need Jane to find out about that, she will kill me."

Literally.

Lucas looks disappointed but nods his head.

"Alright, man."

Getting my food took a little longer than usual. I see that Jane and Max are sitting across from each other at the table. Dustin is on Max's side, Will is on Jane's side.

Here we go.

With my tray in hand, I put it on the table and take my seat beside Jane.

She has so many feelings on her face. I can see she's glad that I'm here, I can see a bit of sadness from what happened the other night, but most importantly, I see a look on her face and in her eyes that seems indescribable. This could be the look of love, BUT GOD, I HOPE NOT.

"Hey," I say.

"Hi," Jane slightly grins at me.

"What did Hopper say about... you know...?"

"He said that he's not gonna punish me because I'm old enough to make my own decisions," El says, having a sad face.

"Well... that's good," I try to sound optimistic.

Jane sighs.

"He also said I'll learn in time that being with a boy like you will do nothing but harm to me..."

He isn't completely wrong. I'm the last thing a girl like Jane needs,

but I'm also the only thing she wants. Fuck, girls are weird.

"Oh," That's all I'm able to say.

"What about your mom? What did she say?" Jane wonders.

My mother wasn't as hard on me as Hopper was to Jane.

"She basically said it's okay that I went to a party with you. She got upset because I lied to her, and it made her worry about me more than she needed to."

Jane gives me a weird look.

"I'm sure if you were the girl and I was the boy, your mom would be freaking out and Hopper would be okay with it. It's so dumb."

I don't quite follow her...

"What do you mean?"

Jane gives me a blank stare before explaining herself.

"I've just been noticing things in society... like how parents are protective over girls when they're in a relationship, and if a boy is in a relationship, they congratulate him....."

Oh..... Let me articulate a proper response.

"Maybe that's because females are more beautiful and fragile, so parents feel forced to protect them more..."

Jane looks at me but doesn't say anything for a while.

"You... could be on to something.... It's still not right..."

Jane goes back to eating her food.

Lucas eventually makes it to the table and the small talk ensues. It goes something like this:

Blah blah blah blah blah blaaaaaaaaah blah blah blah

Minutes go by before I give Jane's shoulder a nudge. She gives all of her attention to me.

"What?" Jane says, looking confused.

"Do they know?" I whisper.

"About what?" Jane whispers back.

"Your powers..."

Jane's eyes widen, but she eventually nods her head yes.

"We should tell them I know," I suggest.

Jane shakes her head no.

"Now's not the right time."

I roughly grab her hand underneath the table, making her gasp for a split second.

"You still haven't told me shit! I need to know all about this... about you..."

I'm not lying. All I've wanted to do over the weekend was learn her story.

"Mike... I'll tell you everything on Halloween night... alright? I'll come to your house... Just... please don't be mad at me," Jane's voice is shaking and she looks fearful.

Maybe the rough hand grabbing thing wasn't the best way to do it.

"I'm not mad..... I just feel... lied to..... And I don't want you to lie to me about things..."

"OK..."

Jane nods her head in relief.

"So Halloween night?"

"Yes," Jane confirms it.

What a weird night to talk to me. I hope that all she wants to do is talk...

--

El and Max are at El's house. They're watching TV in the living room while sitting beside each other on the couch. The one thing El keeps wondering is how the hell did Max have sex with...

I don't even want to say his name...

Now would be the perfect time to talk to her. Will decided to go to the arcade after school, Hopper is still working, and Joyce went to a long time friends house to talk.

El sighs as she grabs the remote and turns the TV off.

Max looks at Jane with anger.

"Hey, what the hell, I was watching that!"

"Max... there's just something I've been wanting to talk to you about..."

Max looks weirded out already.

"Uhhh, are you on your period?"

"What?! No."

"Did Mike touch you anywhere special?" Max giggles.

"What?!?! NO!"

But I did touch him somewhere special...

Max gets annoyed of guessing and decides to ask her.

"OK, fine, what is it?"

"You know how in junior year, after you broke up with Lucas, you

said you were done with relationships and wanted to have fun... and like, how you found a guy to have fun with, but you never told me his name?"

Max has a look of guilt, but she's trying to remain calm.

"Uhh, yeah, OK, sure. What does this have to do with anything?"

"I'm just wondering why you never told me his name? You told me the names of all the other guys..."

Max crosses her arms and gives Jane a blank look.

"I knew you didn't want to hear about my adventures with guys, so I thought I was doing you a favor..."

El can tell she's lying. Her body language is so bad right now.

"Max..... Who was it?"

"Just leave this alone, it's in the past," Max replies, trying to dismiss El's question.

"NO, MAX! We're friends! We're supposed to tell each other things!"

Max rolls her eyes at El and lets out an exasperated gasp.

"Why does it matter?!"

El raises her voice.

"BECAUSE! You're my friend! You're keeping secrets from me?! Why won't you tell me?! WHO WAS HE, MAX?!"

"IT WAS TROY, ALRIGHT?!" Max shouts.

Why?!???!?!?

El didn't want to believe it up until now. She's too shocked to say a word.

Max looks down at the floor and begins to explain.

"It was when Lucas and I broke up for the second time. I really wanted nothing to do with relationships anymore. Troy was sitting a seat in front of me in one of my classes. I passed him a note..."

El covers her face with her hand in shame.

"What did the note say, Max?" El asks, although she really didn't want to.

"It said..... Wanna fuck in your car after school?"

El shakes her head in shame as Max looks back at her. All El is able to say is:

"Troy?!"

Max stands up and faces El who is still sitting down.

"I know, it's fucked up, that's why I didn't want to tell you!" Max says.

El stands up and shakes her head, having a look of disgust.

"Troy?!"

"He just won state as the star QB, and he's fucking hot! I know you two have history but I was never into him emotionally, we were just... fuck buddies... GOD, WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME TELL YOU THIS?!"

El is so grossed out by this, it's unreal.

"He bullies the shit out of Mike. How can you have sex with Troy, knowing he's a fucking psychotic asshole?!" El shouts.

Max tries to remain calm.

"El, I know it's hard to understand... but all he was to me was a great fuck..... Nothing more...."

"TROY?!?!?!" El shouts as loud as possible, wanting to go apeshit so bad.

"El, calm down! He's actually a good guy once you get to know

him..."

El shakes her head, not wanting to believe the words coming out of Max's mouth.

"YOU MEAN ONCE YOU GET TO FUCK HIM?!" El has that mean stare.

Max gets in El's face, she's tired of her shouting.

"OK, I FUCKED HIM, SO WHAT?! AT LEAST I'M FUCKING! YOU AND MIKE MIGHT AS WELL NOT EVEN BE TOGETHER. IT'S OBVIOUS HE ISN'T ATTRACTED TO YOU, AND WHY SHOULD HE?!"

FUCK THIS BITCH.

"I'M SORRY THAT I DON'T GO AROUND FUCKING EVERYTHING WITH A DICK, I'M NOT A GIANT SLUT LIKE YOU!"

Feeling pushed to the edge, Max slaps El's face as hard as possible. El falls to the ground immediately.

As she lies on her back, El holds the side of her face that got slapped. She leans up to look at Max with nothing but anger. Max is scared to death.

"El... I'm sor-"

"GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!"

Max was not about to get her ass beat. She quickly runs out of the house.

El stands up, still feeling the effects of the slap.

Maybe what she said about Mike is true. He'll never be attracted to me in that way, so what's the fucking point?! Why did I act like an idiot just then?! I really am a monster.

10. A Happy Halloween

OCTOBER 31 1988

OK, what the fuck is going?

Jane just sat down beside me. Will walks over to our table and takes a seat beside Jane.

I notice something odd about this particular lunch session. Dustin, Lucas, and Max are sitting at a different table in front of us. I have no idea what's going on...

Why is the gang split? I mean, I don't mind, it's actually more peaceful, but something is obviously wrong. I wish I could notice certain human emotions in this type of situation.

I look at Jane; she's looking down at her tray with no emotion... I think it's no emotion, whatever, I'm not the master at reading emotions.

"What's wrong?" I ask, causing her to look up at me.

"W-what?"

"Why are they sitting at that table?" I point to the table in front of us.

Will sighs and joins in on the conversation.

"Do you want me to tell him?"

"Tell me what?"

"Her and Max got in a fight-"

"WILL!" Jane shouts, looking embarrassed.

Will shrugs his shoulders and goes back to eating his food.

What could Max and Jane possibly fight about? And why do I care?!

"You had a fight?" I ask.

Jane turns her head to me and slowly nods her head yes with a sad look on her face.

"Do you wanna talk about it?"

Jane shakes her head no.

"I talked about it with Will, I don't wanna talk about it anymore..."

Damn, why does she have to go all emo on me? I'm just trying to be a normal boyfriend, and trust me, it's very hard.

"You can tell me anything, Jane. I'm your boyfriend..."

Jane looks into my eyes with a surprised look; she should be. I don't know what's going on with me.

She looks at me some more while staying silent.

"I'll tell you when I come over to your house later, OK?"

Great, another thing to talk about at my house on this fine Halloween night.

I nod my head in approval and go back to eating.

Lunch eventually ends. Jane and I walk out of the cafeteria together. She stops walking, which makes me stop and face her.

"What?"

Jane looks like she's about to cry.

"I don't know."

Tears start dripping down her face.

She's about to start crying up a storm. Shit... is this one of those anxiety attacks?!

Quick..... Think..... Think..... I got it!

I wrap my arms around her and bring her head into my chest for a

hug. Her sobbing is muffled from her face being buried into my chest. People are walking by, they're staring at us, but I don't care, fuck them.

For some reason... she's important to me...

I put my right hand above her head and begin to gently caress her hair.

"Let it out, it's okay..."

I'm changing.....

"I'm s-s-sorry for embarrassing y-you, M-Mike," Jane's muffled voice is filled with pain and regret.

"What?! Embarrassing me? I don't care what people think! I....."

Why is this so hard to spit out.

More people are walking by. Some are laughing, some are worried, but about 20 to 30 teens are staring at a girl crying into my arms.

Jane notices the pause in my sentence and looks up at me. With my hand still stroking her hair, she continuously snuffles while looking deep into my eyes.

"You what?" Jane sounds a lot calmer as her snuffles stop.

Why are her eyes so... pretty??

"I care about you so much..... Please..... Don't cry..."

I caress her face with my hand and kiss her on the forehead. She looks amazed... Her eyes are wide open along with her mouth as she stares up at me. She isn't crying anymore.

This moment seems so unreal.

Unfortunately, the moment is ruined whenever a random boy yells:

"GET A ROOM!"

Everyone around us starts laughing. I forgot there were even people here....

They all turn around and start walking to their classes.

Jane quickly releases herself from the hug, however she's still unable to break eye contact with me while taking a few steps back.

"What just happened?!" She asks, sounding and looking dumbfounded.

I need to get out of here. How can I be subtle about this?

"Bye."

I quickly turn around and walk to my next class, Spanish.

"BYE!" Jane shouts.

I turn my body around to look at her. I wave at her; this causes her to wave back with a huge smile. After that's over, I continue walking to class.

--

I've never been fond of learning a new language. Spanish is the easiest one to learn other than English. If you're wondering, this school is predominantly white, which basically means nobody knows shit about spanish.

I'm working on today's assignment whenever Todd taps me on the shoulder. Todd's a generic high school jock. He's not as bad as Troy, but is that really saying much. Todd is 6'3, he has dark hair, green eyes, and he's really muscular. I wouldn't say that he has the advantage against me, but it would definitely be my toughest challenge.

I turn my body so that I'm sitting sideways in the chair, then I look at Todd...

"What...?"

Todd chuckles.

"Sorry, bro."

"Sorry for what?"

"You know... what happened after lunch. The panic attack?"

He's talking about it like it's happened at school before...

"She's had one here before?" I ask.

Todd nods his head and lets out another chuckle.

"Yeah, she's had a couple. One was so bad, the school had to get Hopper to come here so she would calm down."

Shit, I didn't know it was that bad...

"That sucks..."

Todd raises his eyebrows and chuckles again.

"So..... are you banging her or what?"

"Um, no, we've only been going out for over a month..."

Todd nods his head and crosses his arms while having a weird smile on his face.

"Ah, I get it."

Todd looks around the classroom. He leans in closer to me.

"You're lucky. She's got everything. She's crazy, she's definitely a virgin, and she's hot as hell. Crazy chicks are usually amazing in bed."

I..... I want him to stop talking about her like that...

"That's my girlfriend. Don't talk about her like that, man."

Todd smirks as he leans back in his seat.

"Come on man, I'm not trying to be rude, I'm just saying that her ass is-"

"STOP!" I randomly shout.

A crowd of people, including the teacher, awkwardly look at us. It takes a couple of seconds before they go back to doing what they were doing.

Todd's smirk is gone now.

"You know, Wheeler, you're really acting like a pussy."

I want to hurt him.... Fuck, I want to kill him!

I get rid of my fake face. He gets to see my real face, my murdering face.

"Don't talk about her..... or I'll fucking kick your ass!" I whisper.

Todd immediately chuckles at my threat....

He stares into my eyes and whispers a threat of his own.

"You think you're so big and bad? Motherfucker, if you touch me, I'll beat your ass and force you to watch me take Jane's virginity, and she'll probably orgasm because a real man is fucking her!"

AHGHGHGHGHHG

I headbutt him, knocking him out of his seat as his body hits the floor.

FUCK YES! TAKE THAT YOU DOUCHE! AW MAN, I MISSED BEING ANGRY LIKE THIS, FUCK!

He's not conscious. Everybody's staring. Uh-oh.

A girl screams.

"OH MY GOD, MIKE JUST KNOCKED OUT TODD!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"WOW!!!"

All of this banter I'm hearing makes me feel like I'm a badass. With so much anger in her eyes, the teacher looks at me from across the room and yells at me.

"GO AND SEE MR. WILLIAMS NOW!"

I nod my head, knowing I'm in deep shit, but life goes on. I exit the classroom and make my way over to the vice principal.

--

The only reasons kids would have to see the vice principal at our school is because they got in trouble, or they're about to get in trouble.

After waiting and waiting in this chair for someone to send me in, they finally do. When I make it inside, I see Mr. Williams at his desk sitting in a black office chair. He's in his early 30s and has relatively short hair. I'm guessing he's around 5'8; he's also in pretty good shape.

He looks up at me, then down at the current paper he's reading. He motions me to sit down with his hand, so I take a seat in the chair in front of his desk and wait for whatever comes next...

"Michael Wheeler, is it?" Mr. Williams asks.

"Yes, sir..."

He grabs the paper and continues to read it. He seems amazed by something. He puts the paper back down and looks at me

"You headbutted Todd Bowman?!"

Just be honest...

"Yes, sir..."

His eyes widen with shock.

"And... you knocked him out?!"

Well, not more than a couple minutes, but sure.

I slowly nod my head....

"It's hard to believe that someone like you could've done this!" Mr. Williams says.

Someone like me?!

"What do you mean?" I wonder.

He looks down at the paper again, but this time he speaks while reading it.

"It says that you've maintained a perfect GPA for all of your time at Hawkins High, you've never missed a day of school, and I'm just gonna be real with you here, YOUR INDIANA TEST SCORES ARE INTIMIDATING! You are one of the smartest kids in this state! Why did you go and do this?" Mr Williams gives me a depressed look after listing off all of my accomplishments.

I should just be honest with him...

"I don't know..... I guess he said something that just really made me lose it. I never thought I could get that mad about something....."

I never thought I could let my aggression out in public like that...

I shake my head and look at my feet.

"This is all off the record, but what exactly did he say?"

I look up at him with my eyebrows raised.

"I can't tell you... it's too graphic..."

He nods his head.

"OK... how about you tell me exactly what he said, you won't get in any extra trouble for saying it, I just wanna know... because a kid like you surely has a reason for headbutting someone," Mr. Williams

chuckles.

I guess this is the closest thing I will get to a therapist.

I nod my head and sigh before telling him.

"He said he was gonna beat my ass, then force me to watch him take my girlfriends virginity..... and that she'll orgasm because he's a real man..."

It gets silent while he takes in what I just said.

"So... this is a insecurity problem... about losing your girlfriend to another guy?"

It's more of a psychopathic problem.

"I... I don't know."

Mr. Williams chuckles.

"I understand why you did it. Hell, I felt like doing that to so many people... but unlike you, I've never had the guts to do it," Mr. Williams smiles at me.

"So you've had... urges?"

"Well yeah, we've all wanted to fight someone at one time or another. The important thing is controlling yourself from actually doing it..."

And that's my problem. Jane has caused me to lose control of my urges.... But how?!

I look down at my feet and sigh.

"I guess it's my fault..... I'm usually good with controlling myself, but my girlfriend is making me feel all sort of emotions that I never thought were possible for me to feel..."

Mr. Williams gets a look on his face like he knows exactly what I'm talking about.

"Ah, so young and full of love. All logic goes out the window at that

point." Mr. Williams says.

No, I can't be in love. That's too deep of a feeling...

"There was this girl in high school that I dated, she was amazing. I thought she was the one. I would literally kill a guy if that meant she would stay with me. But... people change. Their feelings change, and then they get bored of the person they're with. It's tragic... but that's life for ya."

Why is he telling me this?

And could Jane change her opinion about me? One day she's obsessed with me, and then the next she's bored of me.....?

I don't want her to leave me..... I need her.....

I nod my head and come up with a response...

"Well, whenever I tell her this, she's gonna freak out..."

We both go silent. I'm looking at the floor, awaiting whatever punishment he has for me.....

Mr. Williams looks at his papers some more.....

It seems like the longest 15 seconds in human history.

Mr. Williams lets out a sigh and looks at me with a smile on his face.

"I'd hate to see a kid like you get suspended, especially with that perfect record. But you did knock out a kid, albeit with one headbutt, but still. Ugh, I really don't want to this," Mr. Williams rubs his eyes, annoyed about the current decision he faces.

But he's going to. He has no reason not to. I deserve it.

"So I'm gonna do something different..."

What?!

"Instead of getting suspended and missing two weeks of school, you can just do a full month of detention instead. Yes, it's detention, but

you'll still be counted present for every class, and your attendance record will remain perfect..... Is that a deal?"

How is he gonna just treat me differently because I'm smart? I'm not complaining, but damn. Being smart does have its advantages...

"Yes, sir, we have a deal...."

He stands up and offers his hand out to me for a handshake.

I stare at him awkwardly before getting up. I decide to connect my hand with his, making a proper handshake.

It's odd to me. Mr. Williams is kind of like me, but I can tell he doesn't have the darkness that I have; he shouldn't want to have that.

This is a sign that from this point forward, I have to get my urges under control.

--

Jane and I are walking to my car in the parking lot after school. She looks happier than she did when she was crying into my arms. She doesn't deserve to be sad, I do.

As we're still walking, she turns her head to me and giggles. I look at her with a grin.

"What?" I say.

She shakes her head and gets rid of the smile on her face.

"Nothing. You just... make me happy."

"OK..."

Jane laughs again.

We make it to my car, but she continues to talk...

"It's okay if you don't know how to feel when we talk sometimes. I know you're going through a lot of change, I can see it in your eyes. I'm not gonna pressure you into doing anything, Mike. I'm just happy

you're feeling things..."

She puts her hand in my hair and starts scratching my head, causing me to give her a weird look that makes her burst out laughing.

She's right. I don't know how to feel sometimes when I talk to her.... But right now... I feel like everything's right..... Her smile, laughter, and those lips.....

She makes everything feel right...

I give her a warm smile, I could never pretend to make this smile. This smile that I have... is real. Her eyes are telling me to kiss her, and I know that part of me is telling me to do the same. The complications of being a psychopath are being washed away from my body..... I feel hope and love and everything that I never thought I wanted...

She's... perf-

THE FUCK?!

TROY GRABS ME BY MY SHIRT WITH TWO HANDS AND FORCES ME AGAINST THE PASSENGER DOOR OF MY CAR!

His eyes.... The same eyes I've always had. His face is full of anger.

"You're lucky I don't fucking kick your ass for what you did to me over the weekend!" Troy says, although he's not shouting, he's talking to me in a pretty aggressive way.

I'm not phased by his intimidation tactics. I grin at him.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"And the shit you pulled with Todd today?! What the fuck, Wheeler, have you lost your fucking mind?!"

"Troy, let him go!" Jane says out of the corner of my eye.

Troy looks at Jane and gets even angrier.

"Shut up, slut!"

I should of killed him.

He turns his attention back to me. I can tell he wants to punch me, hell, even kill me, but he won't.

"Leave me alone, Wheeler, leave me the fuck alone!"

The pain in his eyes. He doesn't hide who he is like me; there's something admirable about that.

"I'm sorry for all the pain you're going through, Troy. Me and you, we are the same..."

Troy raises his eyebrows while still holding on to my shirt.

"What the hell are you talking about?! We're nothing alike!" Troy says.

"I hide who I am... but you..... you embrace who you are. The anger you have, the urges... I have those too..."

Troy shakes his head.

"Fuck off, Wheeler."

"I'm starting to change though. Ever since I met Jane, she's made me feel things I thought were never possible..."

I look at Jane and smile. She briefly smiles back but realizes I'm still being held against the car by Troy and wipes the smile off of her face.

I look back at Troy. He looks extremely confused and doesn't respond, which means he IS like me.

"Tell me something, Troy. When you were with Max, did you ever have those thoughts inside your head that maybe, just maybe, you could feel human?" I ask him, having a grin on my face.

Troy's eyes widen and he gets this embarrassed look on his face.

"H-H-H-How did you know about Max?!?!" Troy's voice shakes.

"You know, people say the funniest things in their sleep," I say, adding a chuckle afterwards.

Troy looks defeated. This is better than killing him, it's like I'm killing his soul.

After a few more seconds of awkwardly staring, Troy lets go of my shirt and walks away without saying anything.

Watching him walk off without retaliating is so unlike Troy.

I walk up to Jane. She's been standing there the entire time, so she heard everything. She looks shocked... but still... pretty.

"Mike, are you okay?!" Jane asks as she puts her hands on my shoulders.

I nod and smile in response.

"Yeah, let's just go."

We both give each other one last smile before getting in the car.

--

After Mike dropped El off so that she could do some chores around the house, Hopper gave her a big talk about being back by 9:30. She sighed but agreed to it. She wanted to make her hair perfect for Mike. She struggled to find clothes to wear, so she went with blue jeans and a green shirt.

Mike picked her up and drove her to his house. Mike was wearing all black, including underwear. The ride there was awkward to say the least....

But things got less awkward when they entered Mike's house to find dinner already done. The plates were ready.

It was mac and cheese, and Mike loved it.

After eating dinner and watching a movie with Mike's mom, they went upstairs to have some alone time in his room.

So here they are... awkwardly sitting on his bed together, both of them not knowing where to start...

El has the side of her head resting against Mike's chest while Mike has his arms behind his head with the pillow resting against the back of his head.

El is so happy that she can feel his muscular body...

"Are you gonna tell me why you have powers now?" Mike asks as he sits up, causing El get her head off his chest and sit up with him.

"Right..."

El takes a deep breath before explaining her entire life to him. She looks into Mike's eyes...

I'm ready.

"There were these secret experiments done by the government. They would do experiments to humans to help them fight in the Cold War..... Years went by, and one of the humans they were experimenting on happened to be my mom. She was pregnant with me when she went through these experiments..."

El closes her eyes and pictures her mother opening the door that led to the rainbow room...

Her scream echoes inside of El's head.

El doesn't know how much she's panicking until Mike puts his hand on her shoulder, causing her to open her eyes out of shock.

"Are you okay?!" Mike asks.

El gulps and lets out a few heavy breaths before nodding at him. She continues on.

"Anyways, when I was born, they took me away from her so they could continue to experiment on me. They told her that she miscarried in the third trimester."

Mike's face says it all. He is saddened, but his sadness quickly turns into anger..... He wants to kill everyone that was involved...

"That's fucking horrible!" Mike says.

"It gets even worse..... Years later, Mom tried to rescue me from them... but she ended up having her brain fried. Now she's in a vegetable like state relieving the memories where she saw me over and over again..."

If Mike could cry, he would. He looks so distraught...

"More years would go by. They kept experimenting on me... and I was forced to do it. Martin Brenner, a man who I called Papa for the longest time, manipulated me into doing these experiments. My powers kept growing and growing and growing... Until one day, I found a creature. I touched it... it turned around and scared me..... Which made me open a gate to another dimension..."

"What?! Another dimension?! I'm so confused!" Mike says.

"It's crazy, I know, but it happened. I have this power where I can visit people and see what they're doing. Like, say your mom is downstairs right now, I could visit her and tell you that she's watching TV or doing the dishes or something like that. It's in my powers..."

"Oh," Mike tries to sound like he understands but it's making him more confused.

"I know this is a lot to take in... but just try to understand."

Mike nods his head and smiles warmly at her.

"So When I opened the gate, I ran away. I was too scared to stay there and be their experiment anymore. I ran and ran. I thought I was safe when I met a man named Benny..."

Mike's eyes widen when he realizes who she's talking about.

"You mean Benny? Like, Benny's Burgers Benny? The guy who killed himself?" Mike asked with a chilling voice.

El can't help but think she's responsible for Benny's death.

I got him killed. It's my fault.

"That's what the government made you think. In reality, he was shot because they were looking for me... and him knowing about me being their little project was too risky for them, so they killed him... and I continued running..."

"What the fuck?!" Mike uncontrollably blurts out.

El lets out a sad sigh. She's having trouble not to break down in front of him, that would be so embarrassing.

"So it was a rainy night. I was running... until I found two boys..."

El smiles just thinking about the boys finding her.

"Dustin and Lucas... they were out looking for Will who mysteriously disappeared from the Demogorgon."

"Woah, what's a Demogorgon?!" Mike asks, looking stumped.

"Ah, right, sorry, the Demogorgon is the creature I touched that found our world through the gate I opened. The term Demogorgon comes from Dungeons and Dragons. Dustin coined the name for the creature... but creature is being too lenient, it was a fucking monster!"

At this point, Mike's brain is shutting down with all this information going into his head.

This is too deep, even for me....

"OK," Mike says.

El sees the look on his face and knows explaining everything else in full detail will completely shut him down.

"Sorry for putting this all on you, you wanted to know."

Mike lets out a chuckle.

"Fuck, I kinda wish I didn't know now. Please tell me we're almost done...?"

El giggles at how amazed he sounds. It almost makes her forget he's a psychopath...

"Not quite, but I'll shorten it for you. So after I found Dustin and Lucas, I hid in Dustin's house, it was easy because his mother isn't the smartest person in the world. But yeah, I killed the Demogorgon, Will got rescued, things kinda went back to normal. Well, not really. There were still things we had to deal with from those monsters, but that's too much to explain in one night, so yeah... Things are normal now, well, as normal as it's gonna get," El shakes her head at the sad truth.

"How many people know about you?" Mike asks.

"Everyone in my family, so Hopper, Joyce, Will, and Jonathan. Then there's Steve, Nancy, Max, Dustin, and Lucas. I might be leaving people out, those are just names off the top of my head," El replies.

Mike has a lot of things to think about tonight... His brain just barely registers what she said.

Another fucking dimension?! HOLY SHIT?!

"That's... incredible," Mike says with a look of disbelief, causing El to laugh at him.

"Now you know," El smiles and puts her hand on his, wanting to kiss him so bad.

Mike feels her rubbing his hand... He doesn't hate the feeling, but he didn't think they would be in this situation already.

"I wanna talk to you some more," Mike says, causing El to retract her hand from Mike's.

She nods her head at him and smiles.

"OK, what do you wanna talk about?"

"Why are you and Max fighting?" Mike asks.

El doesn't wanna talk about Max in a demeaning way. She doesn't know where their friendship stands and if they even have a friendship anymore. But it's Mike she's talking to, and he deserves the truth...

She looks down at her legs in shame.

"I just... couldn't believe she... had sex with Troy. It pissed me off. Maybe I went a little too hard on her, and that probably made her say the things she said... but GOD, TROY?!" El covers her face with both hands out of disgust.

Mike puts his hand on El's shoulder. El removes her hands from her face and looks at Mike who's now comforting her by slowly rubbing her shoulder.

Why is he so good at this?!

"I don't see the big deal... she had sex with him. You shouldn't ridicule her for that, it's her decision," Mike says, giving El mixed emotions.

"You're not mad that she had sex with your lifelong bully? My bully?! It's wrong, Mike."

"Maybe I'd be mad if you did it... or if Max did it and I knew her for as long as you did... but I can't hate her. She made a decision. Troy's literally slept with half of the girls in our grade, so they obviously see something in him."

El smiles at Mike.

"They see something in you, too."

El caresses his face with her hand, causing Mike to...

He's blushing. WOW, HE'S SO CUTE.

"Jane... there's something else I have to tell you," Mike says, looking guilty of something.

El immediately gets a look of worry as she removes her hand from his face.

DID HE KILL SOMEBODY?!!?

"What?!" El asks, panicking on the inside.

"I... knocked out a boy in class for talking bad about you..."

El sigh's out of relief, but then realizes what he just said.

"Wait, in class?! MIKE, YOU GET SUSPENDED FOR DOING THAT SHIT IN SCHOOL!" El shouts, making Mike flinch.

Her powers make her so scary...

"I know-I know! They were easy on me because my track record, so they gave me a month of detention instead."

"Oh," El gets quiet.

"So you knocked out a boy... because he talked bad about me?" El asks, getting a little turned on.

"Yeah..... I'm sorry, I should've controlled my urges, it was dumb of me to-"

El crashes her lips with his, immediately silencing whatever Mike was about to say.

They break up the kiss shortly after and oddly stare at one another. El bites her lip, wanting more of Mike.

Mike gulps, afraid of what comes after this...

El climbs on top of Mike and kisses him again, but it's not a smooch this time. They turn it into a messy makeout session. El briefly opens her eyes and moans, causing Mike to moan. She places Mike's hand on her ass. Mike is shocked by how sexually ready she is.

While still making out, El caresses his face with both hands. She is in control of him... and she loves it.

She breaks off the kiss which causes both of them to open their eyes and look at each other in amazement.

"Take off your shirt," El says while biting her lip.

"O-OK," Mike replies nervously.

Mike takes off his shirt and throws it on the floor. If El was turned on before, now she's literally melting over how hot he is.

"Wow, your abs look... unreal," El touches his stomach and feels nothing but muscle.

El signals for Mike to lie on his back, so he does it.

El leans down and places little kisses on his chest, then moves down to his stomach. She moves lower and plants a kiss on his crotch.

Mike is trying his best to get hard, but it's not working...

GET UP YOU LITTLE BASTARD!

"Do you mind?" El asks, wanting to take off his pants.

"Not at all," Mike is completely embarrassed on the inside but is still trying to keep his cool for El.

She takes his shoes and socks off, tossing them on the floor. Then she takes his pants off and tosses them carelessly on the floor. All that's left on Mike is black underwear, where she can clearly see the outline of his bulge.

El smiles at the sight...

She rolls down the underwear through his legs, not wanting to look up at his member quite yet. When she gets the underwear off his body, she tosses it on the floor and closes her eyes. With her eyes closed, she moves her head up at Mike's groin area and opens them.

HOLY SHIT, IT'S NOT EVEN HARD YET AND IT'S FUCKING HUGE!

Mike leans up.

"Jane, I can't," Mike breathes heavily with his eyes closed.

"You-You-You can't what?" El's barely able to spit it out because all of her concentration is going to his huge cock.

"I can't get it hard..... I'm sorry," Mike looks hurt.

El comes back to reality and notices that Mike's panicking, kind of like her...

"Mike, it's okay! I'm not gonna force you to do anything you don't wanna do!" El touches his thigh and slowly rubs it...

"...Thanks," Mike says as he opens his eyes, feeling calmer about his problem.

El seductively looks at Mike.

"We can try something... if you're up for it?"

Mike raises his eyebrows at her.

"What is it?"

"What if I... use my powers to get you hard?"

Mike's eyes widen and his jaw drops out of shock.

"You... can do that?!"

"I can do a lot of things..... So.... do you wanna try it?" El asks, giving Mike the seductive look.

"I really want to be hard for you right now.... So yes....."

Mike moves his legs together to make room for El's knees on his bed.

El looks down at his cock and gets it fully hard in about four seconds using her powers. Mike has officially lost his mind.

"Hooooooooooooooooooooo fuuuuuuuuckkkkkkk!!!! FUCK, YOU DID IT, YOU ACTUALLY DID IT!"

El puts her finger up to Mike's mouth to silence him.

"Shhhhhhhh. Just enjoy..."

El leans down to grab his cock with both hands and slowly strokes it. She can't help but stare at it with lust.

"You're so fucking big..."

It's so much bigger in person, WOW!

Mike is in heaven, although that's self explanatory...

OH MY GOD, I WANNA FUCK THE SHIT OUT OF HER!!!!!!!!!!

El picks up the pace with her stroking and gets faster...

Mike's not used to having a girl do this for him so he's not gonna last long.

El looks Mike in the eyes while stroking his cock. She moves her hands faster and faster while licking her lips and giving Mike an animalistic stare. This makes him orgasm instantly.

His sperm shoots onto his stomach; some of it gets on El's hand as she continues to jerk him off.

"AHHHHHH!!" Mike lets out a moan.

El sees the mess on her hand and his stomach; she's a little grossed out by it at first, but Mike's naked body being in front of her quickly washes away any disgust she has.

"Tissues are in the bathroom next door," Mike says, heavily breathing after an intense orgasm.

El smiles at him before running out of the room to get tissue paper.

As Mike waits for her to get back, a couple of thoughts go through his head.

How did she completely control me like that...I wonder what she looks like naked...I can get used to this...

11. Returning The Favor

NOVEMBER 2 1988

It's another Friday evening at the arcade. I just got done playing Lucas in Street Fighter, I won. Due to their fighting, Max and Jane decided not to show up. Jane also couldn't show up anyway because of Hopper, but that's another story. I didn't want to show up either, but Lucas begged me to play with him because Will and Dustin hate Street Fighter, so they're playing games on the other side of the arcade.

"DAMMIT!" Lucas shouts after losing for the tenth time.

His anger stops whenever he smirks at me.

"Wanna go again?" Lucas asks.

Nope.

I smile at him to hide my distaste for this meaningless hobby, which annoys me because I'm so good at it.

"I really need to get home."

Lucas looks disappointed.

"I need a ride. Max dropped me off and said she wasn't gonna be able to pick me up. Can you take me home?"

As much as I don't want to...

"Sure, why not."

We walk out of the arcade and get into my car. I can see by on the look of his face, this car brings back fond memories of when he watched me break Billy's arm. As I'm about to drive out of the parking lot, he decides to do that thing that friends do: Talk constantly about nothing.

It's five minutes into the drive, and I'm running out of human things

to say.

"So how the hell are you so good at Street Fighter?" Lucas asks.

"It's all about learning the combos. It's not that hard once you know the moveset for a character..."

Lucas chuckles.

"You make it sound so easy. Man, I wish I was just like you."

I doubt that.

"Believe me, I'm far from perfect," I reply honestly.

I make a left turn while Lucas replies.

"Oh yeah, what could possibly be so bad about being you?"

Where do I even start. I want to kill people! NO, that's not what a normal human would say.

I guess a normal human would talk about their relationship problems, right? I don't know, but I do need advice on how to please Jane...

After what she did to me on Halloween night, I feel that it's my duty to give her something back. I... don't really know how to please a girl besides the obvious penis going into vagina method.

I quickly glance at him to respond.

"I need advice on how to... satisfy Jane," I say while cringing.

Lucas' face freezes at first. He looks out the window before looking back at me, although my eyes are back on the road.

"I had no idea, dude," Lucas says, sounding sorry for me.

"You had no idea about what?"

"You're small in the pants?"

"What?! No."

"How do you know?" Lucas chuckles while having a goofy look on his face.

Honesty... the key to earning someone's trust...

"Because.... Jane told me it was big..."

Lucas smiles at me with his eyes almost shut while nodding his head.

"OK, I see you....."

"So, uh, I know it's none of my business, but... Like, what did you guys... you know..... Did you guys, like..."

Ah, I suppose this is the part of the discussion where guy friends tell each other things that they wouldn't say with girls around.

"Well, I mean... I didn't do much. It was pretty much all her..."

"Oh, so, like, a blowjob?" Lucas smirks at me after saying that.

A blowjob from Jane Hopper, WOW. Thinking about it seems incredible. So why the hell can't I get it up for her?!

"No, all she did was a... handjob," I don't know why I'm telling him this...

"Alright, not bad, we all gotta start somewhere. I'm actually surprised she did that. She's not the type of girl to get down and dirty like that... especially so quick from a random dude she met a month ago, no offense."

None taken.

I forgot, I'm supposed to ask him for advice!

I stop the car right at his house, but before he gets out, I need to tell him something.

"Lucas, I need to know how to pleasure a girl other than having sex with her," I look so disgusted.

I'm a psychopath for fuck sakes, why do I need advice?!? UGHH.

Jane has me so confused.

He can see the disgusted but desperate look on my face. In my head, my request sounded like this: Please human, teach me how to sexually satisfy a female partner without doing the actual act of mating!

Lucas giggles and takes his seatbelt off.

"It's not that hard bro. There are so many ways. Sticking your fingers inside of her is one way. For some reason, girls like it when you finger them, I know Max does. If you wanna go for something more extreme, eating her out is another way. You see, all you gotta do is write the alphabet with your tongue. It took me a while to get good at it, but once you know how to do it, she will go crazy everytime!"

Write the alphabet with my tongue? Inside her vagina?! Fingering?! Girls like that?! This might be too much...

I look at him... completely speechless.

"O-Ok.."

Lucas reaches over to pat me on my shoulder.

"Bro, don't worry, you're gonna be fine. She's just as new to this as you are... which is surprising because a guy like you should have all kinds of experience with girls."

Right, but the problem is you don't know who I really am.

"OK."

Lucas gets out of the car and is about to shut the door.

He gave me good advice, so maybe I should tell him about Max and Troy...

"Lucas, wait!"

Lucas stops his motion of shutting the door and turns around to look at me.

"What?"

No, I can't tell him, he'll be so pissed. TO THINK IF JANE EVER HAD SEX WITH TROY, I... don't know what I would do...

No. I won't tell him. Max can tell him; she owes him that.

I smile awkwardly at him.

"Thanks for the advice."

Lucas smiles widely and gives me two thumbs up.

"We're friends bro, I know you'd do the same for me."

All I can do is keep my fake smile on my face and nod at him.

Lucas shuts the door and goes inside the house.

I wish I could tell him the truth, just so I could see some rage in his eyes. He's always too nice, it seems fake, or maybe I'm learning how friends act toward each other. He sees me as his hero, the man who conquered Billy, but he doesn't see the monster inside, nobody does... except her...

--

When Mike dropped El off to go to the arcade, El stayed in bed and thought back to that night...

She didn't believe what came over her that night, well... she knows Mike came, but that's beside the point.

She went crazy and completely controlled him, and ever since then, she's wanted to do more to him. She imagines pleasuring him with her mouth, maybe even doing a sexy lap dance for him when she gets naked. El isn't looking to be who she's been anymore; she wants to unleash her wild side on Mike.

She's been initiating makeout sessions in the car after school because Mike's still Mike... but she is enjoying how he consents to her. He even shows signs of enjoyment sometimes.

Still, he's been awkward to her ever since that night. El knows he isn't gonna change his entire personality in one night, and she's not gonna try and force him to change so fast.

There is one thing that's bugging her: Max.

She's still conflicted on what their friendship is.

A part of El wants to brag to Max about how she jerked off Mike and how his body is so incredible and how she's glad they aren't friends anymore.

But another part of El wants to be friends with her again, she wants Max to pressure her into talking about what she did to Mike, she wants to have someone that she can talk and joke with.

Sure, El has Dustin, Will, and Lucas to talk to, but she could never talk to them about things that she talked to Max about. Max was her best friend, and now with Mike in her life, she's gone...

"EL, DINNERS READY!" Joyce screams from the kitchen.

El stops thinking and gets up to eat.

El and dinner tables don't go well together. She's had a lot of passive aggressive arguments with Hopper over Mike, so she feels like this is gonna be one of the nights where they argue about him again...

When Hopper wipes his mouth clean with a napkin after eating his ribs, El sees him open his mouth. She expects it from him at this point...

"So El, you still mad at me for not allowing you to go to Mike's house this weekend?" Hopper says, grinning with his eyes squinted at El in a hilarious way.

Yup, he did it. El made back to back D's on English tests, which gave Hopper the perfect excuse to keep her separated from his biggest threat, Mike Wheeler.

El hates Hopper so much, she wonders how she's able to control herself from snapping his neck with her powers. Obviously, she'd

never do that, but that's how cruel he's being to her when it comes to Mike. However, El knows what kind of mindgame Hopper is playing; she isn't falling for it.

"No, I'm not mad. I guess I kinda deserved it. I need to focus more on my education."

What I won't tell him is that I've been daydreaming about Mike licking my pussy in class. English just gets too boring sometimes...

Hopper's been alive long enough to tell when someone's bullshitting them.

"If by that, you mean focus on a certain someone less, then yes."

"Hopp, can we just eat dinner in peace!" Joyce chimes in.

Hopper turns his attention to Joyce and stares at her with his eyebrows raised.

"I just wanna know why our daughter is dating a degenerate?!" Hopper says with an attitude while looking back at El.

It was only a matter of time before Hopper stopped with the passive aggressiveness.

"He is NOT a degenerate!" El immediately comes to Mike's defense.

Will, who's sitting beside El, sees the angry look on El's face and mutters:

"Uh-oh..."

"Watch your tone!" Hopper replies to El while giving her the mean look.

El's about to say something... but then they hear someone knocking on the door.

"Who the hell is that?!" Hopper asks Joyce with a frustrated demeanor.

"I'll get it," Joyce smiles sarcastically at Hopper before getting up and opening the door.

When she opens the door, it's none other than Mike.

Joyce is the only one who can see Mike, and she's a little more than shocked to see him at their doorstep.

"Mike? What are you doing here?" Joyce whispers, raising her eyebrows to show her surprise.

Mike makes eye contact with Joyce and doesn't break it.

"I came here to apologize to Hopper for some of the things I said."

"Oh... like, you want to apologize... right now...?"

Mike nods his head and slightly smiles.

Joyce knows it's not gonna be easy, but having Mike and Hopper as enemies is not gonna help! The fact that Mike came back here to own up for his mistakes makes Joyce's decision easier.

"Alright, come in, stay behind me, don't talk until I give you permission, alright?"

Mike nods his head and enters the house.

Joyce walks back into the dining room alone and sits down beside Hopper. Everyone's looking at her, wondering who was at the door.

"Well?" Hopper says, wanting Joyce to answer the question he never asked.

Joyce takes a deep breath before talking.

"With the recent argument that was had at this table about two minutes ago, and with the person who showed up at our door, I think that this is fate. Hopper..... El, it's time for you two to finally work out your issues at this table. YOU CAN COME IN NOW."

Mike slowly walks into frame where everyone can see him. El's

briefly shocked before smiling at how cute he is, Hopper is boiling on the inside for seeing the boy he hates walk into his home, and Will takes a look at Hopper's angry face and mutters:

"Uh-oh."

"Take the seat in front of Hopper, Mike," Joyce orders.

Mike nods before quickly walking over to his seat. He sits down and all he can see in front of his face is Hopper's mean stare, his eyes not moving away from Mike at all.

"Hello, Mr..... Hopper...."

Mike already wants to kill somebody for saying that.

Hopper shakes his head and crosses his arms together.

"Why are you here?!"

Mike does his fake laugh to try and break the tension, but it ends up making the setting more awkward.

"OK, I know what I said to you might of come across as disrespectful, and you have the right to feel that way because I was acting like-and excuse my language, but I was acting like an asshole, and I know you don't want Jane to go out with men who are assholes, I get it."

Hopper is surprised at how intelligent Mike sounds this time. He decides to let Mike speak some more.

"But your daughter..."

Mike turns his head to El and smiles warmly, making her blush so bad. Mike gets lost in her eyes for a few seconds before looking back at Hopper.

"Your daughter has changed me, and I mean that 100%. She's... made me see life in a whole new way, a way in which I can break free from my usual self and have hope for a better life. What I'm trying to say is....."

El is so pumped! She's trying to hide her excitement.

Is he gonna say he loves me?!!

"I..... respect your daughter... and I know you're just trying to protect her, but I need her in my life. Please, let me spend some time with her. If she can't leave the house, that's fine, but just let me spend some time with her here then," Mike looks sincere in what he's saying.

Hopper can't believe how good this kid is at talking his way out of trouble...

Hopper sighs, knowing he can't say no after how heartfelt that speech was.

"You're leaving at 9:30, on the dot! And no more visits this weekend!" Hopper still tries to win the war, knowing that he lost the current battle.

Mike and El look at each other with big smiles on their faces.

Joyce makes Mike a plate at the dinner table. After dinner's done, they watch TV in the living room for a bit with Will. Will doesn't like being around lovey dovey couples like Mike and El because it makes him feel like the third wheel, and the third wheel is not something to be proud of in his eyes.

Mike and El go into El's room. Finally... they had some alone time...

Mike and El cuddle for a while. Everything in the world feels right when El rests her head on Mike's chest. Mike twirls her hair around his finger and yanks it just a tad too much.

"OW," El shouts with pain in her voice.

"Sorry!" Mike says, not wanting to die from her powers.

El giggles before she lies her head back down on Mike's chest.

"It's okay, just be gentle..."

Mike gently plays with her hair this time, making El bite her lip at how she's making him follow orders.

I really get horny from anything that he does. What is wrong with me?!

While playing with her hair, he looks at his watch.

"15 minutes left."

"Already?!" El replies, feeling disappointed how quickly time has flown by.

Mike's had the idea in his head this entire time, and he knows he can't wait any longer.

"You know, there are a lot of things we can do in 15 minutes," Mike tries to sound sexy, but it comes across as corny and makes El laugh.

Not wanting to give El enough time to respond, he positions himself in between her legs. He unbuttons her pants and takes them off, leaving her in only pink panties and blue t-shirt.

In a matter of seconds, El went from laughing at Mike's corny voice to immediately being turned on by how he took control of her.

"M-M-Mike..."

Mike puts his finger up to her lips to silence her.

"Shhhhhh, just enjoy," Mike whispers, trying to mimic El from when she gave him a handjob on Halloween.

I hope she found that sexy...

Mike takes off her panties and tosses them to the floor. He's now looking at it in awe.

He's not turned on by it, but he knows he owes her for that night...

He buries his head down into her vagina and starts to lick it. He holds onto both of her thighs to keep his balance. Mike hears Lucas'

tips in his head.

A.....B.....C.....D.....E.....

El covers her mouth with one hand and grabs Mike's hair with the other. She's gonna go crazy if he keeps doing this!

El comes back to reality when she realizes Hopper is in the same house as them. He could walk in at any minute to tell Mike to go home, so if he saw this.... Yeah, Mike's screwed... or would Hopper be screwed? She can't figure out who would win that fight and she doesn't want to.

"Mike-Mike-Mike!" El slaps his head, causing him to lift his head up at her.

"Huh?" Mike looks confused.

HE LOOKS SO HOT, I SHOULD LET HIM KEEP GOING! NO! EL, STOP BEING HORNY AND HAVE SOME SENSE.

"We can't do this. Hopper could catch us," El says, looking and feeling disappointed.

Mike stares at her, trying to think of what to say.

"... Fuck Hopper."

Mike buries his tongue back into her pussy, determined to make her orgasm.

El tries to push him away but he's too strong and she's currently so weak!

The enjoyment she's getting from his tongue is immeasurable. He's gonna make her orgasm...

"MIKE, IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR YOU TO GO!" Hopper screams from the kitchen.

El gets startled which takes her out of the mood for a moment. Mike doesn't even slow down. In fact, he's getting faster with his tongue.

"Miiiike, we need to stop!" El's able to whisper despite nearing an orgasm.

El hears Hopper's footsteps; they're getting louder and louder.

El uses her powers to push Mike away from her.

"He's coming!"

El uses her powers to make her panties and pants fly to her. She quickly gets dressed while in bed. Mike adjusts his hair from all the tugging El did to it. El gets under the covers as Mike is about to open the door, however Hopper beats him to it.

As soon as Hopper opens the door, he scans the room, sensing something off about it.

"Sir?" Mike says while trying not to look suspicious.

Hopper knows something is off, but he decides to ignore it.

"Let's go..."

Mike waves goodbye to El. El smiles and waves back, wishing she would've been able to finish...

--

It's been a long day. I'm just glad to be home. I decide to eat a late night snack. I grab a box of cheez-its in the kitchen and start eating some.

Mom walks into the kitchen.

"Hey," I say while crunching on my fifth cheese cracker.

"I thought you were coming home a couple hours ago," Mom replies, looking worried as always with her arms crossed.

"Something came up. I stopped by Jane's."

Mom's worried look turns into a weird grin.

"So things are getting serious?"

"I wouldn't say serious, more like normal."

It's a shame I couldn't make her orgasm. That's all I wanted to do. It was supposed to be for her but I failed.

"One of your friends stopped by today, he wants to meet you at the junkyard tomorrow so you two can throw the football together."

Lucas?

"Who was he?"

"Troy."

Troy? He wants to see me alone. No doubt he's still salty about me knowing about Max.

"Alright."

Cheez-its are good.

--

NOVEMBER 3 1988

Here I am, the junkyard. This place stands out from any other place in Hawkins. It's perfect for a drug deal.

I don't see anyone in sight...

I walk past the school bus-

FUCK, IT'S TROY!

--

Troy comes out of hiding behind the bus with a baseball bat to swing and connect with Mike's lower leg, causing him to fall down on his back and hold his right leg in pain.

"FUCK!" Mike shouts, his leg filled with pain.

Troy defiantly stands in front of him as Mike looks up to make eye contact.

"You've fucked with me for the last time, Wheeler!"

Mike, who is gritting his teeth from all the pain, looks into Troy's eyes with anger.

"This is about Max?"

Troy laughs like psychopath before going into full rage.

"YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT THIS IS ABOUT MAX!"

Troy's intensity has Mike focused.

"So what, you're gonna kill me because-"

Troy swings the baseball bat down at Mike, however Mike is able to roll out of the way and do a kip-up to get back on his feet. Troy swings at him again but Mike ducks and punches Troy in the gut. He steals the baseball bat from his hands and hits Troy in the same spot Troy hit him.

Troy falls down on the ground and holds his leg in pain.

"AHHHH!!!!" Troy screams.

Mike drops the baseball bat and mounts Troy and connects with ferocious punches to his face.

Mike won't stop punching him. He's been holding in this rage for too long, and Troy's been asking for it.

Twenty punches in, Troy's nose is broken and bloody and his entire face is bruised.

Mike doesn't stop punching him until Troy gives up.

"OK, YOU WIN, STOP, STOP!" Troy screams.

Mike's clenched fist is about to hit his face again, but he refrains from doing it. He gets off of Troy and lies down beside him, looking up at

the blue sky with his hands behind his head.

"Fuck.... You really got me good, Wheeler," Troy says as he coughs hard.

Mike turns his head to smile at Troy, who's looking up at the sky as well, although he can't fully open his eyes because of how beat up he is.

"You know, Troy, I never thought you'd give up so easily..."

"Fuck you..."

Mike giggles some more before going back to looking at the sky.

"Tell me, what's so special about Max that you're willing to kill me?" Mike wonders.

Troy coughs a couple more times before he's able to say anything.

"It's hard to explain...."

Mike playfully nudges Troy's shoulder.

"I got all day..."

Troy sighs and roll his eyes.

"Fine, you wanna know, I'll fucking tell you."

MARCH 24 1988

"OH FUCK YES!!! RIGHT THERE!!!! FUCK ME!!!!" Max screams.

Max was on her elbows and knees as Troy pounded her from behind on his bed.

Troy's parents were out of town, and like every weekend when they go out of town, Max would come over and engage in some sexual activities.

The first time they did it at his house, she was a newby. But as the months went by, Max's sex game got better and better with Troy to

the point where Max was the one in control.

The slapping sounds were easily heard from Troy's pounding. Max felt so fucking good whenever Troy filled her with his huge cock. She couldn't help but compare him to her last boyfriend, who happened to be Lucas...

She felt kinda sad on the inside when she blurted out that Troy's the best she's ever had during one of their sessions, but Troy was at least 3 inches longer than Lucas. She couldn't deny how gifted Troy was.

After being pounded from behind, they broke away from the position. Max turned around and put her hands on Troy's chest, pushing him onto his back and mounting him. With his cock inside of her, she began to ride him like it was her last day on earth.

"FUCK! YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL!" Troy shouted while trying not to finish.

Max did go on the pill at the start of the year, so Troy didn't have to worry about making that huge mistake.

Max went up and down on his cock as Troy stared at her, completely amazed by how beautiful and naughty she is.

Max smiled at Troy's stupendous look before she bent down to whisper something into his ear.

"You better pull my hair and fuck me hard," Max bit her lip while going nose to nose with Troy.

Troy followed her orders like a good dog, pulling her hair so hard, it forced her to look at the ceiling for a second.

Troy slapped her ass before pounding into her hard and fast. The slapping sounds were so loud as they both were reaching their peak.

"OH MY GOD, THAT FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD!!! DON'T STOP!! MAKE ME YOUR BITCH!!!" Max screams out in pleasure.

Troy couldn't take it anymore.

"I'm cumming!!!"

"IM CUMMING TOO!!!!"

Troy orgasmed inside of her; Max orgasmed just a couple seconds after him.

Troy stayed inside her for a couple minutes as they tried to regain their breaths. Max yanked his hair and pulled him into a sloppy makeout session. They cuddled for a bit before Max got up and started to get dressed.

"Next weekend?" Max said as she put on her bra and t-shirt.

Troy lied in bed with a sad look on his face.

"I've been wanting to talk to you about something..."

"Talk?" Max looked confused while putting on her panties, pants, socks and shoes.

Troy got out of bed and put all of his clothes on before walking up to her to continue the conversation.

"I like what we have... but I want something more.... You know?" Troy said with a shy look on his face.

"Uh, no, I don't know what you're talking about," Max smiled at him even though she was confused.

"It's just that I really like you..... You've made me feel things I thought were never possible."

Max got a concerned look on her face as she began to figure out where this was going.

"I've told you before... I don't want a relationship..."

"Us fucking over and over again and holding in our feelings isn't healthy. I..... I love you...."

Max shook her head while looking into his desperate eyes.

"Don't do this. You and I both know we can't be together."

"What?! Because of your friends? So I bullied them, yeah, I was a dick for doing that, but you're helping me change! I will never bully another person in my life, I swear! I just want to be with you, Max!" Troy sounded so desperate for her, she couldn't take him seriously.

"What the hell is so special about me, Troy?! What separates me from all the other girls you fucked?!" Max asked with an attitude.

"You... are so pure but... so dangerous. Who you are is what separates you from the other girls. You've changed me Max. I want us to be in a relationship. Who cares if your other friends find out? If they're really your friends, they will accept your decision, like how I accept you..."

Troy moved in to kiss Max, but she pushed him back, causing his eyes to widen out of shock.

"Troy, we can't be together. It's not that easy!" Max shouted.

Troy was starting to get angry.

"So what, I'm just some fuck buddy to you?! That's all you want from me?!"

"I thought that's what you wanted!" Max did make a point.

"I want more! I want you! I want to be happy, and I only feel truly happy when I'm with you!" Troy shouted with passion.

Max remained silent, unsure of how to respond, wondering if she even could respond to something like that.

"Max, if we can't be a real thing, then I don't think we should see each other anymore..."

Max eyes widened with shock. She felt hurt by his words.

"Come on, what we have is good! Why do you want a relationship anyway, it's fucking complicated and feelings get hurt!" Max tried to change his mind.

"MY FEELINGS ARE ALREADY HURT!" Troy yelled as his face turned red.

Max looked down at her feet and shook her head, not knowing what to do. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Please, I really like you..... But we can't be with each other like that. I love my friends, and if they ever knew we were together, who knows if they would even still be my friend."

Troy shook his head with disgust.

"You think everything's about you! What about us?!"

Max gave him a sad look as she wanted him to stop talking about it...

"Troy..."

"Get out. I'm done with you! I can't afford to have any more pain," Troy turned around and calmly got into bed. He lied on his side while being under the covers, resting his head on a pillow with emptiness on his face.

Max wanted to get back into bed with him. She wanted to be with him, but she knew that would end up making life more complicated than it already was, and she didn't want to take that risk. Instead of saying something to him, she couldn't. She was the bad person, not Troy. She walked out of his house, not knowing what the fuck just happened.

--

NOVEMBER 3 1988

"You're telling me she changed you?" Mike asks.

"Not quite. I felt different, I felt that change, but when we stopped seeing each other, that darkness returned, and here I am, normal psycho bully Troy, fucking great!" Troy laughs sarcastically.

"I'm not gonna let that happen to Jane and I. My life depends on her," Mike thinks about what will happen to him if El ever leaves him...

"I felt the exact same about Max..... Fuck, I still love her..."

Mike and Troy share a moment together. They look up at the sky as it starts to get dark

"Can I tell you something, Wheeler...?"

"... Sure," Mike's still worrying about El leaving him.

"My mom stabbed my dad to death in his sleep when I was seven."

Mike turns his head to Troy, shocked at what he just said.

"Really?" Mike gives his full attention to Troy.

Troy turns his head to make eye contact with Mike before continuing on.

"Yeah. My mom and dad got in a huge fight, fuck, he was probably cheating on her for the fifth or sixth time. Anyways, Mom left the house and Dad told me to sleep with him so she wouldn't take me away from him. So I did... until I woke up from my mom stabbing the shit out of my dad right in front of me. My mom just sat there with me and cried. She told me everything was gonna be alright. She held me in her arms for hours before the police got there and arrested her. I got sent to an orphanage and was adopted by rich people..... Not my real parents..."

Mike feels his pain for some reason...

"Shit..."

"Yeah..."

It gets silent. None of them want to talk anymore. They decide to lie on the grass for another hour.

12. Identity Crisis

NOVEMBER 10 1988

It's been a week since Troy and I had that talk. Ever since then, Jane's been coming onto me even stronger. I don't quite know how I'm supposed to love her when I don't exactly feel anything down there. Sure, she can always get me hard with her powers, but what's the point? If I can't get it up naturally, let me say it again, what's the damn point?! I thought that's what relationships were all about, being natural....

It's Saturday, which means Hopper let me come over and spend some time with Jane.

I don't know if I should finish what I started last weekend. It sucks that she didn't get to experience what I did, but she can't say I didn't try.

Here we go. We're both sitting beside each other on the edge of her bed. We're looking into each other's eyes...

Honestly, seeing her smile should make me wanna smile back at how pretty she is, but the only thing that's popping into my head whenever I see her smile is me killing the people that tortured her. If it wasn't for those people, she'd never be into me, she'd know to stay away from my kind. I'm no good to her. She deserves better...

"Mike, is something wrong?" Jane asks.

She wipes the smile off of her face and looks worried.

"Uh, no, nothing's wrong. Nothing at all..."

Why am I bad at lying all the sudden?

"Mike, remember what we talked about? Communication is key to a relationship! You need to talk to me or else we're never gonna be on the same page."

Ugh.

I instantly cave in.

"I'm sick to my stomach that I can't get... hard to you. I'm know I'm a freak and I don't deserve you, yet you're here with me for some reason. I just don't understand why you wouldn't wanna be with a normal guy who can get up with no problem, you know..... Someone who knows way more about human emotion..."

Jane looks at me with those sad but beautiful eyes...

"Mike, you're not a freak..... You're just different. I'm different too. Who cares what society classifies us as? We know who we are on the inside and that's what matters."

Although she's right in a way, I don't know who I am on the inside. Jane's confused me that much...

"Sorry..."

She smiles before caressing my face with her hand.

"Don't be. Come here."

She leans in to kiss me. I'm not prepared but I adjust fairly quick and kiss back.

Her mouth tastes... good...

She breaks off the kiss and pushes me on my back. Jane bites her lip before climbing on top of me and leans down to kiss me some more.

She seems more comfortable than when we first made out. It's kinda nice...

I have to return the favor. I got too close last time.

I grab her ass with both hands and stand up with her legs wrapped around my waist, still kissing her passionately.

I'm glad she doesn't weigh that much or else I might've dropped her by now.

We stop kissing when I throw her onto the bed to her surprise.

"That was so hot!!" Jane whispers while looking at me with lust.

"We never finished that thing from a week ago," I say in my best sexy voice.

I lean down on the bed and plant kisses on her thighs.

"I want it, Mike. Make me ... cum..."

Jane unbuttons her pants and-

"HEY, DINNER'S READY!" Hopper screams.

And there goes that...

"Shit!" El whispers with frustration on her face.

She buttons up her pants and we stand up. I can't imagine her frustration.

"I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault, Mike. We just gotta find a better spot to do this stuff! And I'm having problems anyway," Jane looks down at the floor and shakes her head before looking back up at me with a smile.

"Problems? Like what?"

"Max. I feel like I've been arguing with myself about her nonstop. I think I wanna talk to her and... I don't know, maybe be friends with her again?" Jane shrugs her shoulders.

"Yeah, definitely. You were definitely wrong in that situation."

Uh, now she looks angry. What did I do?

"What?! I wasn't wrong at all! Maybe I was a bit harsh but that's it!" Jane shouts with anger covering her face.

Please don't use your powers on me.

I put my hands up to surrender, not knowing how it got this serious so fast.

"Okay, you're right, please don't kill me."

Jane tries to maintain her angry stare until she laughs.

"I'm not gonna kill you. People in relationships argue sometimes, it's alright."

She walks up to me and plants a kiss on my chest. Then she...

"Besides, I can't stay mad at you when I look at your face..... And when I look at this little guy..."

Um.... She just grabbed my crotch. Oh...

Jane bites her lip while looking down at my private area. This is the part where I should get aroused.

"Let's go eat dinner!" I say.

She lets go of my crotch.

"Right..... Dinner, I totally forgot," Jane legitimately looks like she forgot about dinner.

I need to talk to Troy sometime. How is he like me but can be with so many girls?! I don't get it.

--

NOVEMBER 11 1988

Max was all alone at her house until she heard someone knocking on the door. She knows it can't be her parents because they usually get home a couple hours later. It can't be Billy because he's working out at the gym with Tommy.

She gets out of her bed and walks to the front door. When she opens it, she starts blinking her eyes really fast, not believing who it is at first.

"El? What the..... What are you doing here?" Max restrains herself from getting angry.

"I was kinda hoping we could talk inside?" El asks, slightly regretting her decision to come here.

Max sighs.

"Look, it's kind of a beautiful day, let's just sit here."

Max sits down on one of the front steps. El is hesitant to join her but Hopper already dropped her off here after hours of her begging him to see Max, so she sits beside her.

El wants to apologize... but she doesn't know where to begin. Max is beginning to feel awkward by how quiet it is.

"Alright, El, I get it, just apologize to me already. That's what you're here for right? So you don't have a guilty conscience anymore," Max sounds harsh but El can understand why.

"I want to apologize because you're my best friend!" El says while looking at Max, although Max is looking straight ahead at the road with sadness in her eyes.

"I'm nobody's friend, I'm a monster. An emotionless monster..."

"Don't talk like that! You're stronger than that, Max!" El shouts with passion.

Max shakes her head and lets out a sarcastic chuckle.

"I don't even know who I am anymore..... Fuck! What the fuck is wrong with me?!" Max finally turns her head to meet El's eyes.

Max immediately breaks down and cries into El's arms.

"I'm sorry I'm such a terrible friend! I'm such a bad fucking friend!!!" Max's voice is muffled by El's shoulder.

El gets upset when she hears how hurt Max sounds...

"No, I've been a bad friend too, there's no way I should've said those things about you, you're not like that! You're not like that at all, Max!" El's voice is shaky as she's on the verge of tears.

"I just wanna be friends with you again. You're like the only real friend I got, El! I don't know who the fuck I am anymore!" Max shouts into her shoulder and sobs some more afterwards.

El pats her on the back.

"It's okay. We both said some things we shouldn't of said. That's in the past.."

Somehow El is able to not cry in this situation, and she doesn't know if that's a good or bad thing.

Max lets out all of her pain and cries into El's shoulder for two more minutes before finally breaking off contact.

Max wipes her face clean from all the tears and looks at El with a sad expression on her face.

"Still..... How are you gonna forgive me for... you know..... Doing it with Troy?"

El is still a little disgusted when she hears that. She wasn't expecting to talk about him, but Max is her best friend!

"I can't say I agree with what you did, but at the end of the day... it was your decision. You thought that he was hot, so you did it with him. I know you didn't go through the extreme bullying me and the boys went through, so it must of been easier for you. I still don't agree with it, but I don't think I can get mad at you and I don't wanna be," El honestly expresses her feelings, nervous of how Max will respond to it.

Max nods her head respectfully and sighs.

"There's actually more to it than that. Lucas and I were constantly fighting, like constantly! We broke up two times, and the last time was him breaking up with me. My parents are constantly gone, and when they are here, they yell at Billy. And Billy, well, he's the

fucking psycho of the century that I gotta deal with everyday; I'm being mentally and physically abused by that fucker on the daily! So yes, maybe I went crazy, I don't fucking know, but when I was with Troy, it was nice. We didn't talk or fight, none of that bullshit. Why Troy? I guess I wanted to be the bad one for once....."

El stares at Max in awe, not knowing Max felt this way at all.

"Why didn't you tell me any of this was happening?!" El replies with an attitude.

"I had to tell you?! You saw it first hand when Billy hit me that one time!" Max feels frustrated about El not saying anything even though she knows she really can't say anything...

El can't think of a good response as she stares at Max, feeling embarrassed about how terrible of a friend she is.

"I'm sorry," El says while sniffing.

El takes abuse very seriously, mainly because she WAS abused for a big portion of her life. Max knows this and immediately regrets blaming El when she sees the tears pouring down her face.

"El, don't cry. You're my best friend," Max mumbles but El continues crying.

Max gets up and walks down the steps before leaning down to face El.

Max grabs her arms and shakes her.

"Hey, look at me, El!"

El's sniffles and tears stop as she slowly looks up at Max.

"I don't blame you for what happened. I should've been more clear about how I felt. We're best friends, we're supposed to tell each other everything, right?"

El smiles at Max, knowing they're back to being best friends.

They share a emotional hug together.

When the hug is done, Max leans her body up, which causes El to stand up and walk down the steps so she can level with her.

"Max, what you said about Troy earlier..... Did you have any feelings for him?" El wonders.

Max was definitely not expecting that! She is confused on how to respond because she doesn't even know...

"Uh, well, what kind of feelings are we talking about? Like, love and affection or... you know?"

El shakes her head, not knowing whether to laugh or be disgusted.

"Did you have any romantic feelings for Troy?" El asks, completely serious.

Max sighs when she realizes she can't dodge the question. She shrugs her shoulders and gives El a confused look.

"I don't fucking know? Maybe I liked some part of him, but I never tried to like him like that. Besides, I think I broke his fucking heart."

"What? You broke Troy's heart? How?! I thought you guys were just... buddies," El doesn't want to say the full term out of disgust.

Max gets upset just thinking about how she acted towards Troy.

"Yeah, well... it turns out I was different from all the other girls. At first I thought he was just saying that to make me give him some extra love or some shit, but I found out that wasn't the case at all. He really loved me and I didn't give a fuck about him! I used him for my own needs and didn't even care about him!" Max feels like throwing up.

"That's good though, right? He's an asshole..."

El is right, but Max doesn't want to think of Troy like that. She saw an innocent side of him that's impossible to explain.

"I guess so. I like to remember him for the good moments for some reason, I don't know, I'm fucking weird!"

El giggles at Max's honesty before going back to being serious.

"Don't you think Lucas should know?" El asks.

Max looks shocked by the suggestion alone.

"What?! Lucas will flip the fuck out! He doesn't need to know about that part of my life!"

"Max, you are hiding things from him and that's not healthy! Sure, if you tell him, he'll get mad, but at least you're not hiding what you've done! It just seems wrong to keep a secret that big from someone you love!" El says as she makes Max annoyed by how much sense she's making.

Max rolls her eyes at El.

"Can we not talk about this right now, please?"

El nods her head with respect and thinks about what else she had to say.

Oh yeah..... Mike.....

"Well, there's something that I did to Mike," A naughty smile appears on El's face.

Max's eyes widen as she has an even naughtier smile.

"No... way..."

El can't hold it in any longer, she has to tell somebody!!!

"I gave him a handjob! I-I-I gave him a handjob, and it was the best thing ever. He's so huge-"

"Woah-woah-woah, let's go inside before anyone hears us."

El almost told her the naughty stuff in public! She's glad Max stopped her.

El nods her head and they both begin walking up the steps.

"OK, so start over..... OH, and be very specific!" Max opens the door and they both walk into the house.

--

NOVEMBER 14 1988

I've never been this lost in life before. I have so many questions.

Can Troy and I be friends? It seems impossible in theory, and I'm also not looking for a friendship, but more like an alliance of some kind...

I dropped off Jane and made my way to the junkyard; I told Troy that I'd meet him there.

I'm expecting the worst and hoping for the best, but who knows what will happen.

When I make it to the junkyard, I see Troy in the distance. He's sitting on the hood of his car, waiting for me...

I stop the car and get out while keeping my eyes on him just incase he tries something.

Troy gets off the hood of his car and starts walking towards me. We both walk up to each other and carefully staredown one another.

I'm looking for any potential weapons..... I don't see anything...

"What do you want, Wheeler?" Troy gives me that smirk that I've hated for so long.

"I don't know..."

I can tell Troy's pissed...

"Let me get this straight..... You wanted to meet me here but you don't know why? What? You wanna fucking talk or something? You wanna engage in philosophical discussions about the world?"

"I didn't know you used such big words!" I tease him.

Troy replies with sarcasm before asking a serious question.

"Ha. Ha. You always were a smartass. Tell me, Wheeler, where did you learn how to fight?"

"I took classes, ironically because I wanted to kick your ass one day!" I have a cocky smile on my face.

Troy sarcastically claps.

"Well congratu-fucking-lations, you sure as shit accomplished that."

"You know I almost killed you, right?" I ask, hoping he's not that stupid.

"No shit you almost killed me! I'm not really afraid of death. Dying would be a blessing for me at this point."

So.... I can kill him if he gives me his blessing? NO, think of what Jane would say, think of what Jane would say.

"What's with the emo attitude? You're living the dream!"

Troy looks down at the ground, looking embarrassed about whatever he's about to say.

"Ever since Max and I split, I've..... I've been feeling like shit! I don't know why I feel like this. I got so used to being an emotionless fuck, so now that I actually love something and can't have it, I don't think I can go on in life," Troy rubs his face with both hands in order to compose himself.

Troy's words scare me. Is this feeling inside of me a taste of being normal? Will that feeling linger on if Jane leaves me? I'd probably wanna die too.

"Maybe you should talk to her and let out all your feelings. Say what you need to say to her and move on. Whatever you do, you can't keep harping on whatever you and Max had, it's in the past," I try to give him good advice, although I don't even think it would work for me...

Troy chuckles and looks up at me.

"You're giving me advice now? Jesus, something really is wrong with me..."

"I'm serious. Go to her house and have a long talk with her about everything you're feeling. I know you don't think it'll help, but you never know. Maybe you're just sad about how things ended, so talking to her might help resolve some things....."

Troy scratches his head and gives me a weird look.

"Why are you trying to help me? Like, what is the point of us being here?" Troy asks.

OK, just ask him some things, it could help...

"Yeah, I thought that maybe you could give me some advice on things."

"What things?" Troy shakes his head, confused on what I could possibly need advice on.

This is gonna suck. Gotta get it out!

"I have a hard time getting it up around Jane, alright? I was wondering since we're similar, maybe you could tell me what helps you get it up," My face is full of cringe...

Troy is silent for a moment...

Then he started laughing like he was at a comedy club.

I knew this was a mistake.

Troy is laughing so hard, he has to take deep breaths in between words.

"You... can't get it up? I knew there was something off about you! I always thought you were gay because you never had a girlfriend, but this is even better!!!"

I try to shake it off with my fake smile.

"Alright, I get it."

"Do you have like erectile dysfunction or something?!" Troy says before bursting into even more laughter.

OK, that's it!

"I SAID KNOCK IT OFF BEFORE I FUCKING KILL YOU!" I don't think I'm exaggerating...

My face is full of anger and he's seeing the real me. He isn't scared but he does straighten his attitude.

"No need to get violent, alright?? You want my advice? Fine. I'm gonna be real with you, I've never had problems with getting it up to girls; that's more of a you problem. Wheeler, it's basic human biology! Male finds an attractive female and fucks her with his erect penis! It's how you got into this world! It's how we're even talking to each other right now. If you truly like or love Jane, you're gonna have to find a way to get that little sucker hard!" Troy points to my dick and chuckles.

Why can't there be a easier way?!

"Shit," I mumble as I start to accept the reality that Jane and I will end up being a disaster because of my flaccid penis problems...

"You'll find a way, Wheeler. At least the love of your life isn't with some other guy right now," Troy crosses his arms while sounding jealous.

Lucas doesn't deserve to be involved in this mess.

"Don't even start."

"What?!" Troy shrugs his shoulders, sounding legitimately confused.

"Do not think about doing anything to Lucas or I will actually kill you!"

"I'm not gonna do shit, don't worry. Besides, we both know you won't kill me," Troy sounds confident.

"What makes you so sure of that?" I wonder.

"Because if you were going to kill me, you would've done it by now. I know there's something stopping you from killing me, it's pretty obvious."

He's right. I let out a sigh.

"My dad taught me how to live and act like a normal person. I don't know if I would call it my morals, but I definitely try to honor my dad by living up to his standards. So yes, I've been struggling on whether or not to kill you. And with Jane, it will never be possible now... unless you give me a good excuse..."

I smirk at him, causing him to smirk back.

"Let's hope it never comes to that."

"I thought you wanted to die?"

Troy sighs and nods his head.

"I've been thinking about what you said..... And I think you're right. I need to at least talk to her. I miss her voice anyway..."

"You're going to her after this?"

Troy nods his head yes.

Oh...

I scratch my head, unable to immediately think of a good response.

"I hope things go well..."

I don't know if I'm faking or being for real. I never met someone with similar problems... but I can't forget about all those years of torture he put me through!

There's a moment of silence. We just stare at each other, both feeling each other's pain in some aspect. Troy nods his head before speaking.

"I'm... gonna go to her now..."

I nod my head back.

"Yeah, I gotta get going too..."

"Bye, Wheeler. Let me know how that erectile dysfunction thing goes..."

Troy laughs before turning his back to me. He gets into his car and I watch him drive off...

I've been trying to avoid my problem, but now I realize I have to face it head on... for her...

I can't help but wonder if I told Troy too much about my life, but then again, he did tell me his tragic story. Why is being friends with him an actual option now?!

--

Max and Lucas are making out in Max's bed. Nobody's home like usual. Lucas is on top of Max, groping her breasts through her shirt while continuing to kiss her with a fiery passion.

Max is trying to concentrate on pleasuring her man, but El's words are haunting her head.

Max knows El's right. She can't hide her life from Lucas and remain sane. She needs to tell him now before it's too late.

She pushes Lucas, forcing him to break off the kiss.

As he looks down at her, he gets a worrying look on his face.

"Did I do that weird thing again?" Lucas asks, causing Max to giggle and shake her head no.

"No, I... I need to get some things off my chest. It's been bothering me for a while now..."

Lucas gets off of Max and lies beside her. He puts his arm around her for comfort.

"Whatever you need to talk about, I'm all ears."

Max looks nervous, but she trusts that Lucas will understand...

"You know when I broke up with you last year?"

"Yeah..."

Max cringes before continuing.

"Well, I was going through a lot of shit. Some of it was you, but most of it was with my own family, and-and I thought I was going crazy. I don't know what happened with me, but I wanted to try something new..."

Lucas raises his eyebrows, not really understanding what she means.

"OK..."

"I started seeing this guy. It wasn't really a relationship, we just had sex, you know?"

"... Like a friends with benefits type of thing..?" Lucas wonders, not knowing how to feel.

"Yeah, like that. I just needed a break from everything. It was sort of a relief. I just didn't feel it was right not to tell you that."

"I can understand why you wouldn't wanna tell me. It's not like we were together when you were doing it."

"Right?" Max smiles at him.

Lucas smiles back.

He gets distracted by her blue eyes for a moment before continuing the conversation.

"So who was the guy?" Lucas asks.

Max goes from being calm to terrified in one sentence. She doesn't say anything.

"Uh, Max, who was the guy? It's not like it matters, I'm just curious."

When Max doesn't respond again, Lucas starts to panic on the inside.

"Come on, Max, it can't be that bad, right?" Lucas says, sounding worried.

With her eyes locked on Lucas', she whispers the one thing she didn't want to tell him...

"It was Troy..."

Lucas' eyes widen out of shock. He shakes his head, not wanting to believe the words that just came out of her mouth.

"What?"

"I was having sex with Troy..."

Lucas takes his arm off of Max and stands up.

"Lucas, wait!" Max shouts.

"Fuck you."

Lucas marches out of the room, enraged at her.

Max gets out of bed and follows him out. Lucas is about to open the front door and leave before Max stops him.

"LUCAS, WAIT!" Max shouts very loud.

Lucas turns around with a look of disgust.

"We're done, Max," Lucas says, remaining calm.

Max is trying to hold back tears.

"Why?! Because I had sex with Troy?! That was in the past!!!"

Lucas completely loses it and goes off on her.

"YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE WAS IN THE PAST?! TROY TRYING TO

FUCKING KILL ME?! DID YOU FUCKING FORGET THAT HE TRIED TO MURDER ME AND DUSTIN?! DID THAT SLIP YOUR FUCKING MIND YOU STUPID FUCKING BITCH?!"

"...Lucas," Max's voice breaks. She's hurt by his words...

"DON'T FUCKING LUCAS ME! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID! I LOVED YOU AND YOU FUCKED A GUY WHO LITERALLY ATTEMPTED TO MURDER ME!!!" Lucas' veins pop out of his neck, he's so pissed.

"I was fucked up back then! I love you!" Tears begin to drip down her face.

"You're still fucked up. There's always something going on with you. It's always about you somehow!" Lucas lets out a sarcastic chuckle while sounding hysterical.

Max sobs as she begins to realize that telling Lucas wasn't a good idea at all.

"SO WHAT? YOU'RE JUST GONNA LEAVE ME?! AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH-"

"DON'T START WITH THAT EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH SHIT EITHER! YOU ALWAYS WANNA USE THAT AS SOME SORT OF ARGUMENT! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH PAIN I WENT THROUGH BECAUSE OF YOU! YOU SUCKED THE LIFE OUT OF ME BECAUSE OF YOUR BULLSHIT, AND NOW YOU'VE LITERALLY BROKEN ME! I FUCKING LOVE YOU BUT WE AREN'T MEANT TO BE. IT'S OBVIOUS TO ME NOW."

The tears are becoming too much for Max. Her eyes are blinded by the tears which forces her to wipe them away.

"Lucas, I need you," Max is able to talk despite her constant sniffing.

"No, you think you need me. You like the idea of me, but you don't need me at all. I know you're friends with El but you're not allowed to hang around us anymore, you got that? You wanna talk to El, you do it on your own time. You are not a part of our group anymore. I'm breaking up with you. Bye."

Lucas exits the house and slams the door shut before Max is able to blink.

--

32 minutes later

Troy knocks on the door. He still can't believe he actually listened to Mike.

It takes a minute before Max opens the door...

She's still sad about Lucas, and with Troy here, she's close to passing out.

"Troy? What-what are you doing here?" Max's broken voice, along with her sniffles, are enough for Troy to know something's wrong.

"Are you okay? Is anyone home?" Troy asks.

"I've been better... and no..."

Troy scratches his head...

"Oh, well, I just came by to tell you that whenever I broke up with you... if you wanna call it that, I felt we ended on a bad note, and I've been keeping some feelings inside for a while. I... I know you're with Lucas now and I've accepted that, but I need to tell you that you were the best thing that happened to me. Before I met you, I was a lousy sack of shit with no love for anything... but then I met you and you changed me. I fell in love with you, fuck, I'm still in love with you! I miss staring into your blue eyes, playing with your red hair, kissing those beautiful lips! But most importantly, I miss you as the person who didn't give a fuck, who took control of a situation like nobody else could. I... I love you, Max, I love you so-"

Max interrupts Troy and attacks his mouth with hers. She puts both of her hands on his face and passionately makes out with him. Troy doesn't hesitate to kiss back. At a time of feeling so hurt, Max finds comfort in kissing Troy. She misses this part of her life so much. She's so confused but her heart is telling her to do it.

Still kissing him, Max pulls Troy into the house and shuts the door.

13. I've Needed That For Weeks

NOVEMBER 14 1988

Max and Troy lie in bed together after having intense sex. It wasn't the most romantic sex, it was raw and animalistic.

As Max cuddles with Troy underneath the covers, she feels regret creeping up on her. She hates that she had sex with Troy so quick after breaking up with Lucas, but it felt so right for some fucked up reason that she can't explain.

Max picks her head up from Troy's chest and leans in to kiss him. Troy grabs the back of her head and brings her in for the kiss. Connected, it feels like Max can finally find out who she really is. She loved Lucas, but it doesn't look good for them; it never did. She never thought she could think of Troy as a boyfriend, but who else is there for her? She's desperate to not feel broken anymore.

After playing tonsil hockey, Max breaks off the kiss and pushes Troy's head onto the pillow. She gives him a naughty smile before attempting to go under the covers to orally pleasure him. Troy stops her, to her disappointment

"What?" Max looks confused, still ready to go under the covers as soon as he lets go of her.

"I wanna talk."

Troy's feelings are all over the place. He just had sex with one of the only few people he's loved in his entire life.

Max looks disappointed because talking is the last thing she needs to do right now. Sex was such a good distraction for her.

She crawls up to level with him.

She gives him a look that says: "OK, let's talk now..."

"What happened? Are we...? I mean, what happened to Lucas, I thought you were with him?"

Max looks down with shame on her face.

"I was... but we broke up. I don't feel like talking about it..."

Troy understands her pain and nods his head.

"OK. So... are we a... thing?" Troy's nerves almost keep him from saying it.

Max sighs and rests her head against his shoulder.

"I don't know. I need time to think about everything..."

Troy chuckles and decides to play with her red hair.

"Maybe fucking me wasn't the best idea if you need to think about us..."

She shakes her head while Troy keeps playing with her hair.

"It's not just you, it's everything. Everything in my life will be different if I'm with you."

"Troy moves his hand away from her hair and gets a little mad on the inside.

"Oh, so I see you're still worried about your reputation."

"Max rolls her eyes; she didn't need this right now.

"I'm sorry Troy, but things are just really confusing and I have no idea what I'm doing," Max's voice breaks with anxiety.

Troy is quick to bring her into his arms and kiss the top of her head.

"Okay. I understand. You have any snacks around here?" Troy asks, causing Max to look up at him with a smirk.

"Yeah, some pop-tarts in the pantry. Split one with me?" Max looks at him with puppy dog eyes.

"Be my girlfriend and I will!" Troy's comment annoys Max but his smirk also attracts her in a weird way.

"Just get me the fucking pop-tart," Max replies with a playful smile.

"Fine."

Troy gets up in nothing but black underwear and heads out into the kitchen. He looks down at the floor while walking. As he enters the kitchen, he looks up and notices none other than Billy sitting at the kitchen table.

Troy gets startled and quickly moves back.

Billy just got home from a workout and he's sweaty. He still has a cast on from when Mike broke his arm, although he doesn't really need it anymore as it's almost fully healed. He laughs at Troy's movements.

"Sit down," Billy says, having a odd smile on his face.

Troy slowly walks to the table and takes a seat in front of Billy.

"All that moaning must've kept you guys from hearing me enter the house."

Troy doesn't respond.

"If you're with my sister because you want someone to fuck, you better leave. I can't have someone hurt her, I'm the only one that's allowed to do that Billy says with a look of intimidation.

Troy looks at Billy with emotionless eyes, not afraid of the intimidation tactics.

"What if I told you she's into that kind of shit?" Troy replies with a smirk.

Billy leans over the table and grabs Troy by the neck and chokes him with both hands.

He whispers to Troy, his face turning red.

"You think this is a joke? You think I like it when she keeps going out with idiot after idiot? You don't think I know you, huh, Troy? You

think you're some sort of big shot? I would of beat the fuck out of your ass if I was still in school. You and blackey are no different to me, so you better not fucking hurt her like he did!"

Troy's trying to fight it but he was caught off guard. He's coming close to passing out...

Billy releases his hands from Troy's neck and laughs.

Troy holds his neck and starts breathing heavy.

Billy stands up. He looks down at Troy and shakes his head at how pathetic Troy looks before walking into his room.

Troy looks at Billy's closed door. He's starting to realize that Max does indeed have serious problems to deal with...

--

NOVEMBER 15 1988

At first I thought detention would be bad, but it could be worse. We went to the cafeteria before everyone else and got our food, so that's nice...

I'm not too fond of the people in here though. I'm pretty sure one of the guys in here hasn't washed in a week! And the girls seem annoying. It's interesting to watch kids come in here because I get to hear their story and I can play the 'guess their personality' game. The detention teacher is Mr. Reed, a tall black man with a big afro. He's nicely dressed, and I gotta be honest, you don't see this a lot in Indiana. I wonder if his grandfather's grandfather was a slave? Sorry, I'm not racist, I swear! I'm just a psychopath...

Everyone's done with their lunch. Eating in the classroom, man, detention doesn't sound so bad.

Mr. Reed throws his trash away and stands up in front of the classroom.

"Alright, ten minute break. Take this time to nap or relax your mind, I don't care, just shut up. I'm going to the bathroom, then I'm gonna

talk to some people. If any of the teachers next door complain about noise, I swear, all of you will get another day of detention... well, except for Mike," Mr. Reed stares intensely at me, causing everyone else to do the same.

"Why doesn't Mike get punished like the rest of us?!" The girl beside me asks, having her arms crossed and looking extremely annoyed.

"Because Mike isn't like the rest of you delinquents, and he's especially not like you, Isabella," Mr. Reed laughs at how insulted Isabella looks.

Isabella sticks her tongue out at Mr. Reed, wanting to flip him off, but she knows she'll get in more trouble.

Isabella is hispanic. She has long black hair, big black eyes, really white teeth, a bit of an accent, and some... adequate features...

Hearing Mr. Reed stick up for me is nice. He's a bit of a hardass.

Mr. Reed walks out of the room, leaving me and the delinquents alone.

"Hey, you," Isabella says, causing me to look at her.

"Yeah, you. What you in here for anyway? Aren't you like the teacher's pet or some shit?"

I put on my fake smile and let out a chuckle.

"It's really complicated."

"Summarize it then. I used the correct word, right?" Isabella smiles at me while keeping her stern attitude.

"I acted out of impulse and knocked out a guy in the middle of class with a headbutt."

Isabella's smile widens as she opens her mouth wide out of shock.

"DAMN, So you a teacher's pet and a bad boy?! How sexy," Isabella says in a teasing manner.

Having another girl call me sexy, even in a non-serious way, is awkward. I can hear Jane now, she's like: *STAY AWAY FROM THESE GIRLS. THEY WANT YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE AMAZING, BUT YOU'RE MINE, YOU GOT THAT?*

I think she worries too much. Girl's are mostly harmless.

"So what are you in here for?" I ask.

Isabella chuckles before responding.

"I went down on some boys in the bathroom for money," Isabella says out loud with no shame whatsoever.

Oh, I guess this could be one of those girls Jane wants me to stay away from. I see why now.

"You only got detention for that?"

"Yeah, fool. It's the boys who get suspended for that shit, they the ones who be enjoying themselves, looking all weird and shit."

I guess it's not a man's world after all...

A white boy in front of her sighs out of annoyance and turns around in his seat to look at Isabella.

"Isabella, I'm glad you're happy about being a whore, but some people don't wanna hear your bullshit constantly."

Isabella smirks at him and crosses her arms.

"Oh yeah, Chris? You weren't so mad whenever you were in the stall with me."

The entire class laughs at her comment, which is around seven people.

Chris looks awkward and is completely speechless.

"That's what I thought, now turn your ass around."

Chris immediately turns back around and remains silent.

To my surprise, Troy comes through the door and runs over to me at full speed. He slaps my desk out of excitement.

"You're a fucking genius, Mike! It worked, it worked!" Troy shouts with happiness on his face.

"What are you talking about?!" I shout back.

"She took me back!" Troy's smile is so wide, it's terrifying.

She took him back? As in Max?

"Wait, you mean..?"

"You told me to talk to her, and we did way more than that!!!"

No. No. No. No.

"What about Lucas?!" I ask, confused as fuck.

"They broke up apparently!"

I need to talk to Lucas.

"That's weird..."

"Works for me bro! I owe you. I owe you so much, man. It's crazy, after all we've been through, hating each other's guts, and now you've helped me! This is insane," Troy shouts.

It wasn't my intention to help him get her back, but to move on. I'm responsible for Max and Troy getting back together?! Jane will freak out.

There's a silence because I have no idea what to say.

Troy realizes how awkward I actually am and nods his head.

"Well I'm running late for class, I'll catch you later?" Troy says in a friendly way, which is still odd.

"Sure..."

Troy gives me two thumbs up before running out of the classroom.

"You're friends with Troy?!" Isabella asks me in a quieter voice.

"Uh, I guess," I scratch my head.

Isabella gets this dreamy smile on my face.

"Ah, he's so cute. A bit of a douchebag, but damn, he can go for a long time!"

I really didn't need to know that.

"So he's one of the guys you blew in the bathroom?" I tease her.

"Are you kidding? I let him have his way with me!"

And I didn't need to know that either...

I nod my head at her in hopes that she will shut up.

Isabella puts her hand on my thigh...

Oh no, Jane would kill me if she knew what was going on right now! And I know she would definitely kill Isabella; girls love competing against each other, it's in their nature...

"You know, you look pretty cute yourself. Wanna meet me in the bathroom sometime?" Isabella asks in a seductive tone.

The seduction trick doesn't really work on me unless it's Jane, and even then it's minimal success. The perks of not having normal feelings!

I chuckle to break the awkward tension.

"Sorry, I have a girlfriend..."

Isabella is quick to remove her hand from my thigh when she hears that. She crosses her arms and looks disappointed.

"Lucky girl. I'm jealous!" Isabella remains honest with me.

I try to do that thing that humans do whenever someone compliments them.

"I think I'm the one who's lucky..."

Isabella chuckles and smiles at me.

"Shit, the only thing lucky about you is your perfect genetics. But hey, if things don't work out with her, you're always welcome to have fun with me," Isabella winks and bites her lip while smiling.

Great.

Let's just say I'm a normal human with normal feelings and I'm not with Jane. I can't see myself getting with Isabella. She's like the girl version of Troy.

And Jane thought Stacey was bad.

--

Since Max and Lucas broke up, Lucas doesn't have a ride anymore. After school, Jane had the idea that I should temporarily take him home while she rides with Max.

I'm currently driving Lucas home. He's sulking in the passenger seat, and I can't blame him.

Lucas turns the radio all the way down during a AC/DC song. Soon after, he slaps the window and lets out his anger.

"FUUUUUUCK!!!!"

"Hey! Look, you're pissed, I get it, but don't ruin my car!" I know my dad would be pissed if this car ever got damaged.

Lucas realizes that he went a little overboard and hides his face in shame.

"Sorry, Mike. It's just that... what's the point of this relationship bullshit? All it ever ends with is me wanting to kill myself."

Suicide. Self inflicted deaths are interesting. I could never bring myself to that...

"I can't imagine the pain you're going through, but harming yourself is never the answer."

Lucas sighs.

"Yeah, I know. It wasn't always like this. When I first met Max, she never had any problems. It wasn't until high school started when I noticed some changes in her. It sucks to see someone you love crash and burn. I tried helping her, it never worked. I guess I finally realized it was time to let her go..."

Letting go....

I can't let go of Jane

"I'm sorry, Lucas. I wish I could say something to make you feel better, but I'm not really the guy for that..."

"It's alright. Just talking about it to someone helps, you know?"

I look at him and nod my head before looking back at the road.

Lucas sighs, having a melancholy feeling inside of him.

"I miss her. I regret breaking up with her... but at the same time... I couldn't let her hurt me anymore. It's fucked up. This feeling of loving and hating someone is the most fucked up thing in the universe. I'd rather not feel anything than feel this shit...."

I remember when I couldn't feel anything, when life wasn't complicated...

"Don't you think that would be boring though? Not having feelings for anything or anyone? What's the point of living?" I have a little experience in this field...

The only reason to live if you don't have feelings is to kill, because monsters kill and they don't have feelings.

"Maybe it'd be boring, but it could also be considered peaceful, which is something I need right now..... Peace..."

I stop the car at his house. He's still looking down at his legs until he notices that the car's been stopped for too long, so he turns his head to the window and sees his house. He looks back at me and slightly smiles while showing off his white teeth.

"Thanks. You're welcome to come inside if you like? You could meet my parents and annoying sister?"

I let out a fake chuckle and smile back at him.

"I actually gotta get home. Maybe some other time?" I reject him in the nicest way possible.

"Sure," Lucas has a slightly disappointed look, but he's still smiling.

"Oh, and by the way, this whole riding with you thing is only temporary. I can actually drive but I was too lazy to. So is it cool if I ride with you for a few weeks or months until I can get a car?" Lucas asks.

"Yeah, no problem. I could use the company," I grin at him, causing him to nod his head and grin back.

"OK, catch you later, dude."

"Catch ya later..."

Lucas gets out of the car and shuts the door. When I see Lucas walk into his house, I don't see the normal Lucas, I see someone who's hurt, someone who's lost so much...

The guilt is coming back to me. I may not be fully responsible for Max and Lucas breaking up, but I will be one of the reasons why they won't get back together. Troy..... He's not even my fucking friend! Neither is Lucas, but still.

I thought about telling Lucas about Troy and Max, I really did, but I also know that Lucas has a short fuse, especially if Troy is brought up. Lucas knows about what I did to Billy, and he knows that I put

myself and others around me in danger. If he ever tells Jane about what I did, that would be the end of us. She's so fixed on thinking that she can change me, but when she finds out what I did, she'll realize there's nothing she can do, then she'll leave. And maybe then, life can be less complicated.

--

Nancy is sitting on the couch in the living room, casually dressed. She keeps on changing the TV channels with the remote. Nancy knows she is picky about things, and TV is one of them.

She keeps flipping through channels until she hears the sound of the front door opening. She smiles knowing that it has to be Mike since Karen just went out to the store. Nancy puts the remote down and sees Mike already trying to avoid her by running up the stairs.

"HEY!" Nancy shouts, causing Mike to walk down the stairs backwards. He shakes his head before looking at her.

"What?"

"We haven't talked in a while. Come, sit..."

She slides over and pats on the furniture goofily smiles while raising her eyebrows, trying to make him sit down.

He loudly sighs before sitting down beside her.

"What's got you so grumpy?" Nancy asks as they both stare at the TV.

"You don't wanna know," Mike crosses his arms and leans back on the couch.

Nancy can't help but look at him at giggle before turning her attention back to the TV.

"Whatever's happening right now, just remember that it could always be worse. At least you're still young."

"And you're not?" Mike replies.

"You got your whole life ahead of you Mike. I work overtime at restaurants and have to depend on tips. But you can literally do whatever you want, you're so smart."

Nancy meant that. She knew even when Mike was little that he would be smarter than her. He's always been a smartass, which was a sign.

"Yeah, well I'm not looking ahead, I'm looking at now, and all I see is a big fucking mess. Jane and her friends are the worst thing that's happened to me."

Nancy looks worried by Mike's attitude and comments.

"Did... you and Jane break up?"

Mike raises his eyebrows and looks at her like she's crazy.

"What?! No. It's complicated."

Nancy rolls her eyes while looking at her fingernails.

"A lot of things are."

"Oh, I almost forgot. I know that Jane is Eleven."

As Nancy looks at her fingernails, it takes a while for what Mike said to sink in.

She quickly stands up in panic.

"WOAH, WHAT?!" Nancy shouts.

Mike stands up and gives her a shit-eating grin.

"She told me a couple weeks ago."

Nancy's eyes being wide as the moon, she shakes her head in shock.

"So you know about everything?!"

"Basically. I might have to understand some things a little more clearly but I get the jist of it."

"Wow..."

"Yeah..."

Mike tilts her head at her and shrugs his shoulders while giving her a weird smile.

With Nancy being too stunned to say anything, Mike walks upstairs.

--

NOVEMBER 16 1988

"Can you believe that Lucas and Max broke up?! It's so weird..." El says while being in the passenger seat of Mike's car at night.

El finally got her grades up enough so Hopper couldn't deny her from seeing Mike. The car was parked on the side of a long but empty road.

Mike shakes his head.

"A lot of things are unbelievable right now."

Something pops into El's head that she's been dying to ask Mike.

"Where do you plan on going to college? Like, what do you plan on doing in life?"

Mike makes funny noises with his mouth while thinking about her question.

"I don't know. Maybe some university. I never really had a plan to do anything in life."

"Jane leans in and nudges Mike's shoulder.

"You've always wanted to kill people," Jane giggles.

"OK, your point?"

El rests her head on Mike's shoulder. It's a little uncomfortable at first but she adjusts to it fairly quick.

"My point is that you can be a police officer or something. You can kill and arrest people who deserve it."

That doesn't sound entirely bad to Mike, but a police officer? He's too psycho for that.

"Interesting. Too bad being a cop doesn't pay for shit."

El laughs at Mike's statement; she's also happy that he isn't very shy in front of her anymore.

"It was just a suggestion. You can do whatever you want as long as you want to do it.."

Mike grabs her hand and holds it.

He looks down at her head and smiles, although she can't see his face.

"What do you wanna do?" Mike asks.

El doesn't hesitate to answer.

"I wanna help people with their problems. Being a therapist wouldn't be so bad. I could talk to people who are going through a tough time. I've had my experiences, and I'm already helping you. Maybe I can help other people too," El's voice is soft and soothing.

Mike agrees completely that she should help people if she wants to.

"That's good that you got everything planned out..."

"Too good to actually work," El mumbles.

Mike and El are silent as they look at the darkness around them. It's oddly peaceful...

With her head still resting on his shoulder, she closes her eyes.

"Mmmmmmmmm."

Mike looks down at her in a confused way.

"Mmmmm? Are you okay, Jane?"

El giggles and rubs his thigh.

"Yes. It's just that I thought about how you would look in a police uniform and... now I'm turned on..."

"Oh. That's cool..."

"Mike..... I'm..... I'm getting wet," El has a surprised tone in her voice.

Mike is still confused.

"Is that a bad thing?"

"Mike, I need you to go down on me!" El commands with desperation on her face.

Mike shakes his head no.

"I'm not gonna do it in the car, and I'm certainly not doing it at your house!" Mike sounds reasonable, but El is living in the moment.

"DAMMIT, MIKE! JUST LICK MY FUCKING PUSSY!" El shouts in anger, then realizes what she said and covers her mouth.

Mike is taken back. He's never seen her this angry before. It pisses him off that she would just yell at him like that.

"Mike, I'm so sorry..."

El is disappointed in herself. It was very unlady like for her to yell at him like that.

Mike ignores El and starts the car.

"Mike, please, I didn't mean to yell..."

Mike continues ignoring her.

The drive goes on. El soon realizes that Mike isn't taking her home.

"Mike, where are we going?"

Mike ignores her again.

A couple of minutes later, they arrive at the cabin, a place where Mike almost had his life ruined, or to him, almost had his life complete.

Mike gets out of the car and slams the door shut, making El jump in her seat.

El gets out of the car and follows Mike into the cabin. When they both are inside, he slams the door, causing her to jump again.

"MIKE! What are you doing?! What is wrong with you?!"

Mike walks over to the wooden table that Troy was on and carries it to the middle of the cabin.

Mike points to the table while making eye contact with El.

"Lie down."

El doesn't know what's going on. She's so confused.

"But-"

"NOW!" Mike yells, causing El to flinch.

"O-O-Okay."

El gets in front of Mike and sits on the table.

"On your back," Mike demands.

She remembers when he had Troy in this position so that made her nervous, but she did as instructed.

Why she's even listening to him is beyond her. She could easily tell him no and threaten him with her powers, but she can't force herself to act that way to Mike...

"You really pissed me off back there..."

"Mike... I'm sorry..."

"Take off your pants if you're sorry."

El nods her head and bites her lip.

She uses her powers to unbutton her pants and take them off, flinging them across the cabin.

"Now your panties."

El uses her powers to slide her panties off and drops them on the floor.

Mike picks up one of the wooden chairs near him and drops it down right in front of the table. He sits down and grabs El by her legs and pulls her closer to him.

She looks at him. All she can see is this evil but determined look on his face.

"Mike.....?" El's turned on and creeped out at the same time.

Mike finally breaches her entrance and slides two fingers into her.

Mike has no idea what the trick is to fingering. He tries moving his fingers in a circular motion which makes El moan.

"OH!"

Mike's eyes widen. He moves his fingers faster and harder. El looks like she literally lost her brain.

"WOW, YOUR FINGERS ARE SO BIG!" El's able to say, although Mike isn't making it easy.

Mike knew what she really wanted. He has to give it to her. This is the time.

He takes his fingers out of her vagina, much to El's dismay.

Her disappointment is completely gone when Mike buries his face into her pussy and starts licking the letters of the alphabet. He holds

onto her thighs as he eats her out.

"FUCK!!!" El screams, enjoying the sight of Mike's face buried deep inside her vagina.

She tugs at his hair with lust, knowing that even though she was the one who was scared at first, she's the one in control now.

"LICK IT!!!"

Mike listened and obeyed.

He makes eye contact with her. She's about to break from just staring into those beautiful eyes.

"YES!!! YESS!!!!!!!"

Mike's getting a little tired of the constant tugging, but she's really into it for some reason.

Still licking, Mike inserts two fingers into her and begins to multitask.

"OH MY GOD!!!!!!!!!! YOU'RE AMAZING, MIKE WHEELER!!!!!"

El rolls her eyes in the back of her head like a demon. She can feel it...

She's about to explode.

Mike isn't laying off either. He's going faster with his tongue, even kissing her pussy whenever he needs a break from the licking. He used two fingers in order to speed up the process, knowing how much she liked them at the beginning.

With El's body shaking, her voice does the same.

"Mi-Mike..... I'm..... I'm.... Cumm-"

She's unable to spit it out before the actual act happens. Mike doesn't stop licking. He keeps on until he tastes something weird. That's his cue to stop. He leans back in his chair and stares at her. El's body is shaking and she's heavily breathing while staring up at the ceiling.

She's trying to remember she's alive, because the current feeling she has is heaven like. Mike is worried that something might be seriously wrong.

A minute later, she finally realizes where she is and stands up. Mike is still sitting in the wooden chair, appalled at what just happened to her.

Is an orgasm really that intense for a girl?!

With his eyes widened, he looks up at her in complete shock.

El's able to control her breathing and finally say something to him.

"I've needed that for weeks..."

Mike stares back at the table, looking a little disgusted.

"Let's hope Hopper never comes back for this table."

14. Losing Control

NOVEMBER 19 1988

I don't know if I was mad at Jane when she told me to "lick her pussy." I understood her frustration. I guess I was mad at myself for not being able to satisfy her, but why should I care? No, why DO I care?!

At least I was finally able to give her what she wanted, to make her feel good...

All I hope is that we take a break from all the sexual stuff, at least until I can figure out a way to deal with my problem...

Troy and Max, that's something nobody saw coming. It's fucked up in every way you look at it. It's fucked up for Troy because he has to deal with Billy, it's fucked up for Max because she's gonna have to tell Jane about it at some point, and it's fucked up for Lucas because he's mentally broken.

Sometimes I think killing Troy would've been better for everyone, including Troy, but... Jane.....

She doesn't want me to kill, and for some odd reason, I want to listen to her and give this human thing a try. The results so far are not convincing.

I hate it that I have all of these thoughts but I can't do anything. Detention is boring, not a punishment. Isabella's been glancing at me all day, and the few times I've looked in her direction, she does that weird flirty smile that I can't stand.

With Mr. Reed taking his daily ten minute break after lunch, I can only suspect that she's gonna talk to me again, and boy, I really don't wanna give her the wrong impression.

"So, how long you in here for?" Isabella asks with that annoying smile on her face.

"Until December. You?"

"I'm in here for the rest of the week! Looks like we're gonna learn a lot about each other," Isabella shouts with excitement.

Oh boy, I can't wait.

"Actually, I think it's best if we don't talk to each other," I try to sound polite, but I'm not quite sure how that sounds.

Isabella looks angry as she crosses her arms.

"And why's that?"

Because my girlfriend has super powers and will kill you on the spot.

"It's just that I have a girlfriend, and I don't want her to think we're doing anything."

Isabella laughs sarcastically.

"I see. Your girlfriend is one of them crazy jealous types? Can she not handle another human with a vagina talking to you? Is she that insecure?"

I shake my head.

"We both know you wanna do more than talking."

She stares at me for a moment before acknowledging I'm right by nodding her head.

"OK, maybe I came on a little strong, but I don't fuck with taken men, I'm not that much of a hoe."

Somehow I find that a little hard to believe. If I told her I wanted to have sex with her, I'm sure she would be that much of a hoe.

I nod my head anyway, not wanting her to think I'm that skeptical.

"So why are you with her? Your girlfriend, she have a name or...?"

I don't think talking about her to other girls is appropriate, but at least I'm talking about something in here.

"Her name is Jane, and I can't pinpoint what makes me like her so much, but whatever it is, that's why I'm with her."

She puts her hand on her chest.

"Awwww, that's so cute. So you mean to tell me you ain't going out with her because she got some big assets?"

Jane's breasts looked a little average to above average, and there's nothing wrong with that. Her butt is something else. Her features are... perfect...

"You don't need to know about my girlfriend's body."

Isabella rolls her eyes and sighs.

"Sorry that I'm bored. How about we play a game. We ask each other one question and we have to answer it truthfully."

This sounds cringey.

"Why?" I ask.

Isabella sighs out of annoyance again before answering.

"I don't know. We're the only two people in this room today, just play the fucking game and quit being a pussy! How about you go first. Ask me something..."

She's got a point. As crazy as I am, not communicating with anyone or anything really does do a number on your sanity, or in my case, makes me even more psychotic.

"Fine. How many guys have you been with?"

"Been with as in... had sex, or blowjob, or-"

"Combined, all right?!"

She giggles at how disgusted I sound.

"Like, 40, I don't know," She plays with her hair while smiling at me.

40 fucking guys.....

"You're serious?!"

She laughs at my shocked expression.

"Have to make money somehow. OK, my turn."

Here it comes...

"Who has the bigger ass, me or your girlfriend, Jane?" She giggles after asking.

NO, I'm not comparing Jane to another girl, this has gone way too far!

"OK, I'm not answering that-"

"Maybe this will help you decide."

Isabella stands up and turns to where her back is facing me. She pulls down her pants and-

OH GOD, she's not wearing any underwear. Holy shit...

She's bent over like she's picking up a pencil, but she knows what she's doing. She's trying to get me to look at that... butt. Shit, it's working, what the fuck?!

Why can't I look away?! What is that feeling in my pants? NO.

Out of all the times, NOW YOU CHOOSE TO GET HARD?!!

I can hear Isabella giggling.

"So, who's ass is bigger? Remember to be honest..."

She starts moving her body to the left and right, like some sort of tease...

"I-I-I-I... I don't know. I guess yours is bigger," Why am I still participating in this?!

She leans up and pulls her pants back up. She walks around the class to my desk and gives me a seductive look.

"Stand up."

"What-"

"I said stand up, fucking pendejo."

I'm standing up...

Why does this feel so wrong?!

Isabella drops down to her knees and licks her lips. She looks up at me with those seductive eyes...

"You ever got a blowjob in school before?"

"Uh, no..."

She giggles again before going back to animalistically staring at my crotch.

"Fuck, I can see it through your pants, holy fuck..."

She unbuttons my pants and pulls them down to my legs with excitement on her face.

My penis is begging to get out of this underwear...

She pulls my underwear down to my legs and bites her lip with lust, not being able to take her eyes off of my fully hard penis.

"I'm gonna make this really special for you, okay?" She says while looking up at me.

No, I can't do this.

"Isabella, stand up."

I pull up my underwear and pants, much to her disappointment.

"What's wrong?!" Isabella says as she stands up with a worried look

on her face.

I button up my pants and shake my head...

I'm so fucking dumb.

"Look, I can't do this. Jane would be so disappointed in me right now! FUCK, FUCK!" I smack my head out of frustration, startling Isabella in the process.

"Oh yeah, your girlfriend. Shit. What the fuck is wrong with me?! I really am that much of a hoe!" Isabella smacks her head, startling me in the process.

"Look, let's just forget this ever happened, all right?"

"Mike, I'm so sorry, I don't know what came over me-"

"JUST SIT DOWN, before Mr. Reed comes back and kills us both!"

Isabella nods her head and quickly runs back to her seat to sit down.

I sit back down and put my head down on the desk, ashamed of what I almost did.

I know I've been trying to get hard lately, but I didn't want my first natural time to be with a random girl like Isabella. It was supposed to be for Jane...

She trusted me...

It just happened. She bent over and I couldn't stop looking...

I lost control. I've never been in that situation before, ever...

My penis wanted to do one thing while my brain wanted to do another, and now I'm confused as to whether I'm supposed to listen to my penis or my brain. Is this what normal men go through?!

I can't lose Jane. I'm so confused. What's going on with my body?!

I found out what's scarier than not being attracted to anything...

Being attracted to the wrong person.

--

"That's bullshit, Troy! We need to teach that dorky motherfucker a lesson!" Todd Bowman says while riding in the passenger seat of Troy's car after school.

Troy shakes his head as he focuses on the road with both hands on the steering wheel. Todd's been trying to convince Troy for weeks about jumping Mike, but his recent alliance with Mike and his reunion with Max has made think about things differently.

"I think we should let this thing go. He's doing his time in detention, and by the time he comes back you guys we'll be reviewing for exams. You won't have to deal with him in class for much longer," Troy replies in a calmful manner.

"Are you serious, man? That motherfucker knocked my ass out with a headbutt, and all he got was fucking detention?! Are you fucking kidding me?!" Todd shouts as he punches the nearest window with frustration covering his face.

Troy is reluctant to say anything negative towards Todd, but he's always been honest with him...

"Maybe don't talk shit about his girl. Let's be honest, you had it coming."

Troy turns left and keeps driving in the town of Hawkins.

"You mean his psycho bitch of a girlfriend? She's not even that hot, she's a 6 at most, bro. And let's not forget you tormented Mike more than any of us, so it should've been you that took the headbutt!" Troy cringes at how Todd missed his point.

"I've been thinking lately, man. Wheeler's dangerous. We should just back off from doing anything for now," Troy says, unable to think of anything else to say that will calm Todd down.

Todd rolls his eyes.

"What's up with you lately?! You've been acting like a little bitch these past few weeks? What happened to the ruthless Troy who didn't give a fuck?!"

Troy's wondering the same thing...

"I don't know. Maybe I'm finally growing up."

Troy glances at Todd with a serious facial expression. Todd feels annoyed at how Troy is talking down to him.

"So what, you think you're bigger than everyone now because you're softer? That's not the Troy I know. The Troy I know would've punched this Troy right in his fucking face."

Troy's anger is building up, although he's trying to control it.

"I get it, he fucked you up, you want to fuck him up back. All I'm saying is for me, Wheeler is in the past. I'm focused on other things now..."

Todd gets confused as he tries to guess what is going on with Troy.

"No..... You're seeing her again..."

Troy's eyes widen as he enters panic mode.

"Who? What?!"

"The last time you were acting like this, you were seeing that slut, Max! It all makes since. I've heard the rumors of her and Lucas breaking up and now it's all coming together!" Todd smiles widely while connecting the dots.

Troy mumbles something under his breath.

"Don't call her a slut..."

"What did you say-"

"I SAID DON'T CALL HER A FUCKING SLUT!" Troy yells, finally letting his anger out.

Todd is scared away from Troy for a moment. He doesn't know who he's looking at anymore.

"What the hell is going on with you?!" Todd sounds confused beyond belief.

Troy keeps one hand on the steering wheel while massaging his face with the other to calm himself.

"She means a lot to me. She's really important to me and-and I don't want you talking bad about her. She's going through enough right now," Troy sounds broken as he puts his hand back on the steering wheel and gets his breathing under control.

Todd puts his hands up to surrender.

"OK, OK, I won't say anything bad about her. Shit."

When Troy arrives at Todd's house, he stops the car and waits for Todd to get out. Todd looks at him.

"I'm letting you know right now, if you won't help me with Wheeler, I'll deal with that fucker myself, and it ain't gonna be pretty," Todd says with confidence in his voice before opening the door.

Before Todd gets out of the car, Troy wants to tell him something.

"Be careful. Wheeler's tougher than he looks. Wouldn't want ya getting knocked out again, huh?" Troy smirks and lets out a little giggle.

Todd turns his head to look at Troy.

"Don't worry about me, I got a plan. You worry about your girl, since it's obvious that's all that's on your mind right now."

Todd gets out of the car and slams the door.

Troy's trying to hold himself back from demolishing Todd's face.

--

Max is watching TV in her room. She only got a TV a year ago; it was a big deal to her because she didn't have to share it with Billy, and being away from Billy was always nice.

She's in her bed, under the covers, and watching Monday Night Football. She's always loved sports and the competitive nature of it, even if it made the rest of the girls call her a tomboy, she didn't care. Her parents were home and sleep. Everything seems alright until Billy marches through the door and closes it when he steps inside the room, causing Max to sigh and roll her eyes.

"Whataya want?" Max asks with an attitude.

"I can't say hi to my step-sister anymore?" Billy chuckles while having his arms opened wide.

"No, because the only time you ever wanna talk to me is when I'm with a boy you don't like, soooooooooo all of them."

Max used to be frightened by Billy, but she's so used to his psychotic personality, and she knows he won't do anything to her while their parents are home.

"You don't need to be a smartass about it. So what, you and Lucas are over, and now you're with this Troy guy? Why?" Billy asks.

"Why do you care?!"

"Because, Max, I'm trying to look out for you. You know how these guys are."

Max sighs again, wishing he'd just leave.

"I'm old enough to make decisions for myself, and my relationships don't concern you, so fuck off," Max says in normal tone.

Billy walks up to Max in a slow and intimidating way. He leans down to level with her.

"You really should watch your mouth around your older siblings, because when Mom and Dad are gone, you never know what could happen."

Max is scared, however she can't let Billy see any weaknesses to exploit.

She smiles and tilts her head, causing more anger to build up in Billy's body.

"Smile all you want, I don't care. I don't like Troy, just like I didn't like Lucas, or some of the guys before that. You really do have shit taste, you know that Max?" Billy chuckles and leans up to walk out of the room.

Max shakes her head.

"Whatever. I don't even know if we're a thing."

As he's close to turning the door knob, he hears Max's response and turns around, completely in shock.

"So you're just fucking sleeping with him for no reason?! Are you serious? I thought Troy was joking!"

"Why am I even still talking to you about this?! Get out!" Max shouts as loud as she can without their parents being able to hear.

Billy shakes his head in disgust and marches out of the room with rage building up inside of him.

--

NOVEMBER 20 1988

Is this guilt I'm feeling real? I don't know what anything is anymore. All I know is that I made a mistake, but if I tell Jane, will she leave me? To know her boyfriend almost cheated, why on earth would she stay?

I wish I could go back and ignore everything Isabella said. She's nothing compared to Jane and never will be. I feel like I have to keep reminding myself that I feel ashamed, and I can only hope that's a good thing.

I've never been a situation before where my penis wanted one thing

and my brain wanted another. I was so damn confused, I didn't know what was even going on in the moment, I just went with it!

I didn't speak to Isabella at all today. I'm beginning to see just how truly manipulative women are, especially if you already have a girlfriend.

Lucas was his usual mopey self. I'm starting to understand the struggle of maintaining a relationship. I have to get better at controlling myself. I'm so fucking new to this.

Now I'm in home, in bed, in hell, wishing I could tell her so this guilt can be washed away, but it isn't that simple....

Nothing is.

The only thing worse than my guilt is hearing Nancy and Steve having sex next door. I can't believe how annoying humans are.

My sister's moaning is haunting; it makes me wanna kill Steve for ruining someone that I've had a deep connection with for a long time. He's also a cop, and I don't need any sort of law enforcement on my ass right now.

RING RING

Great, more fucking noise.

Who the fuck calls me this late?

I get out of bed and answer the phone.

"Hello?!"

"It's Troy. We need to talk."

I think I have a migraine now.

"Talk? About what?"

"It's Todd."

"Todd?"

"He's pissed, man, really pissed. He's been wanting to attack you for weeks but I've been talking him out of it."

I knocked him out once, I can do it again.

"So?"

"So?! So you better watch your ass, Wheeler. He's not fucking around."

An uncontrollable yawn is let out of my mouth.

"Yeah, yeah, watch my back, I understand."

"No, Mike, you don't know him like I do. He's fucking insane, okay? He could try to go after Jane just to get back at you. Whatever he's gonna try to do, his intent is to hurt you. Be careful and take care of Jane, alright?"

Jane? If he messes with Jane, he's dead- no, HE'S FUCKING DEAD! HE'S FUCKING FUCKING DEAD!

"Why are you warning me? What do you want?" I wonder.

"Nothing, Wheeler. I just thought I owed ya for all you've done for me."

I can't believe this. If I wasn't so angry, maybe I'd be more thankful.

"OK, Troy, I..... I gotta go."

Without allowing him to say bye, I hang up the phone and sigh.

And then I hear a high pitched moan next door.

"OOHHH!"

THAT'S IT!

I march outside into the hallway and open the door to Nancy's room, complete darkness, just like me.

I hear their quick panic gasps. I really don't wanna see anything I'm

gonna regret so I'll give them a couple of seconds to get covered up.

OK!

I turn the light switch on. There they are, looking guilty as ever. I don't want to embarrass Nancy by doing this, but sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do.

"What the fuck, Mike?!" Nancy shouts.

"What do you mean? You're the one fucking Steve Harrington next door to me! I'm trying to fucking sleep here!" My psychopathic anger, being unleashed on Nancy and Steve so that I can get some sleep.

Nancy's face is filled with regret.

"Mike, I'm sorry. We thought you were asleep!"

"Well I fucking wasn't, okay?! I got a lot of shit going on in my life right now, and the last thing I wanna hear is my sister getting railed by a fucking bum of a cop!"

"HEY, What's your problem, Mike?!" Steve asks, looking sincerely concerned.

I might of went a little too far...

Nah, fuck it.

"FUCK YOU! GO TO SLEEP, BOTH OF YOU!" I slam the door the shut and walk back into my bed.

Jane, Hopper, Troy, Max, Lucas, Todd, Isabella, Nancy, and Steve...

I'M LOSING MY ALREADY LOST MIND.

--

NOVEMBER 21 1988

El and Max decided to eat at a fast food restaurant after school. They got their food through the drive-thru and ate it in the parking lot.

Max finishes her drink, then puts it in the bag that the food came in. They both put their trash in the bag and Max throws it in the backseat.

"Ah, nothing like shortening our lifespans by eating this deliciously unhealthy food," Max says, causing El to giggle.

"It doesn't hurt if we enjoy it every once in a while."

Max smiles and nods her head at El.

"You got a point."

El's still not over how Max and Lucas broke up. She feels it's somewhat her fault. She needs to know what happened.

"Max..."

Max looks at her, unsure of what has El acting so serious all the sudden.

"Yeah?"

"Did... you and Lucas breaking up..... Did it..... Was it my fault? I mean, my advice, to talk to him about Troy..... Is that why you guys broke up?" El's voice is shaking so bad, you'd think she was in the middle of a winter storm.

"Yeah, El... I mean, no, it wasn't your fault, don't ever think that! It's just that when I brought up Troy, he lost it. I'm glad I told him the truth in a way. Keeping a secret that big would hurt me just as much as it hurt Lucas when I told him about it."

Max is trying to keep her cool, but she's emotionally torn on the inside. El senses that something's not right.

"So, you two are really done? For real this time? You're not upset? You don't miss him?"

Max remains silent as she turns her head to the steering wheel.

El lets out a sigh.

"Max, we're friends, you can tell me how you're feeling!"

Max starts the car before answering.

"Of course I miss him, El. I miss all of you. It sucks that I hurt him so much that I can't even be with the group anymore, but I understand..."

"I think it's unfair that he gets to kick you out of our group just because you slept with Troy at one point in your life. Don't worry, Max, I'll talk to him about letting you back in-"

"NO!" Max shouts as she cuts off El.

Max awkwardly stares at El before pulling out of the parking space and turning onto the main road.

"Uh, why not?" El wonders.

"Because El, things aren't that simple..."

El shakes her head in confusion.

"Why?"

"Because, I'm a fucked up person, and I don't deserve to be around you guys," Max says, feeling ashamed of herself.

As Max continues to drive with a hurt look on her face, El looks just as upset.

"Max, you are not a fucked up person! You are just going through some tough times. We all go through it, not knowing who we are or what it is we wanna do, but that's life sometimes, Max. Life is messed up..."

Max lets out a sad chuckle.

"Yeah, tell me about it."

It gets quiet for a couple of minutes before Max can't bear to hold it in for any longer.

"El, I'm seeing him again..."

"Who?!" El immediately asks.

"Troy. After Lucas and I broke up, he just came over to me, like some fucking angel sent to save me or some fucked up shit, and I..... and I...."

Max is afraid to tell El. She doesn't want to lose her as a friend again, but she's already lost so much, she might as well tell her the truth.

"I had sex with Troy."

In shock, El puts both of her hands behind her head. She's unable to think of a clear cut response, but in her head it's something like:

WHAT?! WHAT?! SHIT! SHIT! NO! NO! FUCK! FUCK! ARE YOU KIDDING ME, MAX, YOU FUCKING IDIOT?!!!!? OH MY GOD, NO NO NO NONNONONONONONO.

El doesn't even hear Max the first few times she calls her name.

"El? El? EL!"

El awakens from the trauma inside her head and looks at Max, confused on how she should react.

"You're... sleeping with... Troy... again..... As in, you and him are a thing... again?!" El speaks slowly but with a calm demeanor.

Max nods her head in shame and focuses her attention back on the road.

"I know, El, it's fucked. I probably should've waited a while but fuck, he was there, and I don't know what came over me but I..... I guess I just felt something and went for it."

Still trying to take everything in, El doesn't respond.

Max feels El is a couple of seconds away from ending their friendship again, and that worries her a lot.

"Look, I don't even know if we're a thing or if it was just a one time thing. I don't know about a lot of shit in my life, El. That's why I need you to stick by my side and help me through this. Now I know you don't like Troy, and I completely fucking understand, but I'm at a point in my life where I'm unhappy, mentally unhealthy, and I'm borderline unstable!" Max is trying to hold back tears, but as her voice breaks, the tears decide to drip down her face anyway.

El is so emotionally confused, she wants to cry and be angry all at once.

"So I guess what I'm trying to say is, if you don't want to be friends with me anymore because I could possibly be seeing Troy again, now's the time to leave me for good. I don't want you here if you don't want to be here. But I do want to keep you as a friend..... And..... and well, I hope we can try to get through all this fucked up shit together..."

El thinks and thinks and thinks. As much as it upsets her to know that seeing Troy is even a possibility for Max, she can't leave her. El sees how broken Max is and knows leaving her alone with Troy can only cause her more problems. They've been through so many battles, physically and mentally. Leaving her isn't an option, no matter how bad she disagrees with Max's decision.

El puts her hand on Max's shoulder as Max keeps her concentration on the road. Max's sniffles and tears are hurting El so much.

"Max, I'm here for you. I can't lose you. We're gonna get through this, all right? I'm going to protect you. If Troy tries to hurt you, I will hurt him!" Max knows El isn't joking one bit.

"I know. You're an awesome friend, El. As for Troy, let's not talk about that until the time comes, and if it comes, because I have no freaking idea what I'm doing," Max lets out a nervous chuckle, which makes El chuckle in return.

Max dries her face off with her own hand. She stops at a stop sign and looks at El.

"God, El, you don't know how much of a relief it is to know we're still

friends after that conversation. I never thought that would happen. I thought you'd get pissed and yell at me and end whatever friendship we had left."

"Well I'm not happy about it but damn, we all need support in our lives. Who knows? Maybe Troy is different when he's with you, and maybe he's not the vicious psychopath that everyone knows him to be..."

Yeah, right...

Max doesn't know how to respond so she doesn't. Instead, she smiles and nods her head at El before continuing the drive to her house.

--

1985

It was a cold and rainy day at the Wheeler's residence. Tensions in the household were rising whenever Ted scheduled to have a family meeting on a random Sunday morning, a week before his birthday.

With Nancy, Mike, and Karen all sitting on the couch, they looked up at Ted who was standing in front of them, awaiting whatever he had to say.

"OK, I've been wanting to say this for a few days now, but I needed some time to think about how I want to say it, so here we are."

Everyone looked nervous, except for Mike.

"So, I've been feeling sick lately. I decided to go to the doctor and get some tests done. It turns out..... I've got Stage IV lung cancer."

Karen immediately broke into tears.

Nancy was hurt and terrified when she looked at her crying mother. She didn't want to believe it at first; she hoped it was just a bad dream.

Mike was emotionless as always, not knowing how to react until he saw the mannerisms of his mother and sister.

"What... what does that mean?!" Nancy sounded fearful, not wanting to believe her father only had a limited amount of time to live.

"I know... this seems... abrupt, and I'm sorry. They say with the right treatment, I can live for another 6-9 months. I don't know what else to say other than..... I love all of you.

Nancy broke down into tears and cried into her hands, causing her sounds to be muffled.

Ted walked over to Karen and kneeled down to level with her.

Karen's tears wouldn't stop. Ted grabbed her hand and held it as he looked into her red eyes.

"Karen, I love you, I always have. I know I was a bit of an idiot at the start, but living with you has made me learn so much about life. I love you so much, baby."

Ted planted a kiss to Karen's lips before sliding in front of Nancy. He grabbed both of her hands and held them while staring into her blue eyes.

"Nancy, you've hated me for numerous of reasons these past few years, and I don't blame you at all. I want you to live your life with no regrets, baby. Don't be saddened by my death, be happy for the time that I spent with you, because you know I love you. Don't let a boy ruin your life for god sakes, and please, whatever you do, don't have a baby until you're ready, because it isn't easy!"

Nancy chuckled a little bit despite her sadness...

Ted kissed Nancy on the forehead before sliding over to Mike.

Mike tried to look sad, but he just ended up looking angry. He didn't know what to feel, if he even did feel.

"Mike, you're gonna be the man of the house now. Look after your mother and sister, protect them at all costs, you hear?"

Mike simply nodded his head.

Ted put his hand on Mike's shoulder and gave him a smile.

"I know, things are complicated right now, but you have to get through the hard times, Son. Trust me. I love you."

Ted wanted to say more to Mike, but there was no way he was gonna have real discussion about his psychotic tendencies in front of Karen and Nancy.

Ted kissed Mike's forehead before standing up.

The rest of the family stood up afterwards. Karen and Nancy engaged into a group hug with Ted. Mike looked on at first, not knowing if he should join. He figured he had to at this point. Mike joined in with them.

The sadness went on for hours as Karen and Nancy constantly sobbed.

Mike couldn't cry at all. He tried and tried, and Ted knew he was trying, but he just couldn't do it.

Mike needed to talk to Ted in private. He needed to understand what this really meant for his future.

15. Cold Turkey

NOVEMBER 22 1988

My alarm clock is going off; that can only mean one thing.

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving is one of the more weaker holidays. Compared to Halloween and Christmas, it's pretty pathetic, but I guess we do need that soft holiday in between the ones that are actually significant. I get it.

Thanksgiving without Dad has been terrible. Mom and Nancy were too depressed on the first Thanksgiving without him, and that's an understandable human emotion that I can't feel. The second one without him wasn't any better. And now it's the third. The third time where we would have to stare at his empty seat. I'm just hoping Mom won't break down and cry in the middle of it this time.

I'm not gonna lie, I forgot it was Thanksgiving week until I realized I had no school today and Friday. I'm happy that I got away from Isabella two days early. She's a disaster. If I ever told Jane what she did to me..... NO, what I almost did to her.....

It's best not to think about that, especially when your girlfriend has powers. I'm also surprised that I haven't talked to her more about her powers and stuff. I'm not used to in depth human discussions, and I wouldn't even know where to start with her...

It's still early. I can get some beauty sleep while I'm at it.

3 hours later

Now my phones ringing...

I was loving the extra sleep....

Wait, JANE!

I reach over and grab my phone, hoping she's still on the line.

"Hello?"

"Mike, Hey!" Jane says with excitement in her voice.

I'm smiling for some reason...

"Hey, you! Whatcha doin today sweetie-pie?" I'm trying to sound silly. I hear girls are more attracted to you if you are silly.

"Uh, Mrs. Wheeler, are you still on the line?" Jane asks.

Mom awkwardly coughs as I hear her hang up the phone abruptly.

Shit, she heard me call Jane sweetie-pie.

Now Jane is giggling. Great.

I sigh. Maybe I'm still sleeping and this is all a dream.

"Your mom is pretty cool, you know that?"

"I don't think you know my mom then."

"Your whole family is cool compared to mine. I got boring Will, strict Hopper, and Joyce is alright I guess, but nothing ever happens here."

If only she knew.

"You don't wanna know about my family."

"And what if I do?" Jane says in a playful tone.

"Then you're even more insane than I thought!"

My teasing makes her laugh.

"If I'm so insane, why are you still with me?" She asks a good question.

"I don't know. Maybe you're just the right amount of insane for me, or is it vice versa?"

"Vice versa?" Jane sounds confused.

"Uh, it means the other way around."

"Oh, sorry, I'm still learning words and phrases..."

Maybe now's a good time to ask her things about herself?

"How long have you been learning and stuff...?"

"Um, well, I didn't start living a normal life until my teens, so I've been learning everything from Hopper and high school."

Yikes.

"Oh..... Cool."

"Yeah..."

Why am I so bad at this?!

"Mike..."

"Yeah?"

"I was wondering if it's okay if I come over to your house later when I'm done eating...?" I can hear how nervous she sounds.

"T-Today? Are you sure, I mean it's Thanksgiving, you should probably spend it with Hopper and them.."

"Mike, I already told them I was coming over, I assumed you were gonna say yes," Jane sounds a little disappointed.

"Of course you can come over, I'm just surprised. I wasn't expecting this at all. But yeah, that sounds great. Feel free to come over whenever you want..."

"YES!" Jane shouts with happiness in her voice.

"OK, I gotta go take a shower..."

"Wait! Before you go..... Did you really call me sweetie-pie?!" Jane giggles, causing me to roll my eyes.

"I regret it already."

Jane laughs again.

"Don't regret it, it was cute!"

I sigh.

"Can I go now?!"

"Okay, Mike. Go take a shower, you messy boy."

I feel like she's just mocking me now.

"BYE!" I hang up the phone, completely annoyed with how happy she is.

But I like her for some reason.

6 hours later

The turkey was good, Mom didn't break into tears this time, and now I'm waiting for Jane.

I didn't know what to do while I waited for her, so I just lied in bed and hated myself some more for how I almost hurt her.

She doesn't need me, she thinks she does. The changes I'm going through are a warning for dangerous things in the future. I don't want to put her through danger, but I'm already too attached.

I wonder if Dad would be proud of what's happening to me? I bet he never thought I could feel a deep connection to a girl. I know he would never say that to my face, but still.

It's 6:38 PM. I finished eating two hours ago. And here I am, still waiting for her.

Maybe she decided not to come. Oh well.

--

There's a knock on Mike's door. The door creaks open.

El's smile is the only thing that Mike can focus on.

El walks over to a tired Mike and lies down beside him in bed. El playfully pushes him away to make more room for her.

Mike stares at the ceiling and rests his hand behind his head while letting out a sigh as El has half of her face buried into one of Mike's pillows while facing him. She reaches over and slowly caresses his stomach, which causes him to look weird. She giggles at how goofy he looks.

"It's been awhile since we've had some alone time."

Mike's nerves begin to show.

"Uh, yeah, I guess."

She moves her hand up to his chest and slowly massages it.

"You look tired. Is something wrong?" El asks.

Mike closes his eyes as he thinks of a proper response.

"Thanksgiving, obviously. I mean, I guess it's weird..."

Mike opens his eyes and scratches his head.

"What's weird?"

Mike shakes his head.

"I don't know. It's just, my dad passed away two years ago from cancer. We had two thanksgivings where my mom and sister would cry, but this time, nothing."

El's sudden sadness causes her to remove her hand from Mike's chest.

"Mike, I'm so sorry..."

"It's fine. I know that I'm supposed to feel sad and stuff, but I don't know why, I just can't do it, not in front of them anyway. My dad knew the truth about me. He knew what I am. I thought about at least telling Nancy the truth.... But then I realized it's only gonna

make her ask more questions, which leads to more problems. It's... complicated..."

El nods her head and smiles at him.

"It's alright not to feel things sometimes. Feeling can be difficult if it's forced on you, but when something sudden happens, it's much easier to feel. I know from experience," El scoots over to Mike and rests her head on his chest.

"I'm very confused on what I'm supposed to feel."

El giggles.

"I know."

"Really, that obvious?" Mike playfully replies.

"Yeah."

El almost gets lost in his chiseled chest.

"Mike, do you love me?" El asks in a nervous tone.

Mike tries to shake it off with a weird laugh.

"Love's a strong word to use for a three month relationship."

"It's already been three months?! Wow, time flies," El replies.

Mike wants to change the subject ASAP.

"How does it feel... to... to have powers? Do you use them a lot or... at all?"

"I try not to use them. In emergency situations it's a nice thing to have, but I'm trying to move away from that part of my life."

"Right."

The awkward silence has happened so much, it's normal now.

"Jane, I... I don't want to hurt you."

El looks up at Mike with fear in her eyes.

"Do you think you'll hurt me?" Jane's voice breaks with confusion.

"I... I don't know. Maybe not intentionally, but I'm just afraid that I'm gonna hurt you for some reason, and you don't deserve that. You deserve someone better..."

El kisses Mike's neck, which causes his body to shake.

El continues planting soft kisses to his neck. She lets out a moan after each kiss.

"I want you. I can take care of myself. I just want you, okay?" El lustfully whispers into Mike's ear.

"Okay, but you do realize I'm a psychopath, right?"

El giggles and nods her head.

"Yeah..... But you're my psychopath. You are mine, Mike. Mine."

El mounts herself on top of Mike. She leans down and connects her lips with his. Mike can't think so he proudly kisses her back while caressing the back of her head with his hand.

Each kiss makes them hotter and hotter. El wants to make him happy. He deserves it.

She breaks off the kiss and bites her lip as she slowly looks down at his crotch.

"You've been such a good boy lately. You deserve a present," El takes off his shirt and throws it on the floor.

Mike raises his eyebrows in confusion before he feels something rising in his pants.

He knows it's El's doing because there's no way his penis could ever get fully hard that fast.

At least let me try, woman!

"Stand up," El says, having a seductive look.

Mike's heard that from another female. The last thing he needs to think about is that female...

Fuck...

She stands up with a pillow in hand and drops the pillow on the floor by the bed. After seeing her do those actions, Mike stands up and awkwardly stares at her with a fully erect penis trying to escape his pants.

El submissively kneels down on the pillow for comfort. She looks up at Mike with her innocent but lustful eyes. She needs him.

Mike gulps as he walks closer to her.

She unbuttons his pants with a giddy look on her face. As she pulls his pants down to his knees, she can barely contain her excitement when she looks at the outline of his hard cock through the underwear.

El licks her lips and pulls his underwear down. His hard cock springs free and almost hits El in the face. She covers her mouth in shock, forgetting how big it is.

El shyly reaches out and grabs Mike's throbbing cock, slowly stroking it back and forth with the purpose of making him feel good.

As she looks up into Mike's determined eyes, she knows what she has to do.

El kisses the tip of his cock which causes Mike to let out a low moan. She closes her eyes and takes the tip in her mouth while continuing to stroke his erection. El bobs her head up and down on his cock and strokes it at the same time. El starts to take more and more in her mouth while maintaining eye contact with Mike.

"OH, FUCK!!!" Mike moans uncontrollably.

El licks the base and moves up to the tip with a wicked smile on her face. She takes a break from the blowjob and gulps in preparation of

doing something. She closes her eyes and deepthroats Mike's cock to the best of her ability.

Mike sees the effort she's giving and it's adorable to him somehow. To see someone who has so much passion for him, who sees him for who he really is but doesn't care.

He uses both hands as he grabs her hair and begins to thrust into her mouth. With each thrust, El gags louder and louder. Although it's uncomfortable at first, she adapts to it. She even gets turned on by the idea of Mike using her in such an aggressive fashion.

Her saliva is covering the majority of Mike's cock.

It gets to the point where Mike is constantly thrusting in and out. He's giving El no breaks as he constantly thrusts into her mouth. Her constant gagging is unhealthy at this point. Mike doesn't realize it...

Until El uses her powers to push him back. Mike loses his balance and falls in bed, completely shocked by what just happened.

El can finally breathe. She's heavily breathing, hoping that she'll be able to get herself collected. Her eyes are watery, and that's when Mike realizes he lost control.

"Not..... Too..... Rough," El's able to say as she struggles to breathe.

Mike adjusts himself on the edge of the bed.

"I'm sorry. I... told you. I'm gonna hurt you," Mike looks down in shame.

El doesn't want him to hate himself. This was supposed to be about pleasuring him!

She crawls over to Mike in a seductive way; this only makes him more nervous.

She sees the big unfinished project in front of her and won't let it go incomplete.

El places both hands on Mike's knees while staring into his eyes.

"I can take it. Finish in my mouth..... Please?"

Mike is speechless. But something in his brain tells him to nod his head yes.

Without hesitation, El leans down and takes as much of Mike's cock as she can. No hands, just her mouth. Mike is too afraid to thrust in her so he allows her to do what she wants... and quite frankly, he wants it too.

Mike feels his climax coming. El can feel it also, but she doesn't stop sucking. She keeps on bobbing her head up and down, wanting his seed, needing his seed.

"JANE!!!!"

His sperm shoots into her mouth, catching her by surprise at first. She holds her mouth in place in order to collect all of his sperm. El finally lets his now softening cock out of her mouth and swallows his seed.

Mike is in awe of what she did, although he still feels guilty for gagging her.

"You didn't have to do that, you know that, right?" Mike asks.

El nods her head and smiles at him.

"Well, you know how you talk about how you have a darkness inside of you? Well..... I have one too. My darkness is wanting to please you in anyway possible. I don't care if it hurts me or if it's a little too naughty, because you're fucking amazing... and mine. And I intend to keep what's mine..."

El bites her lip and pecks the tip of his softening penis.

It's at this moment that Mike comes to a realization.

She's fucking awesome!

--

NOVEMBER 23 1988

"Troy, we shouldn't be doing this!" Max protests to Troy.

It's late at night, and since Troy can't be around Billy, he decided to take Max out to the most romantic spot he can think of: An alleyway at night.

Troy and Max were making out until Troy wanted more and attempted to take off her shirt.

Max is still confused on where they stand, so she's reluctant to force herself into sex with Troy again.

Troy wishes it could be easier, but he understands why she's hesitant.

Still, he's frustrated and horny and... Troy...

"I get it, you need time to think about us, but I thought you being here with me was some sort of answer," Troy says.

"I'm sorry, I'm too confused, Troy. Life's so fucked up. I keep thinking about Lucas and how I hurt him, my friends, my family, everyone I know. It's all fucked up!" Max starts to panic, and Troy knows she's a couple of seconds away from having a mental breakdown.

"You need to calm down! You don't think I've been confused lately?! I've had so many emotions, but the one constant emotion I've had is loving you."

Max's eyes light up with shock as she turns her head to make eye contact with Troy.

Max shakes her head, not wanting to believe those words.

"Don't say that..."

"It's true, Max. I love you."

"DON'T FUCKING TOSS THAT WORD AROUND TO TRY AND WIN

ME OVER!" Max yells which makes Troy flinch.

"I-I'm not tossing it around! I've never felt this way about anyone before. I can't think of it being anything else but love-"

"Then you're really stupid because loving me is the last thing anyone should do! I'm a monster, Troy. I'm gonna hurt you eventually, just like I hurt Lucas."

Troy puts his hand on Max's face to freeze her.

"You hurt me when you left..."

"You wanted it though..... You didn't want to be friends with benefits..."

"I know. But now I really need you, and I can't lose you this time, because if I do, I might do something really insane."

Max gulps at how serious Troy looks.

"I don't know, Troy. Maybe we're making a mistake. Maybe we're better off without each other-"

Troy interrupts Max by leaning over and passionately kissing her. He caresses her face with both hands as their lips smack together in a messy makeout session.

Troy doesn't waste time to take off her shirt. He throws it in the backseat and continues attacking her neck with his mouth.

He works his magic and unhooks her black bra, throwing it in the backseat. Troy quickly takes off his shirt and unbuckles his belt. Max knows where this is going and doesn't want to back out now. She takes off her pants and panties and throws them in the backseat along with the other clothes.

Max climbs on top of him. She leans up and grabs his cock, directing it to her entrance.

Troy enters her and starts thrusting.

A once hesitant Max is now moaning with pleasure as Troy penetrates her pussy. Every guilty thought that she had has faded from her mind, at least momentarily.

As Troy pumps into her, they lock eyes. She sees past the evil Troy, she knows there's something good inside of him, and she simply needs him. She needs him so bad.

Hungry for his lips, she kisses him with extreme passion.

Nose to nose, Troy sees the lust in her eyes. He got so fond of looking at her lustful eyes during their fucks. This motivates him to go faster and harder.

Max feels his cock going in and out and is starting to lose it. Troy knows she's on edge so he smirks at her, causing her to flip him off.

"There's the Max I know and love," Troy laughs at her.

Max imitates his laugh.

"Just shut up, I'm nearing my orgasm. Keep on fucking me."

Troy nods and goes as hard as he can. Each time he penetrates into her pussy at a quick and hard pace, the slapping sounds get louder. Troy yanks her hair which helps get Max off even more.

"SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!! I'M GONNA CUM!!!!" Max screams with pleasure, nearing her orgasm.

"SAY MY NAME, BITCH!!!" Troy demands.

Max is in too deep with the pleasure, she feels no guilt. Nothing in this world, at this moment, can make her feel bad about herself. She missed Troy's dirty talk...

"TROY!!!"

Still thrusting into her pussy at full speed, he slaps her ass.

"DO YOU LIKE IT WHEN I FUCK YOU?!!!"

"YES!!!"

Troy slaps her ass again.

"ASK ME IF YOU CAN CUM!!!"

Max wants to cum just by hearing that.

"CAN I CUM?! PLEASE?!"

Troy smirks at her.

"TELL ME WHOSE SLUT YOU ARE!!"

"I'M YOUR SLUT, TROY!! I'LL ALWAYS BE YOUR SLUT!!! PLEASE, AHHHH, CAN I CUM NOW?!?!?"

Troy hesitates before answering.

"Go ahead."

Max and Troy both climax at the same time.

"FUUUUUCK!!!" Troy moans, loving every second of this as he releases his load inside of her.

Max rests her chin on Troy's shoulder and rubs his back. Troy gives both of her ass cheeks a playful slap.

"Ow!!" Now that the sex is over, Max is feeling the pain of those slaps.

"Sorry, I might of made it a little red back there."

Max giggles and smiles at Troy before leaning in to kiss him again. Troy breaks off the kiss with her, wanting to talk.

"So I... I met your brother. He's a dick," Troy chuckles nervously.

Not exactly what Max was expecting him to say after fucking her.

Max gets the 'oh no' look on her face.

"Really?! Did he do anything to you?"

"We just talked..... And then he started choking me."

With a look of anger appearing on her face, Max wants to fucking kill Billy...

"That fucking asshole!!!"

"Max, it's no big deal. He doesn't scare me."

Max nods her head but is still pissed.

"Yeah, but he's fucking crazy."

"So am I," Troy smirks at Max, causing her to roll her eyes at how ignorant he sounds.

"I just don't want anyone else getting hurt because of him. It's why we had to fuck in your messy ass car!"

Troy and Max both look around the car and see the trash everywhere. They lock eyes again and Troy sighs.

"I know. I gotta clean this shit up. I never thought I'd have the pleasure of fucking you in this car so cut me some slack."

Max laughs and pecks him on the lips. While staring at each other, Troy scratches his head in an awkward manner.

"Look, are you gonna tell your friends that you're seeing me, cause like, you know I don't like the secrecy shit?"

Max shakes her head. She's told El, but telling everyone else? Now that's a whole other story.

"You know once I do that, nobody's gonna look at me the same. When we walk together in the hallways, I'll be known as the latest girl crossed out on your fuck list, and I don't know if going through all that gossip shit is worth it."

Troy brushes her hair back and puts his hand on her face.

"We're almost in the second semester of our final year. Who cares what people say?! People can go fuck themselves."

His confidence makes her smile.

"Well yeah, you wouldn't care what people think. You're the king of the school and shit."

"You are right there!"

Troy and Max both break into laughter and cuddle for a couple of minutes before Troy drives her home.

--

NOVEMBER 25 1988

Before Jane, my whole purpose in life has been to protect Mom and Nancy, an order from my dad that I took, as if I was a veteran soldier during the climax of a war.

As I sit on the couch with them and watch pointless game shows, I realize that they don't need my protection. If anything, they need to avoid me in order to be safe. I am the danger, I am the evil, and I am the twisted darkness that they would be terrified of. And lovey dovey feelings for Jane won't change that.

Then again, I wouldn't call almost face fucking her to death all that romantic. I'll admit, it's definitely a start, but this darkness inside of me doesn't want to make love, it wants to dominate and conquer.

Maybe when we finally fuck I'll have the sudden urge to slit her throat, because that's who I am at the end of the day, a psychopath. I can't control these feelings of love, just like I can't control these feelings of hate. When the two are combined, the dangerous possibilities are endless.

Yet she kept going... like she depended on it for her survival. The thing is that I'm not too worried about stepping out of line during intimate acts, because she has her powers, and she will use them for survival if I go crazy.

As much as I would like to stay and watch corny game shows like Family Feud, I need to get gas for my car. It's more of an excuse to get out of the house.

I stand up and stretch, knowing that they're gonna ask me that question.

"Hey, where are you going?" Mom asks.

"Gonna get gas, I don't feel like getting some on the way to school tomorrow."

Mom nods her head.

"Pick me up some cigarettes while you're there."

"Cigarettes? I thought you were gonna quit?"

Mom stumbles to say anything at first and shakes her head.

"I will... eventually. It's not easy, Mike. You know how I've been since your father... you know..... And sometimes I just can't help it, I get that urge and it takes me over."

Oh, I completely understand.

"Even if I wanted to, I can't. I have to be 18 to buy them, I'm only 17!"

Mom looks flabbergasted.

"I thought you could buy them at 16?!"

"They changed it last year."

I know my laws.

Mom is disappointed, and I sort of understand.

"You don't need to smoke. It's bad for you."

"It's okay, Mom, nobody's gonna look at you differently just because you wanna relieve some stress. I bet Mike does much worse to relieve

his stress," Nancy jokes, smiling while raising her eyebrows up and down to tease me.

Nancy's always been the one to make dirty jokes like that. She didn't start doing it until she caught me jerking off about four years ago, and now she can't stop reminding me about it in her own twisted ways. You never disturb my ritual, I don't care if it's Jane! My ritual is sacred and is not to be interfered with.

"Really funny, Nance, you really know how to make things awkward, don't ya?"

Nancy giggles at my reaction.

I shake my head and walk out of the house.

Ah, gasoline, you are the Jane to my 1966 Ford Mustang. You fill this black beauty up so it can function in society. Now that's a love story I can get behind.

A nice bottle of Coca Cola would hit the spot.

I fill up my car with gas and go inside the gas station. The guy behind the counter is Greg; he's quite the character. When I'm here, he usually talks sports, or he talks about the girl he's currently banging. He was trying to convince me to try weed one time, but I don't need anything in my system that could make me act even more insane, although I hear weed is supposed to do the opposite. Whatever, it's not worth the risk.

I pick out the coke bottle and walk up to the counter. I place it on the counter and hand him my money.

"Keep the change," I say.

Greg's too focused looking up at the television. Football...

"Greg!" I shout, finally catching his attention.

"Ah, whut- sorry. It's the Colts, man, and I hate the fucking Patriots."

"Understandable."

He looks down at my coke bottle and laughs.

"The shit you buy in here sometimes," Greg shakes his head.

I hear the door open. I turn my head and see that it's...

Billy?!

Does he always have to dress like a douche?!

When we lock eyes, I can see the anger on his face. I know he wants to kill me, and I'm getting a fucking rush for some reason. I hope he attacks me. I fucking hope. I have a witness and cameras to back me up.

With each step he takes towards me, I can feel my urge intensifying. This is what I was born for.

He stops in front of me and laughs as he looks down at my feet. He finally looks up into my eyes....

"Well, well, well, if it isn't Mike. Fuckin. Wheeler," Billy shakes his head at me.

Just be you. Just be you.

"I see your arm's healed up."

Billy looks down at his arm that I broke a couple of months ago and lets out a fake chuckle before looking back up at me.

"You know, it has! You got a good eye!" Billy sarcastically claps in my face like I'm a fucking kid.

"I'd knock that shit off if I were you," I mumble.

Troy laughs with that psychotic look on his face.

"Huh?! No, you see, you don't get to act like the good guy. You're just as fucked up as me! I hope you know what you got yourself into, because now... you've royally fucked yourself!" Billy clenches his teeth together as the veins pop out of his neck.

"I warned you to back off."

"I don't give a shit about your warnings! I'm Billy fucking Hargrove, and you're a little shit that caught me off guard! It's not happening again!"

I stretch my arms out wide to surrender.

"Go ahead and hit me then."

Billy chuckles.

"You think I'm fucking stupid?"

"Coulda fooled me."

He definitely got more pissed after that.

"You better watch out. And your friends too. Hell, even your girlfriend-"

"DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING TALK ABOUT HER," My darkness is coming out...

Billy gets that fuckhead smile on his face. I just wanna fucking kill him right here, right now!

"Looks like you do have a weakness! That little broad you're seeing? I'd fuck the shit out of her and toss her on the side of the road like the slut she is..."

Must resist... urge... to punch... him...

I grab the coke bottle and squeeze it in my hands in order to keep myself from killing him.

Billy's laughing at how angry I look while squeezing the bottle.

"FUCK YOU!!!"

"COME ON, WHEELER, FUCKING HIT ME!"

"AGGHGHHGHHGHH!!!!!"

I'M SO CLOSE TO FUCKING DOING IT, I DON'T CARE!! HE'S FUCKING DEAD!

"HEY, BILLY, GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE COPS FOR CAUSING A DISTURBANCE!" Greg shouts.

Greg's voice brings me back to reality...

Billy smirks at me before turning around and walking out.

Even with her superpowers, I still feel the need to defend her. It's not an order from my father, it's my heart telling me to do it.

He's right.

Jane is my weakness.

And I love her.

16. Full Moon

DECEMBER 3 1988

It's a gray Monday morning. The school hallway is packed with students talking to friends by their lockers. Max decides it's time.

Max walks down the hallway where Troy's locker is. She sees him. He has his locker open but he's not doing anything. In fact, he has his head down and leaning against his arm, which is leaning against his open locker.

Max is worried that he's gone into one of his usual depressions that he always seems to go into. When they were friends with benefits, there would be days when they would have sex and he wouldn't say anything. He'd get also get more rough with her than usual.

Max walks up behind him and touches his shoulder.

"Huh, what?!"

Awakening from his sleep, Troy quickly turns around and rubs his eyes. As he squints, his eyes finally adjust to the light and he sees Max in front of her.

"Oh," Troy says.

"You were sleeping?" Max asks while smiling.

Troy nods his head awkwardly.

"I had a hard time sleeping last night."

"That time of the month, huh?" Max jokes which irritates Troy, causing him to shake his head.

Troy realizes that she's actually talking to him at school.

"Wait..... Why are you here? I thought you didn't want to be known as Troy's girl."

Max cringes when he says that, but she doesn't hate the idea, she just hates the publicity.

"N-No. I told you, I don't feel comfortable being known as..... Your girl," Max looks down at the floor in a shy manner.

"People are gonna start getting suspicious if you come by my locker, you know that?"

Max looks at him, having her hands on her hips.

"Yeah, I know that. It's just that... ever since that night in the car I've been missing you... and I wanted to see you... "

Troy grabs her chin and gives her a quick kiss on the lips.

Max is pissed, embarrassed, and so much more as people a couple of feet away turn their heads to see what just occurred.

"What the hell?! What part of no don't you understand?! Max whispers with anger.

Troy chuckles at her anger.

"Sorry, I love it when you get angry. It makes me realize why I fell in love with you."

Max wants to smack him. The mean look stays on her face as she angrily stares at Troy, wanting to do something to him, but she knows that will attract more attention.

"Max, I love you alright. I don't want us to be a secret because it's not right. Who gives a shit what they think about you or me?!"

Max waits to respond and thinks of a proper response.

"I don't want Lucas to find out. I'm afraid it'll hurt him even more..."

"You still have feelings for him?!" Troy asks in an insecure tone.

"What?! No. I just don't wanna come across as a cold bitch..."

Troy chuckles.

"I mean, you let me fuck you a half an hour after you two broke up. You don't think that's cold?"

"Fuck you," Max says as she gives him that blank but also evil stare.

"I'm just saying, Max."

"I was going through a lot of pain and I needed a release, okay?!" Max raises her voice.

"I know. I'm saying that your actions have already hurt him. So what if you hurt him a little bit more? Like, should he even care? It's been a couple of weeks. He should be getting over it by now."

Troy puts his hand on her arm and leans in closer.

"For us. Please, Max. I never begged to a girl for anything before, this feels so damn humiliating."

Max can't help but laugh at his honesty. As Max begins to think about it, she knows she can't hide it for much longer. Hurting Lucas should be the least of her problem, and it's not like she had the best reputation to begin with.

"If we do this, there's no turning back," Max says.

"I know. I've been dreaming of this forever."

Max looks around the hallways and sighs.

Fuck it.

She looks back at Troy and smiles.

"Walk me to my class, the bell's about to ring," Max says, then grabs Troy's hand.

Now connected, they begin to walk through the middle of the hallway. As heads begin to turn and see the odd couple with their own eyes, Max knows this it. There's no going back.

Troy finds it incredibly awkward at first, especially since he walked

past four or five girls that he had a one night stand with. And those girls all have jealous looks on their faces. They walk past 50 people or so before arriving at Max's class. They turn to each other and smile.

"That felt good!" Max says.

"Yeah. It did, didn't it?" Troy replies, not knowing it would feel like that.

"Oh, I forgot. I was wondering if Mike and Jane could come over to my house this weekend. My parents are out of town and I want to apologize to Mike for all the shit I've done. It can be our own little party!" Troy says.

Max looks at him with a shocked facial expression.

"Wow. That's a lot to take in," Max replies.

"I gotta get to class. Ask Jane for me, well ya?" Troy asks as nicely as humanly possible.

Max can't say no, but she can roll her eyes.

"Fine..."

"I'll... see you at lunch?"

Troy nods his head yes.

Max leans in to give a harmless kiss on his cheek before heading into class.

What Max doesn't know is that she will be known as the baddest bitch in school that all the girls hate, because all the girls want Troy.

--

The lunch room is filled with commotion as everyone is sitting in their usual seats. Well, everyone but one person.

People soon caught on to the fact that Max was sitting next to Troy at

his posse's table, so when Lucas saw them, he lost control of his emotions immediately.

"What the fuck?!" Lucas says with anger and confusion as he sits at his table with El, Mike, Dustin, and Will.

"What?" Dustin replies.

"Is that what I think it is?!" Lucas continues on.

"What are you talking about?!" Will asks, seriously baffled by Lucas' outbursts, along with everyone else.

Lucas points in the direction of Max and Troy, causing everyone at the table to turn their heads and look.

"Oh," Will mumbles, then goes back to eating his food.

Dustin cringes.

"Yeesh! This is awkward," Dustin cringes.

Lucas slams his fists on the table in anger.

"FUCK! She's back with him! Can you believe this?!" Lucas makes eye contact with El.

El is a terrible liar.

"Uh, no. Mike, did you know Max and Troy were together?!" El asks, trying to act surprised as she looks at Mike beside her.

Mike shakes and scratches his head.

"No! Not at all! This is shocking!"

Mike and El awkwardly stare at each other as Lucas confusingly looks at them both.

Lucas' confusion turns back into anger as he stares at the redhead and the star football player together.

"This is fucking bullshit!" Lucas angrily mumbles, having an intense

look in his eyes.

Mike turns his back to look at Max and Troy. He sees all of Troy's football friends sitting with him, including Todd Bowman. He's done with him, but he wouldn't mind headbutting him five more times for what he said about El.

Mike looks back at Lucas and tries to comfort him.

"I know this isn't easy for you, but you don't wanna do anything stupid. You two are done, remember?"

"A couple of weeks broken up and she's fucking the guy that's responsible for our breakup?! Why shouldn't I be a little a mad?!" Lucas shouts at Max.

Will decides to chime in.

"I think what he's saying is that no matter how mad you are, you shouldn't do something stupid like... I don't know..... fight Troy?!"

"I'm not gonna fight Troy!" Lucas immediately shouts.

"Well that's good because if you did, you'd get your ass kicked!" Dustin teases him.

Lucas gives Dustin a mean look.

Dustin looks around the table and shrugs his shoulders.

"What? It's true," Dustin says.

Lucas thinks about what Mike said. He knows Mike's right. Max shouldn't be in his mind anymore, they're done.

Lucas looks down at his tray and shakes his head.

"Yeah, you guys are right. It's just... bullshit. All of it."

As El finishes her sandwich, she feels somewhat guilty for already knowing Max and Troy were together. She doesn't think she's a real

friend, because friends don't lie. The debate on if telling a lie and not saying anything is the same thing lingers in El's head.

Mike doesn't want to talk about Troy at all. He doesn't need people finding out about their secret friendship, especially El.

"We're here for you, Lucas," El says, trying to show some compassion towards him.

Lucas slightly smiles while still looking depressed.

--

Ah, it feels so good to be out of detention, away from those evil temptations that cloud my judgement.

Today's gonna be the first day in almost a month where I walk Jane back to her class. I gotta tell you, I miss it. Being in detention for so long has taught me that walking around can never be a burden. Freedom.

Holding hands in the hallway, we're almost at her 4th period class. She looks at me and giggles randomly, probably because she feels just like I do right now. Happy.

"Hey, Mike!!"

What? Who?

Oh no.

It's Isabella.

I got too distracted in Jane's eyes, and now I've ran into the situation that I wanted to avoid at all costs: Isabella and Jane being in the same vicinity.

I immediately look at Jane, worrying about how she's gonna react...

She raises an eyebrow at me, confused by Isabella's presence.

I wish I could just ignore her, but then Jane would ask so many

questions, it's not worth it.

"Hey Isabella....."

Jane chimes in.

"I'm sorry. You know Mike?" El asks Isabella.

Isabella nods her head yes and has that evil smile. She had the same evil smile when she almost made me betray Jane.

"Oh, where are the manners, I'm so sorry! My name's Isabella, Mike and I met in detention."

"Oh..... Cool," Jane replies.

Fuck, she has that jealous look, I can see it.

"And you must be Jane! Mike's told me so much about you!"

Jane has that fake smile on her face as it remains silent.

"Only good things," I add in, trying to avoid any awkward tension as I playfully nudge Jane's shoulder.

She glances at me and smiles before returning her focus to Isabella.

"So... what exactly did you tell her about me?"

"I-"

"Don't worry, he didn't say anything bad! He couldn't stop going on and on about how he loves you! To be honest, it kinda got annoying at one point, but I just find it so cute that he loves you that much!" Isabella says.

Isabella's response makes Jane seem more calm about the entire situation.

"Well, I would hope that he'd talk about me. He is my boyfriend.," Jane awkwardly laughs and Isabella chuckles.

There's too much fake in this trio, somebody's gonna break!

"I'm sorry for interrupting you guys. I'll just leave now!" Isabella puts on a friendly smile and walks away.

And now I continue walking her to class.

"Do you like her?!" Jane immediately asks me.

FUCK. CAN WE NOT?!

"W-What, no?!"

"You have no feelings for people, yet you're talking to some pretty girl in detention?! I call bullshit," Jane says, sounding hurt.

"It's not like that at all! You know how boring detention gets? Talking to anyone is healthy for me!"

Jane shakes her head and intensely looks at me.

"I don't care. She's pretty and she's a girl. No doubt she probably tried flirting with you, but maybe you just didn't notice."

Oh, I noticed.

"You get too worked up over this kind of shit! First Stacey, now Isabella. Why do you get jealous so easily?!" I can't believe I'm talking to her like this.

"Because these girls are easily attracted to you. Trust me, I know."

She has a point.

"Isabella was just someone I talked to in detention when I got bored. If I knew how worked up you were gonna get I would of just avoided her!"

"Good!" Jane says.

We make it to her class. She turns to face me while we stand by the door.

"Jane, you know I would never cheat on you, right?" I ask.

"Yeah," she blushes.

"And you know I would never mean to hurt you, right?"

"Yeah," she smiles and twirls her hair around her finger.

"Good girl, now come here and give me a kiss."

I lean in and give her a quick kiss. Nothing too sexual for school. I'm too much of a good boy at school.

I love it when I calm her down. Knowing I have the power to do that is insane. It's gotta be brainwashing to a certain extent.

--

Troy's parents are still at work as him and Todd are in the kitchen. They just got home from school.

Troy and Todd are separated by a kitchen island, however they are both staring at each other, waiting for one to talk.

"We need to do something about Mike!" Todd says with anger covering his face.

Troy shakes his head.

"I told you. I'm not getting involved with that shit!"

"What the hell's up with you, man?! Why are you so scared of Wheeler now all the sudden?!" Todd asks.

"HEY!" Troy yells.

"I'm not insulted by Wheeler."

Todd laughs.

"Well you ain't convincing me otherwise with your chicken shit behavior lately!"

Troy takes a deep breath before speaking.

"You wanna know the real reason why I don't wanna get involved with this?!"

Todd nods his head yes.

"It's because I made an alliance with him?"

Todd gets a confused look at first. Then he chuckles.

"Alliance? What the fuck does that even mean? Like, you guys are friends?!"

"Yes! We are fucking friends. You gotta problem with that?!" Troy asks as he stares into Todd's eyes with an evil facial expression.

"After all we've been through, and you're gonna do this shit?! I'm the reason why you won state, or did you forget?!" Todd shouts.

Troy doesn't respond as he tries to resist punching him in the face.

They angrily stare at each other for a little longer before Todd laughs and snaps his fingers.

"I got it! I know exactly how to lure Wheeler in. You call him, tell him you need to meet him at a discrete location at night to talk about something, what that something is is up to you. Then we jump him!"

Troy shakes his head in disgust.

"No way I'm doing that!" Troy replies.

"Fine. You don't have to jump him with me, but at least make the damn phone call!"

Troy shakes his head no again.

Todd pulls out a gun and aims it at Troy's head.

"Grab that phone right now. Dial his fucking number and tell him you need to meet him tonight at a discrete location, or it's your fucking brains that gets splattered instead of Wheeler's."

Troy puts his hands up, completely shocked by the turn of events.

"Are you fucking kidding me? You're not gonna kill me!" Troy smirks at him, not wanting to look vulnerable.

"I wasn't going to, not until I knew you betrayed me by being friends with that fucking asshole."

"I'm not-"

"DAMMIT, TROY, JUST FUCKING CALL HIM BEFORE I DO SOMETHING I'LL REGRET!" Todd shouts.

Todd's body is shaking as he is losing his cool more and more by the second.

Troy knew he was crazy, but this.....

This is something else.

With Todd still pointing the gun at him, Troy picked up the phone on the counter and dialed Mike's number. There was ringing for a good 15 seconds before Mike answered.

"Hello?"

"Mike, it's me..... Troy..."

"Troy? Why are you calling?" Mike wonders.

"It's uh..... Complicated..."

"Is something wrong? Are you and Max okay?" Mike asks.

"Yeah, yeah, we're fine. It's..... Something else," Troy scratches his head as he looks at the gun pointing directly to his head.

"What is it?"

"You know Todd? Well, we gotta talk about dealing with him. He's out of control."

Troy isn't lying.

"OK. What should we do?"

"I can't say it over the phone. Do you have any discrete places we can meet up at?"

"Uhhh, you know that cabin you were in? That was in Denfield by the big oak tree. You take a right and drive for like five minutes and you should be there."

"Got'cha."

"What time do you want to meet?" Mike asks.

Troy looks over to Todd and mouths 'What time?'

Todd mouth's '11.'

"11 o'clock, tonight."

"Really? That late?" Mike is a little surprised.

"Yeah. It's important. I'm afraid to say anything else..."

"Alright, man. I'll meet you there."

Mike hangs up the phone and Troy hangs up soon after.

Todd laughs at Troy.

Troy knows he just set Mike up to die. Does he want to do something? A little.

Will he? No.

He knows he can't. He doesn't want to be involved with any of this shit. All he wants to do is be with Max.

--

El and Max are in Max's car. They are parked in front of El's house but El decides that she wants to talk for a bit before she leaves.

As El sits in the passenger seat, she takes off her seat belt and looks at Max who is smiling while looking at the house in front of her. She glances at El and notices that she's staring at her.

"Yeah?"

"W-What?" El's voice shakes.

"Do you always stare at people like that or do you have something to say?" Max says as she chuckles.

El laughs nervously before nodding her head at Max.

"It's really weird; you don't wanna know," El looks away out of fear before looking back at Max.

Max is really intrigued now. Weird? What could possibly be weird to El?

"Now you gotta tell me. You on your period or something?" Max jokingly asks.

"No!"

"You had sex?"

"No!"

Max giggles before continuing on with her interrogation.

"Is it something with Mike? Come on, El, I'm running out of guesses!" Max shouts.

El thinks about it before answering her. As much as she wants to keep her sex life a total secret from everyone, how can she learn more things? Or perhaps, how can she get tips to pleasure Mike better? If she knew someone with experience in sex, that would be Max. She feels forced to tell Max. She certainly can't tell Joyce.

El twirls her hair around her finger and makes eye contact with Max.

"It's... about Mike..."

Max's face lights up with excitement and she takes her seat belt off and leans in closer to El. El has Max's full attention now.

"Mike? What did he do?" Max wonders.

"It's really weird..... But..... Have you ever been forcefully gagged by a boy during a blowjob....?" El cringes at the question that just came out of her mouth.

Max can feel the hysteria trying to break out of her, but she's able to control it and process what El said.

"You... You... gave... him a... a... blowj-j-job?!" Max slowly says while being in shock.

El sighs.

"Yes, Max. I gave him a blowjob. But when I was blowing him, he started forcefully thrusting into my mouth like he was trying to kill me... and I was gagging... and I'm wondering if that's normal... or if I need to do something else ... or...? Anything? Max? Max!"

Max jumps out of her hypnotic state.

"Sorry, sorry, I just... WOW! OK, OK, right, gagging, gagging. Ah, yeah! I think Lucas gagged me a little too hard one time and I told him to knock it the fuck off! I think it's a guy thing."

El looks surprised but a little relieved.

"Really?!"

"Yeah. I guess we gotta let guys be guys during sex, you know? We can let them dominate us physically because at the end of the day, we're dominating them mentally."

El nods her head as she tries to really understand Max.

"Can't guys dominate girls mentally also?" El asks, then looks out her window to see if anyone is watching them.

"Yeah, but they'd have to have that good D, you know what I'm saying?" Max grins and nudges El's shoulder, causing El to chuckle nervously.

"No, but I'm serious. Their dick game has to be good in order to get inside my head. Not just long either. It has to be long, thick, veiny,

and they gotta know how to fuck, you know?"

Besides the veiny part, El can't help but bite her lip and think of Mike when she mentions that they have to be long and thick.

I want him inside me right now.

El quickly snaps back to reality and notices how slutty they sound. They're talking about long and thick cocks! El knows Max is more loose and free spirited when it comes to sex, but she just isn't that kind of girl. She has to change the subject fast.

"So I found out that Mike was talking to some girl while he was in detention. I think her name is Isabelle or something...?"

Max eyes widen like she just heard a spooky ghost.

"You mean Isabella. The Isabella? The whore that's sucked off half the boys in this goddamn school? Yeah, you should probably tell her to fuck off. And smack Mike for me for being a dumb ass and getting involved with her?" The anger in Max's voice speaks for itself.

"What did she do to you?! Why are you so pissed off at her?" El asks.

Max shakes her head and rolls her eyes, not wanting to say her name again.

"When Troy and I were together a while ago, he told me that she seduced him into fucking her in the bathroom during lunch. I know I shouldn't of been that mad since we weren't a real thing, but we agreed to specific rules! No fucking other people while we're together."

El really wants to be grossed out by everything that Max just said, but she sees the pain and sorrow in Max's eyes. She can't even imagine how she would feel if Mike decided to fuck Isabella.

"So what happened?"

Max crosses her arms and lets out a chuckle.

"What happened? I punished him, that's what happened."

"What was his punishment?" El wonders.

Max scratches the back of her head before answering.

"Since we were a friends with benefits thing back then, I went easy on him. I made him eat me out for two weeks straight, every day after school. He didn't get to cum, and if he ever did, that would be another day added until we could have sex again."

El blinks really fast out of confusion.

"A bit harsh, don't you think? I'm more clueless than anyone when it comes to this stuff, but I know that you're supposed to let the guy finish. It's how nature intended, right?"

Max laughs.

"During sex, yeah. But he doesn't need to cum while he's eating me out. Sometimes you gotta make them work for it, El. Maybe one day you'll understand..."

The silence that ensues afterwards gives Max enough time to remember that they were talking about Isabella.

"Isabella is dangerous though. Like, she will literally steal Mike and his dick that you love so much."

El feels a little attacked.

"What? What about me makes you think I love his dick so much?!"

Max chuckles and rolls her eyes at El.

"Come on, El. Whenever we talk about something regarding Mike, we somehow always seem to talk about his dick. Whenever you told me about how you jerked him off a while back, you kept on bringing up how long and thick it felt in your hand."

El feels a bit guilty because she knows it's true. She's just so fascinated by his member. She's fascinated with his whole body, but especially his penis.

"Okay, so what if I like his penis? Is that such a crime?" El sounds defensive.

Max smiles and shakes her head no.

"Not at all! I'm sure you two really like each other and all that shit, but I think he's mentally and physically dominating you with his dick, and you can't let a man do both because that just ends up being a disaster."

All this mentally and physically dominating talk is making El pissed! She just wants to love Mike! She doesn't care about who's in control, as long as they both are happy.

But she does see a point in what Max is saying. If she lets Mike dominate her sexually and mentally, what's to stop him from lying to her about something? And then she would be too oblivious to even notice that he lied. Now El has this shit in her head...

"Whatever, Max..."

As El's about to open the car door, Max stops her with her voice.

"WAIT!"

El stops and turns her head back to Max.

"What?"

"Troy wants to apologize to Mike this Friday. He said all four of us can have a little party at his house. His parents are out of town. Whattaya say, El?" Max is hoping that El will simply say yes, but she knows that won't be the case.

"Troy and Mike together? What are you, insane?! They're gonna kill each other."

Max slaps her knees out of frustration.

"Troy wants to apologize for everything! He said that he's changing, which I do believe is true to some degree. He's trying to make amends. Please, El, I beg of you. Just try to convince Mike to come.

We can have a party! Do you know how big his house is?!"

El can't think right now, she's too frustrated with that mental crap Max had been talking about.

"Whatever, I'll think about it."

"Fine."

El gets out of the car and slams the door shut.

--

10:25 PM

As Max sits on Troy's lap and kisses him on the edge of his bed, Troy can't stop thinking about what he did earlier. He gave Mike a death sentence. The blood will be on his hands.

Troy can't let this happen; he knows it's gonna stir up a great shit storm. He wants to drive to the cabin and stop Todd.

Troy turns away from Max who is smiling stupidly at him. She immediately notices the changed look on his face.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Max asks.

Troy turns to make eye contact with her, knowing he can't lie to his goddess.

"I have to meet my friend somewhere. I'm late." Troy taps Max, signaling for her to get off of him. She gets off of him and allows Troy to stand up.

"Do you really have to go? It's getting late and your parents won't be home for another ten days!" Max reminds him.

Troy knew she would be upset...

"I know. I wish i could I stay, but this is really important. I promised I would meet up with him and I forgot."

"Well, when you see him next time, just tell him you forgot."

Troy smiles at her but shakes his head.

"I can't stay, Max."

Max lets out an annoying moan before standing up and walking to Troy.

"What if I... do that thing you loved...?"

Troy blinks quickly and raises his eyebrows.

"What thing?"

Max smiles as she seductively grabs his crotch.

"You know. That thing that made you cum in seconds," Max giggles while lustily eyeing his crotch.

She feels it as it begins to harden. She knows it's already over for him.

Troy gulps and looks down at her hand rubbing his crotch.

"Fuck. Fuck. I want that so much, baby."

"But!" Max holds up her index finger.

"You have to stay for the rest of the night. Deal?"

At a time where he could save a life, the only thing that would be able to stop him is her. And now he has no choice.

"Alright. Please, go a little slow and just suck on it at first. I wanna really enjoy this."

Max laughs before getting on her knees.

--

11:22 PM

Here I am. Troy wanted to talk, and there's no better place to to unleash your secrets than this cabin.

I don't know what's taking him so long. I guess it is complicated to find where exactly this place is. It took me a while to figure out.

I finally here an engine and see lights in the distance. It's gotta be him.

He stops his car on the opposite side of he cabin and gets out. I hear the door slam shut followed by footsteps.

Something's not right.

As I look up to see his face, I finally realize it.

It's not Troy. It's Todd.

I knew it. I shouldn't of got involved with Troy. He set me up.

Todd stares at me and smiles before opening his mouth.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't Mr. Headbutt. Mr. Genius. Mr. Faggot."

"Todd," I simply reply.

"That's right, Wheeler. You gotta learn that your actions have consequences," Todd pulls out a handgun and aims it at me.

Yep. Saw this coming. Fuck.

"Really, you're gonna kill me? I doubt that-"

Todd shoots at the ground a few feet away from me.

FUCK.

"Now's not the time to be Mr. Cool. And no, I'm not gonna kill you yet," Todd says.

Todd slowly walks backwards to his car while keeping his eyes and gun focused on me. He opens the door and grabs a shovel. After slamming the door shut, he lets out a laugh and gets a big grin on his face.

He walks back to where he originally was and tosses a shovel at me.

Having fast reflexes, I'm able to catch it without blinking.

"You are gonna dig your grave," Todd says with a smirk on his face.

I chuckle at him.

"That's funny. Why the fuck would I dig my own grave?!"

"Because if you don't, I will not only kill you, but I will also kill your family and your girlfriend."

No.

Mom.

Nancy.

Jane....

Think of a plan. Shit. Shit.

These women love me, and I'm gonna get them killed...

I... have to dig this grave...

--

2 hours later

Tired.....

So tired....

Arms..... Hurt....

Need water....

Dirt. Nothin but dirt for hours.

I told him an hour ago that it was good enough. He said to keep digging.

I'm done now.

I drop to my hands on knees and decide to rest in the 6 foot grave that I dug up.

"Done," I shout so Todd can hear me.

The footsteps get louder and louder.

My death is coming.

I will die knowing Jane, Nancy, and Mom are safe.

Unless...

The shovel. Yes! The shovel. I won't be able to hit him in the head from this spot, but I just need enough time to get out of this soon to be grave for one of us.

"Okay, I'm done with the games now, Wheeler. It's been nice torturing you with this shit, but I'm getting tired, so let's get this over with, shall we?" Todd's close to seeing me, then shooting me.

More footsteps.

I pick up the shovel.

As soon as he makes eye contact with me, I hit him in the leg with the shovel. He drops the gun in the grave and falls to the ground in pain.

"OH FUCK!" Todd shouts in pain.

This is my chance.

I pick up the gun and toss it back out on the opposite side from Todd. I climb out of the hole, completely covered in dirt. Taking the gun, I walk towards Todd and aim it at him.

He slowly crawls backwards. He gets up to run away but when he turns around, he falls into the hole. He's completely covered in dirt as he lies down on his back to look up at me.

"WAIT! MIKE! PLEASE, DON'T DO THIS! I'M SORRY!" Todd cries.

I can't help but laugh at how much of a pussy he is now when the roles are reversed.

"You threaten to not just kill me, but my family, the love of my life, and you think I give a shit if you're sorry?!" I laugh again.

"I don't know what came over me. This... evil shit inside of me, man. I can't fucking control it! You have to understand!"

I grin at him.

"Oh, I definitely understand. That fucked up shit inside of you? I have it too."

"Really?!" Todd replies in a high pitched voice.

"Yes. But innocent women? I could never kill them..."

"But you wanna kill something though, right?!"

I nod my head yes and smile at him.

"Yes. It could be easy for me to kill Jane so I could get that feeling, but I'm not a bitch like you."

Todd's whole body freezes in fear.

"I thought I was like you. I thought I was a normal psychopath. I thought a lot of things. But this idea that I have to be like you or Troy is idiotic. I am who I am; I can't change that, nor do I plan to."

Todd gulps but remains silent.

"But I can use my darkness for good against people like you."

"NO! YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL ME!" Todd shouts.

"No, I don't. But I want to, and it will be the first good thing I've actually done in my life. You see, you are worthless. You will just kill someone else in the future. And after the threats that you made to the wonderful women in my life, I'm sure most people would agree with my decision."

"How are you s-s-s-so c-calm about all of this?! When I had the gun pointed at you, you didn't even blink. Are you an actual terminator?!" Todd asks.

"I'm not afraid of death, but innocent people dying? I can't let that happen."

"Please, I have a mother and a father who love me, who will be sad if they find out I'm dead!"

Good thing they won't find out.

"A few months of sadness for family members is better than an innocent life being taken away by the hands of you. You are the real monster. You are weak. I am strong. We are both evil, but I know how to control it. I know how to feel. Although I do have to admit, this feeling I have now is a great reminder of why I'm a psychopath."

"OH GOD!" Todd cries out.

I aim at his head.

"I know we had a really good discussion, but I have to go. So long, Todd."

"NO!!!"

I pull the trigger and the bullet goes right into the center of his forehead.

Todd Bowman. Status: Deceased.

No need to take evidence with me. I throw the gun in the hole with him.

I have to bury him now. Fuck.

--

32 minutes later

While burying him, I decided to turn on my car and play some music

on the radio. I turned up the volume and kept my car door open so I could hear it. I needed something to listen to while burying this trash.

I'm finally done burying him. I can go home now.

There's a new song playing. I've heard it before. It's peaceful....

The strings of the guitar make me wanna go to sleep.

I feel something different in me. Something that I didn't think was possible.

*There's a lady who's sure
All that glitters is gold
And she's buying a
stairway to heaven*

All this time, I've been trying to change who I am for Jane. I realize now that I can't. This is who I am.

*There's a sign on the wall
But she wants to be sure
'Cause you know
sometimes words have two meanings
In a tree by the brook*

*There's a songbird who sings
Sometimes all of our thoughts are misgiving*

I rest my back on the car and look up at the dark sky. It's a full moon. It's beautiful. I'm the Earth, and Jane is the Moon who holds me together. Jane is my moon.

*Ooh, it makes me wonder
Ooh, it makes me wonder*

Nancy and Mom. I never realized I cared about them so much until now. Maybe one day I can tell Nancy. Maybe she'll understand.

*In my thoughts I have seen
Rings of smoke through the trees
And the voices
of those who standing looking*

Mom. She always saw the side of me I thought never existed. The darkness never even crossed her mind.

*And a new day will dawn
For those who stand long
And the forests will
echo with laughter*

Dad. Wherever you are. Thanks for not giving up on me. I really appreciate it, even if you didn't think I would be who I am today. Without you, none of this would've been possible.

I get in my car and drive off into Hawkins.

If there's a bustle in your hedgerow Don't be alarmed now

It's just a spring clean for the May queen Yes, there are two paths you can go by
But in the long run There's still time to change the road you're on

That's just it though. I can go on both paths. I can be free. How hard can it be? There's no changing left to do. I need to adapt to what I am and stop burying it deep down inside. Because one day I really will hurt Jane, and I can't hurt her or I'll break.

The piper's calling you to join him Dear lady, can you hear the wind blow
And did you know

Your stairway lies on the whispering wind

I'm not like Troy, or Todd, or Billy. I am Michael Wheeler.

Guitar Solo starts

Driving to my house, I notice that this small place is my home. Hawkins is my home. I will fucking kill anyone who hurts my family or Jane. I will free myself from these chains and murder anyone who deserves it. Jane thought she could change me and she has, but not completely. There are some things you can never change. My darkness is a blessing and a curse, but I will be the hero that people never knew they needed.

My Moon is beautiful and I love her. This is just the beginning. Life is good.

Guitar Solo ends

And as we wind on down the road Our shadows taller than our soul
There walks a lady we all know Who shines white light and wants to show

How everything still turns to gold

*And if you listen very hard
The tune will come to you at last
When all are one and one is all*

*To be a rock and not to roll
And she's buying the stairway to heaven*

Mike Wheeler: Smartest student in the state, murderer, and loving boyfriend.

I like that.

17. Life's Fucked Up

DECEMBER 4 1988

As I awaken, I realize that I didn't get much sleep due to what happened last night. Totally worth it.

I get out of bed with no clothes on, you know, the usual. Everything feels different. Knowing what I did and even considering doing it again, I don't know if these feelings are supposed to be inside of me. Was this what Father was warning me about?! Oh well, I don't have time to think about things since school starts in thirty minutes.

I get properly dressed in my black attire and go downstairs.

Mom is standing by the kitchen counter as she looks at me coming down the stairs. I glance at her to notice her smiling at me.

I try to walk out the door but she's quick to stop me when I get close.

"Michael!" Mom shouts with an authoritative tone in her voice.

I walk backwards to enter the kitchen before completely turning around to face her from a couple of feet away.

"Yes, Mom?"

"I heard sounds late last night so I got up to investigate it. Turns out, I find the bathroom lights on and I hear the shower running. I go to your room and find it empty. I connected the dots like the smart old lady that I am. So, tell me why you were showering at 3 in the morning?!" Mom asks as she crosses her arms and awaits my response.

To tell the truth, I showered because I needed it. Being covered up in all that dirt takes a toll on you.

"I had a nightmare."

"What kind of nightmare?!"

Stop being persistent, Mom!

"A really bad nightmare. Like, someone tried to murder me and it freaked me out. I decided to shower since that cools me down."

I probably should've thought twice about doing that since it alerted attention, but I was very desperate.

Mom nods her head with a sincere look on her face.

"I'm sorry you had that bad of a dream."

"Don't be. I love you, Mom."

Mom blushes and puts her hand on her chest.

"Awww! You know what, just for that, I'm gonna do your laundry for you," Mom says.

NO, NO, NO.

I don't need her doing my laundry. My clothes are covered in dirt; that will lead to more questions.

"No-no-no-no, that will not be necessary."

"Michael, I'm your mother. I can do your laundry."

I scratch my head while trying to think of a good excuse...

Come on, think, think!

A-ha!

"I made a mess in my underwear."

Mom chuckles and shakes her head as she looks down at the floor to gather her thoughts together. She moves her head back up at me and smiles.

"Oh, Michael, I'm your mother, it's okay to have an accident every now and then."

"NO!" I randomly shout which startles her.

I'm losing it.

"I mean..... It wasn't an accident..."

She gets a confused look on her face.

"Um.... what?"

"It wasn't a number 1 or 2 kind of accident..."

Mom squints her eyes in disgust.

"Ew, Michael. Really?!"

"I tried to tell ya!"

"Alright, you can do the laundry!" Mom says.

Thank goodness.

I kiss her on the cheek and head out the door.

I get into my car and close the door. Ah, sweet car. So many memories in this thing. I can already remember every single detail of last night. How I buried Todd, got in my car and drove off, and then-

Wait a minute.

Todd's car....

It's still there.

I have to move it. Shit. Shit. Shit.

No. It's okay, no one goes to that cabin. Besides, I have a perfect attendance to keep.

--

Class is about to start. I'm already sitting at the back of the class as Troy walks in and makes eye contact with me. He acts like he seeing

a ghost and it's pissing me off.

He walks to his seat beside of me and sits down. He doesn't face. He looks straight ahead at the classroom in front of him. I decide to lean in closer and whisper to him.

"It's okay, you don't have to look at me, but listen. Todd's gone, and you're lucky I don't fucking get rid of you for what you did. But I'm feeling good right now, so let's forget this ever happened. We don't talk to each other anymore, you understand? Nod your head if you understand!"

Troy nods his head, looking nervous as shit.

Now that school's over and I dropped off Jane, I can finally go back to the scene of the soon to be crime.

Driving there takes some time, but I finally make it. I stop my car near the cabin and get out. Todd's grave is still noticeable. Gotta give it time. Mother nature will do its job eventually.

His car is a 1986 brown Mercedes-Benz. It's nice, but not as good as my baby. I open the door and look inside. Nothing really important. As I get out of the car, I look around some more.

Wait.

His wallet has been sitting on the hood...

I go up to grab it when-

"HEY! MIKE!" I hear a familiar feminine voice shout.

Turning my body towards the direction of the sound, I see my worst nightmare.

No. No. No. No. No.

Isabella.

She's wearing blue denim shorts and a white tank top. Isabella is running over to me like I'm her lost dog that she just found.

She finally reaches me and gives me that seductive smile. No. Not falling for it.

"What are you doing here, Isabella?!" I shout, utterly annoyed by her presence.

Isabella puts her hand on her hips tilts her head while keeping that smile...

"OK, I've been stalking you after school, so what?" Isabella giggles.

I don't need this right now.

"Isabella. You need to go. I don't want to talk to you, and I know Jane certainly doesn't want me talking to you! For your own safety, you have to leave right now!" I reply, trying to get the point across that this is serious shit.

Isabella giggles again but wipes the smile off of her face.

"What the fuck makes her so special?! Why is she better than me?!" Isabella sounds hurt.

UGGHHGHHH.

"She's my girlfriend! I lov-"

Was I really about to say that out loud?!

I have to finish my sentence.

"I don't like you, Isabella!"

"Why the fuck not?! No boy has ever denied me before... but you! Why?! Am I not pretty enough for you?! Are my tits not big enough?!" Isabella circles her index finger around one of her breasts.

It's like a car crash. I can't look away...

"Is my ass not big enough?!" She turns around and rolls down her shorts to show her exposed ass...

Like in detention, she's not wearing anything under that...

Fuck.

Stop staring, you dumb fuck.

She rolls up her pants and turns around to face me again.

"I can see it on your face. You like me, but your heart is telling you to be faithful to Jane. There's something admirable about that..."

I don't fucking like her! I'm so tired of this. I'm not letting her control me with her stupid body parts anymore!

I snap out of the spell she put on me.

"I never liked you! You're super slutty and manipulative and I hated myself for weeks after almost letting you manipulate me! I'm a male but I'm not that stupid! Jane is my girlfriend and I'll never hurt her like that!"

Isabella sadly sighs and walks around me. I turn around to see what she's up to.

She's looking at Todd's car, mainly the wallet on the hood of it.

"Who's car is this?" Isabella asks.

Shit.

"I-I don't know."

She laughs and picks up his wallet. She pulls out a card, probably his license.

"Todd Bowman?! Wait..... The announcements said he was missing. This is his car! He must be close..."

As her detective instincts kick in, she scans her eyes around the area. Her eyes widen as she obviously sees something odd.

"What's with the dirt here?!" Isabella points before walking up to it.

"I- uh, don't know..."

She looks down and studies it.

"Hmm. It's almost like it's a grave or something."

Please don't be smart enough to figure out the obvious. Please, please, please!

She looks back at the car, then back at the grave. I can see her connecting the dots.

She finally gets a shocked look on her face as she slowly turns her head to mine.

"You... killed him!" She says in a surprised tone.

She slowly walks up to me with her mouth open wide. She finally sees who I am.

"I never knew you were capable of this," She gulps and shakes her head.

I can't help but smile at her. I don't have to pretend anymore.

"So you see why you need to leave? GO!" I demand.

She laughs weirdly..

"No. If anything, this makes you even hotter. And... I have dirt on you now," Isabella's evil smile appears again...

"What do you mean you have dirt on me?!"

"Oh, you stupid boy. I've been stalking you for weeks. I've had my camera with me so I would always take pictures of you. So I took pictures of you here."

"So?"

She giggles again.

"Soooo... that means I have pictures of you right by Todd's car. I have pictures of you by Todd's burial spot. I can easily go to the police and give them my pictures to help them with their investigation of the

missing boy. Then you're fucked!"

Shit... shit....

She has me. She has me right where she wants me. FUCK.

"So you're gonna rat me out to the police?!" I ask with anger covering every inch of my body.

She puts her finger in her mouth and looks at me with bad intentions...

"Not if you do what I want you to do. I'll get rid of the photos and you won't have to worry about it."

"What do you want me to do?"

Her eyes move down to my crotch...

"I think you know," She bites her lip and grabs my crotch.

NO!

I frantically shake my head while looking down at the sight.

"NO. WE'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING. YOU HEAR ME. I LOVE JANE. I LOVE JANE."

She looks into my eyes and giggles before looking down at my crotch. Her hand is still rubbing it...

"You might love her, but you're definitely loving this right now. I can literally feel it getting hard. Mmmmmm."

She's not lying. I am getting hard. I hate myself. I should kill her.... But if I kill her, I'll also fail Dad. Todd was trying to kill me, that was self defense. But Isabella? She's just blackmailing me because I murdered someone. I can't say she deserves death. I can't murder her...

GHGHGH FUCK!

Still rubbing my crotch, Isabella grabs my chin and forces me to look

her in the eyes.

"Let's make a deal. You let me ride your cock on the hood of Todd's car, and I won't go to the cops. Deal?"

Never...

I can't do that.....

Jane....

"I'm saving myself for J-Jane..."

She lets go of my chin and slaps the shit out of me.

OW!

"You should've thought about that before you murdered someone, Michael! Now take your clothes off and lie down on the hood of his car before I go to the fucking cops!!!"

I always thought my first time would be with Jane. She's the only one I could imagine doing this with. But now I'm faced with a difficult decision. A hard choice.

I can't go to prison. Jane would be so sad. She would probably fucking kill herself, she likes me so much. I can't leave my family behind. I can't hurt the ones I loved...

I have to do this...

Nobody has to know...

I slowly remove my shirt and let it drop to the ground. I can see the lust on her face.

I remove my shoes and socks.

I sigh before taking off my pants, leaving me in nothing but my blue underwear. Isabella bites her lip while staring at my fully hard cock trying to escape from the underwear for air.

Having my eyes closed, I slowly roll down my underwear. My fully

erect cock springs free to Isabella's delight.

She's staring at me. It's like my body put her in a spell.

Seeing me fully naked, Isabella realizes it's her turn. She smiles before taking off her tank top, which exposes her bigger than average tits....

How could such an evil person look so hot?!?!?

Then she removes her shorts, shoes, and socks. Now she's completely naked. That was quick.

She points to Todd's car. Here it comes.

We both walk in front of his car. I lie down on the hood of his car first. My head and a little portion of my back is resting on the windshield.

Isabella climbs on top of the hood, then on top of me.

She grabs my cock and I can feel her guiding it to her entrance.

And there it goes...

The feeling of it going inside of her is a feeling of sadness and guilt. I'm pathetic. I'm a monster. But there's no other way other than killing her, and I can't do it.

I can feel all of it inside of her now. She's not moving... and I don't wanna move...

She caresses my face with both hands as she leans down closer to me.

"It's okay, Mike. Everything is gonna be fine," Isabella whispers.

She kisses my nose and leans up.

SHIT.

Isabella starts moving up and down on my cock, riding it with a furious passion.

I close my eyes and imagine that it's Jane; that's the only thing that can help me get through this without feeling like a complete piece of shit...

"FUCK YES!!!! OH SHITT!!!! IT'S SO BIG, PAPI!!!" Her moaning gives her a stronger accent.

Her voice brings me out of my imagination, but I quickly return to thinking about Jane...

Jane would be so mad if she ever found out about this...

Fuck...

She's really riding it....

My eyes are closed but I hear the hard sound of my balls slapping against her ass.

"Yeah, I always get what I want. You're just my fucking boy toy, like the rest of 'em. FUCK!!!" Isabella moans.

Jane...

"OPEN YOUR FUCKING EYES!!!" Isabella yells.

I open them wide, realizing that she's in complete control. I see her riding my cock up and down like a pornstar. I can't look away. She's moving her hips in such an incredible rhythm. Slowly looking up, I finally make eye contact with her.

"You like this, Papi?" She asks with that evil smile.

I don't respond...

She slaps me.

"I said do you like fucking me?!!!"

"Yes," I mumble.

"What? I can't hear you, Papi."

"Yes! I like fucking you!"

Isabella evilly laughs and starts riding me even harder.

"Good boy! Now grab my hips."

I must obey.

I grab both of her hips and hold on to them as she does her dance on my cock. She grabs my chin and forces me to look into her eyes.

"Tell me you love me!" Isabella demands.

I close my eyes with shame covering my face before I open them back up and tell her what she wants to hear.

"I love you."

"OH SHITT, I'M CUMMING, PAPI!!! FUUUUUUUUUUCCKKKK!!!" She squeals loudly as I feel her orgasm on my cock.

Isabella takes a moment to rest by leaning down and hugging me. I instinctively position my arms behind her back for the hug. Her heavy breathing eventually slows down before completely stopping. She licks my earlobe and leans up to face me.

"Start fucking me, Papi. I wanna feel your thrusts. Please?!"

I need this to end..... OH FUCK.....

I nod my head and go to work. I position my hands on her hips.

The first thrust up into her is a test. She lets out a small moan.

"OOOH! AGAIN, AGAIN!!!"

I thrust into her for a second time.

"FASTER, FASTER!!! AY, PAPI!!! FUCK ME UNTIL YOU CUM!!!"

Feeling like the pathetic tool that I am, I go from a 3 to a 6 on the thrusting. I close my eyes for a small moment and imagine Jane doing this with me as I feel my release coming...

Jane....

"FASTER!!! FUCK ME FASTER!!! AND HARDER!!!" Isabella screams.

I go from a 6 to a 9. The animal comes out of me as I start fucking her as hard as humanly possible.

"I'm about to cum!!!" I shout.

"OPEN YOUR EYES AND LOOK AT ME, PAPI!!!"

Jane....

I'm forced to open my eyes and see Isabella again. She leans down and connects her lips with mine for a sloppy make out session. Once again, I close my eyes and imagine it's Jane that I'm kissing...

The kiss is broken up and I'm back to looking at her while almost ready to explode.

"MAKE ME YOURS! CUM INSIDE OF ME!!!" Isabella moans and places my hands on her tits.

I'm thrusting into her so hard, my balls slapping against her ass is so loud, and the smile on her face is so evil. I feel it coming out. It's coming. I'm coming..... OH FUCK.....

"I'M CUMMING!!!"

I empty my load inside of her pussy.

"AHAHGHGHGHGHGAHGAHGHAGAAGH," I moan at my orgasm.

It goes quiet for a while as she rests on top of me for a couple of minutes.

I'm afraid to say anything.

She eventually gets off of me and gets dressed. I decide to follow her lead and get dressed also.

We're having an awkward stare down and I don't think either of us knows who should go first. She looks amazed but tired...

"So you'll get rid of the photos?" I ask.

She focuses on fixing her hair for a moment before answering.

"Yeah. Don't worry. They'll be gone," She shyly smiles and nods her head at me.

"Well, I gotta get rid of this car now..."

"Right..."

Before I'm able to get in Todd's car, she stops me.

"MIKE!"

"What?!"

"I... I just wanted to say that I'm on the pill, so you don't have to worry."

"Uh, okay?"

"It's just that you came inside me without even knowing if I was on the pill or not. I don't know why..."

"I wasn't thinking straight... The guilt, the pleasure, the sadness, the..... Jane...."

Isabella scratches her head and looks down at her feet.

"Right. Jane. She's your girlfriend. You really love her. I'm just gonna go now," Isabella awkwardly walks away while looking sad.

I've cheated on Jane to avoid going to prison for a very long time. It felt like the only thing to do, but I could've killed her. Jane doesn't deserve this... but Isabella doesn't deserve to be murdered either.

I take Todd's car to the only place I can think of: The junkyard. Sure, they'll eventually find it, but they won't know his body is at the cabin. It's a long walk back to the cabin for my car, but it's worth it.

Driving home, I feel like a monster. Everything was so good last night, but now it's all fallen apart. I shouldn't be with Jane anymore.

I should do us both a favor before she gets hurt. I'm worthless. I don't deserve Jane Hopper.

--

DECEMBER 5 1988

This is too much.

I have so many secrets kept from Jane. It feels so wrong to be cuddling with her in my bed after having sex with Isabella. She ruined me, and if Jane finds out, I'll ruin her. I can't be with her anymore. I need to call it off before she gets hurt, before she finds out about what I did...

With exams coming up next week, Hopper is basically letting Jane be free for the weekend after all the studying she has done. She decided that she wanted to spend the night with me to help relieve any stress.

It's dark and we're tired. We're both lying down sideways. Her body is positioned in front of me and I am behind her. As we both have our heads resting on my pillows. My right arm is positioned under her body, her neck resting peacefully on it. My other arm is resting over her hips.

I can smell her hair. It smells so good...

She's caressing my right arm...

Jane grabs my hand and holds it. The two of us are connected...

All I can see is the back of her, but she is still the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Mike," Jane mumbles...

"Yeah?" I whisper into her beautiful hair...

"How would you feel about going to a little party this Friday?"

"Party? I don't really like parties," I reply with honesty.

"No. I'm sorry, I worded that wrong. It's not really a party party, but like, a group of friends hanging out. Me, Max, and Troy are gonna be at Troy's house and we want you to come," Jane puts on that innocent voice.

"Uh, Troy?!" I'm trying to not get mad so quick because I want to sleep, but hearing his name come out of her mouth like that pisses me off.

"Look, him and Max are together and me and Max are still friends, and I just think that you two should maybe put aside differences and get along, for us?"

"No way, I hate him," I reply, still mumbling into her hair.

Jane sighs before rolling over on the opposite side to face me.

"Mike. I know he's historically been a dick and I know you hate him, but hate doesn't really get us anywhere. He says he wants to apologize about everything, like literally everything."

It does make sense. After almost having me killed, I'm sure he's sweating with fear at this very moment. He would try to pull this shit as a way to make amends for the wrongs he has done. He knows what I'm capable of now. It only took a dead friend to make him realize.

I slightly shake my head at her.

"I don't know. Are you sure about this. It could be a trap or something."

Jane giggles.

"It's not a trap, silly. Come on, let's go there. For us?" Jane says, having puppy dog eyes and an innocent smile covering her face.

God, she's so innocent and pure. I don't deserve her. I know I definitely don't deserve her now.

I roll my eyes at her before nodding my head yes.'

"Fine, for us," I say.

"Yay!" Jane shouts, then leans in to kiss me as a reward for saying yes.

Her smile is so contagious, it makes smile. As I stare at her in all of her beauty, I realize that I'm a terrible boyfriend again, and that fades the smile from my face.

"Jane..."

"Yes?" Jane says, looking confused...

"I don't deserve you."

"What?"

"I.... I'm a horrible boyfriend and I'm gonna hurt you if we keep going out."

Jane can't respond. She can only look at me and study the sudden mood change that just occurred.

"M-Mike, that's ridiculous. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me. Without you, who knows where I would be," Jane caresses my right cheek and smiles at me.

I can't stand to look her in the eyes. I'm a monster.

"I know you like me, and I like you, but maybe we're making a mistake. Like, call me crazy, but maybe our relationship is one giant mistake and was never supposed to happen."

Jane can't help but let out a chuckle.

"If us being together is a mistake, it's the best damn mistake that's ever happened to me."

Before I can even say anything else, she attacks my mouth with hers. Now I'm in the middle of a makeout session when I was trying to break up with her...

The makeout session stops and I can see the mood on her face change.

"But I do think we should take things slow. Like, I've really liked the things we've done sexually so far, but I don't want our relationship to be all about just having sex. I want something really special," Jane says.

"So do I..."

"It doesn't help that you sleep naked," We both smile at her comment before she looks under the covers and bites her lip at the sight.

"Yeeah, sorry about that."

"No, it's fine!" Jane quickly replies.

There's an awkward silence as we stare at each other and just smile. No words need to be said.

"I love you, Mike," Jane blurts out, immediately looking surprised.

Out of all the moments to tell her, I have to do it now...

"I fucking love you so much, Jane. I would never mean to hurt you. You mean the world to me. With you by my side, I feel real, I feel like I can really change. I love you so so much, Jane Hopper."

Our lips connect again before we start animalistically making out. She got really good at kissing. Unfortunately she stops before we're able to get into anything too sexual. I like that. No need to go for sex every time...

I love her, even if I hurt her and she doesn't know it, I didn't mean to. I didn't want to. Life's fucked up.

--

DECEMBER 6 1988

Jim Hopper walks through the junkyard as he tries to get to his deputies who are by the brown car.

It's a foggy morning, but the sun is starting to come out.

When it makes it to the car, he immediately looks over to his deputies.

"So this is the Bowman kid's car, huh?"

"Yes, Chief. We have a witness who says a boy was caught driving it. She's an old lady, but she's all we got on this right now," The deputy informs him.

Hopper puts his hand on his hips as he analyzes the car.

"Did she give a description or what?" Hopper asks.

"Yeah. She says he had long dark brown hair that covered most of his forehead. He's around 6 feet, and she also said that he's fit."

"Fit?!" Hopper chuckles.

"Yeah, like, his muscles are toned-"

"I know what fit means, jackass."

Hopper shakes his head while looking at the brown car.

"We might have a homicide case on our hands boys. Let's look at family and friends as possible suspects first, then we'll see if we can get the old lady to identify one of them."

"We still need to find the body, Chief. He could still be alive."

Hopper quickly realizes this before answering the deputy.

"Unlikely, but we'll keep looking. We'll have search teams all around Hawkins, that's as much as I can do. Whoever this fit boy is, he must not be too smart. He was most likely disposing of the car from Todd's resting place. A meetup probably happened, which led to the boy killing Tod."

Hopper has to remind himself that there is a chance he could still be alive.

"You're right though, we do have to find this body A good place to bury a body is in the woods; it's somewhere quiet and cut off from the rest of the world. Graveyards are another obvious choice. We got a lot of work to do, so get to work!" Hopper sighs and rubs the sweat off of his forehead.

As the deputies get back in their cars and drive off, Hopper can't look away from the car.

Hopper has an intense look in his eye.

"This son of a bitch is going down!"